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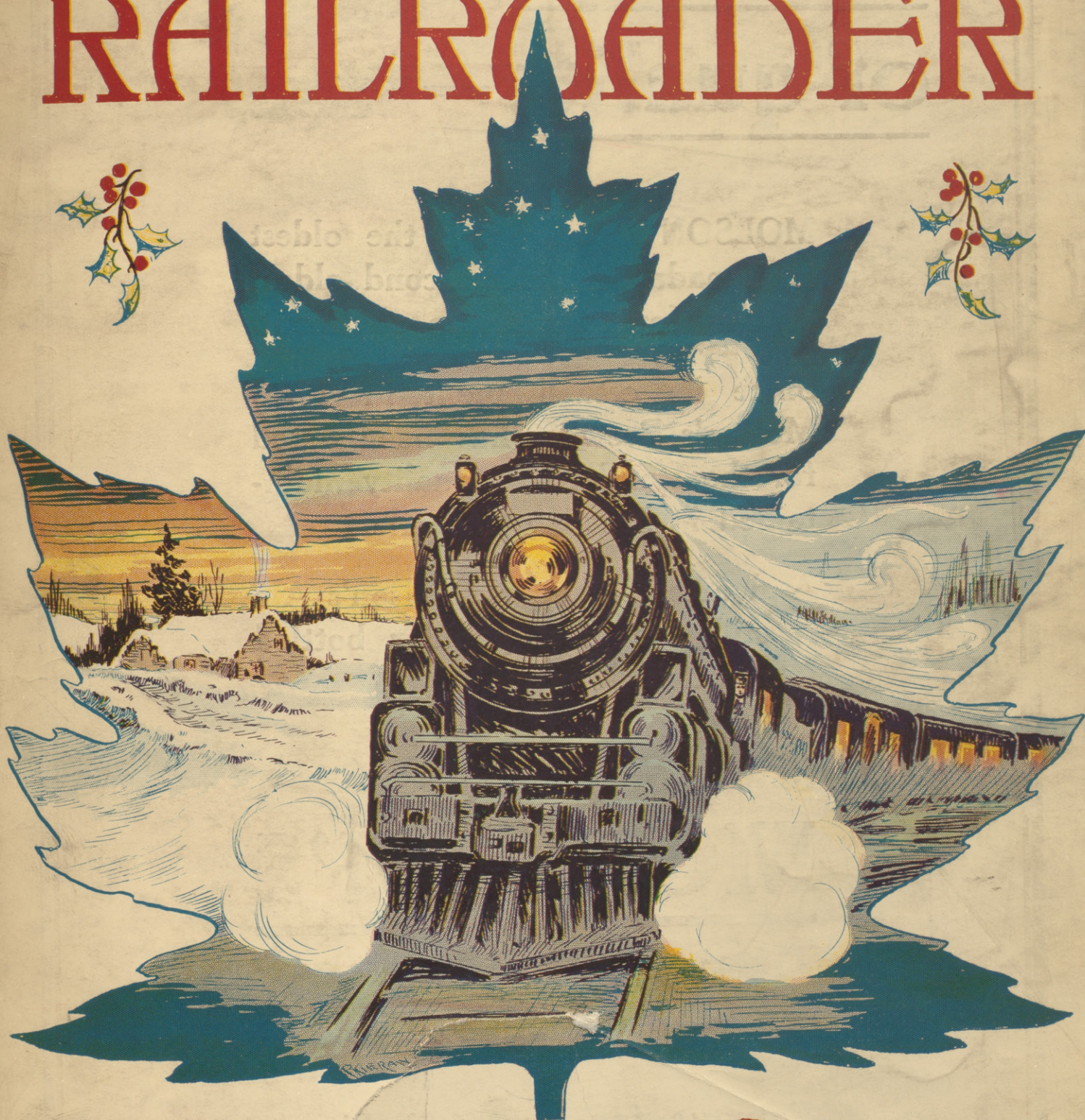


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1925

CHRISTMAS  
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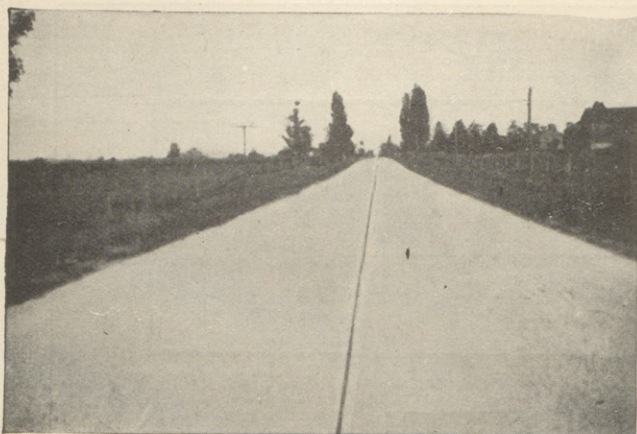
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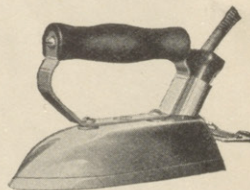
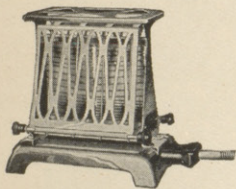
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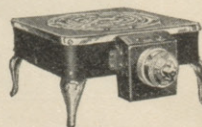
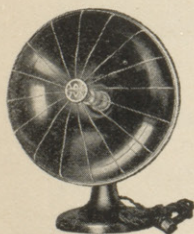
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*This Magazine*

IS SPECIALLY DEVOTED TO CANADIAN RAILROADMEN WHO ARE ENGINEERS, CONDUCTORS, FIREMEN, SWITCHMEN AND BRAKEMEN, MAINTENANCE OF WAY MEN AND TELEGRAPHERS. It also circulates amongst practically all leading Railroad Officers, as well as amongst those in many other walks of life.

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LOIS I. STEPHENSON  
*Assistant Editor*



VOL. IX

DECEMBER, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE

NO. 4

### WHEN CHRISTMAS STAYS

**D**ESPITE the ranting of cynics and the wailing of pessimists regarding the alleged degeneration of mankind, there is one occasion when the whole of the christianized world sheds its mantle of sophistication and becomes as a little child. That occasion is Christmas.

The management of the affairs of state; the business of "getting and spending"; the worrying over "unborn tomorrows and dead yesterdays" fill the life of the human family for eleven-twelfths of the year, but when "The time draws near the birth of Christ" a strange hush seems to fall upon the world. Man bares his head and looks upward.

"The silent stars go by" as usual through the azure depths overhead, but to their radiance returns something of the mystery that filled the Judaeen night nineteen centuries ago. Each Yuletide's approach finds the tired old world waiting with receptive ear to hear again the story of the shepherds.

No other season warms the heart as Christmas does, because no other season speaks straight to the heart its message of peace and goodwill which all the world can understand. Petty grudges melt away in the warm glow of Yuletide magnanimity and the unsavory things of life retire to the dim background of forgetfulness. Even Mrs. Cratchit sufficiently overcame her bitterness against Scrooge to toast that flinty individual when her husband reminded her with: "My dear, the children! Christmas Day". No matter how heavy the heart or how flat the pocketbook Santa Claus must come to


*(Continued on next page)*



gladden the soul of childhood, because the Founder of the season was a child Himself, as Dickens reminds us.

Probably some day this side of the Millenium the spirit of Christmas, instead of vanishing when "December" is torn off the calendar and being non-existent until the same month returns the following year, will be captured and retained throughout the twelvemonth. For, as the creator of Tiny Tim said, "When it begins to stay with us the whole year round we shall make this earth a very different place."

### THAT "PROSPERITY LOAN"

HAT is broadly referred to as the "immigration question" is a hardy Canadian perennial. It is so constantly with us and so hardy, that it develops grooves of thought, rigidities of act, and a certain amount of coldbloodedness, that sometimes begin to dull the humanities, the urgencies of change, and the bounding national spirit, that should go with it. President Beatty of the C.P.R., some of whose opinions are given on other pages, makes a timely remark when he suggests that we take immigration out of the field of statistics and place it in the field of human relations.

There are signs that our hardy perennial is becoming tinged with a vision of a great and proud country, of providing substantial charm for those who come from other lands to make their homes here, of doing unto the newcomers that which we would have them do to us—helping them in practical ways towards the happiness we desire for ourselves, because without their efforts we cannot obtain our own happiness.

The first essential in a new review of the immigration question is faith in ourselves and our country, not a smug, wordy faith, but a living, doing faith. Immigrants should not be brought here unless there is definite need of them, unless we are prepared to fit them into definite corners, and help them, for years if necessary, to thoroughly adjust themselves as citizens and makers of their own and our prosperity.

This involves putting our hands into the pockets where we keep the cash. By so doing we show faith in the country and ourselves. And if we can raise loans of hundreds of millions for destruction in war, surely we can raise millions for the construction of prosperity in peace! If we cannot, we are without faith in ourselves, and without that we cannot expect others to have faith in us.

The idea of a "Prosperity Loan", first outlined in the previous issue of the "Railroader", the money to be raised for colonization purposes—not merely to advertise advantages, but to bring them easily within the lives of the people we need to develop the country, is being widely regarded as a first article of Canadian faith in the newer vision of the immigration question.





MISS CANADA  
at Christmas Time



## C.P.R. PRESIDENT'S LATEST PHOTOGRAPH



THE picture above is not only the most recent photograph of E. W. Beatty, K. C., President of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, but he personally likes it because it is a chance "snap," showing him naturally. He is seen shaking hands with George Munro, pioneer track layer of the C.P.R., who received birthday congratulations from the President, during the latter's recent visit in Vancouver. This meeting between one of the oldest employees and the executive head of the company also marked the forty-ninth anniversary of the turning of the first sod on construction at Fort William, in 1875, an event at which George Munro was present.

Another interesting co-incidence in connection with the meeting is the fact that the S. S. Quebec, which carried the handful of construction men including Mr. Munro, from Sarnia to Fort William, in May, 1875, was owned and operated by the Beatty Steamship Line, of which Mr. Beatty's father, the late Mr. Henry Beatty, was president.

In 1881 when construction was begun on the last lap of the company's lines between Yale, B.C., and the Coast, Mr. Munro was given charge of track laying at Emery, B.C., and when the last and famous 'gold spike' was driven at Craigellachie by Lord Strathcona, in 1885, he took possession of the steel spike which replaced the gold one and, after treasuring it for the past 39 years as a keepsake, presented it to Mr. Beatty this fall.

(A message from Mr. Beatty appears on next page).



# More Immigration Anticipated, Better Supervision of Newcomers Planned

Improvement in Situation as Result of Agreement Between  
Government and Railways

Written for "Canadian Railroader" by E. W. BEATTY, President, Canadian Pacific Railway Company

**W**HILE the volume of immigration which reached Canada during the past twelve months has not been quite up to the expectations that seemed to be justified a year ago, there has been a distinct improvement in the situation as a result of the agreement effected between the Dominion Government and the railways. Under this arrangement there will be less over-lapping in the work of immigration agents abroad, and the difficulties attendant upon immigration which have in the past faced those eligible as settlers in this country will have been considerably lessened. Thus we hope that the year 1926 will see an encouraging increase in the number of the right kind of newcomers to this country.

Of the need for them there is no occasion to speak. Recognition of that need has become more general during the past twelve months until now there exists a country-wide demand that Canada's immigration campaign be vigorous and fruitful as is justified by the primary importance of this subject to our economic development.

During the year the Canadian Pacific Railway, through its agents in Great Britain and northern Europe, in co-operation with other agencies, has been responsible for settling upon the land several thousand newcomers, and agents of the Company in Western Canada have been active in forming colonization boards of residents in thirty various districts for the reception and supervision of new arrivals, a movement which is having a markedly beneficial effect upon the conditions under which the new settlers make their start in this country.

As a result of educational work done by the Company a much better understanding of actual conditions in Canada is being spread abroad through Great Britain and Ireland. This is being effected through the co-operation of a section of the British press and is of considerable importance in view of the misunderstanding and indeed misrepresentation to which Canada has there been subjected in the past year or two. With regard to the work during 1926, the Company sees a brightening of prospects in all directions and has hope of being responsible for bringing to Canada a greater number of immigrants than has been possible for the past few years.—E. W. Beatty.

## "Regardless of Political and Other Leanings, All Canada Can Unite on Immigration Question" says C.P.R. Head

**O**NE of the most significant facts in this conference," said Mr. E. W. Beatty, chairman and president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, addressing the recent Associated Boards of Trade banquet at Winnipeg, "is the desire of men from all parts of Canada to discuss the country's problems from an economic and national point of view, free from the bewildering influence of political partisanship. And this leads me to the inevitable conclusion that the question of Confederation on the principles of national unity which guided the Fathers of Confederation in establishing it cannot be solved by political manipulation, but only by that mental attitude which comes from understanding and is the result of honest education.

"There is one thing," said Mr. Beatty, "which all Canadians can unite upon, no matter what their political complexions may be and no matter what their avocation in life or their commercial ambitions may be, and that is the need of strengthening this

country in man-power as quickly and as surely as possible. The need is imperative, both east and west and in all the provinces.

"A distinguished journalist has stated that Canada is the largest undeveloped country in

"We are in danger of becoming a nation of critics instead of a nation of public-spirited citizens."

—E. W. Beatty.

the world. Her industries are being starved because she has not enough population to consume what is produced. She wants many miles of new roads, but cannot build them because she has not enough people to pay for them. She has boundless stores of minerals and other wealth which remain untouched

because she has neither the capital nor the people to exploit them. She has heavy and continual national obligations in respect of railways because there are not enough people to use them or enough freight to carry over the districts served by them.

"There is nothing that will hold our people and invite others so much and so effectively as national prosperity, particularly prosperity among the producers," said Mr. Beatty. "If production is made profitable and distribution effective, we have solved our principal national problem. The present population is at present divided practically equally between urban and rural, and while it is recognized that our present greatest need is for agriculturists and agricultural labor, it will be realized that as rural population increases there will be opportunity for increase in the urban population and employment provided for industrial workers and skilled mechanics.

"In a general way results have been so far unsatisfactory because of unfavorable propaganda, some of it resulting from resolutions passed in the west, and there has been considerable adverse publicity in Great Britain and on the Continent decrying Canada as a



"The imperative need is the need of strengthening this country in man-power as quickly and as surely as possible."—E. W. Beatty.

country suitable for immigrants. There has also been a deterring cause in the fact that from certain of the northern European countries there has been a marked falling off in immigration and in Great Britain the wide extension of the dole system and the limitations under which grants are made under the provisions of the Empire Settlement Act have materially reduced the movement of British colonists, and there has been also a little too much centralization at Ottawa which prevented the applications and movements of intending immigrants being expedited.

"If I had any suggestion to make in respect to this question, I would suggest that we take it out of the field of statistics and place it in the field of human relations. We are apt to forget that the people who come to our shores are not so many hundreds or thousands of British or Continentals with or without settlers' effects. They are human beings, members of families who have torn themselves up from old homes, homes in some cases centuries old, to come and live in Canada, to be neighbors if we are willing to be neighborly, and to become good citizens if we only hold out a welcoming hand.

"We realize how great the wrench must be when we learn that some bring with them a handful of earth so that when the time comes for them to die in Canada it may be scattered over their coffins. I wonder how many Canadians, who have made the trek to the United States, have ever thought to carry with them a handful of Canadian soil. No immigration scheme for Canada can ever achieve success unless due allowance is made for such human factors. This is well illustrated in a recent Canadian novel, 'Painted Fires,' by Nellie McClung, who evidently writes with an intimate knowledge of the difficulties faced by women immigrants in a strange land, ignorant of its language and peculiarly liable to have their best intentions misunderstood. The novel is evidently written with an intention of waking up Canadians to their responsibilities to the immigrant, and it is a very timely book, for the more we do realize our responsibilities and the wider the interest taken in these incoming new Canadians, the greater the chance will be of success in our immigration policy.

"Previous to the war, the tendency was to leave the handling of the immigrant to Government officials, and Winnipeg was the chief dumping ground for the west. Labor was at a premium, and although there were no doubt

tragedies due to ignorance, confusion and lack of co-ordination, three or four hundred thousand immigrants were more or less successfully placed within a single year.

"Under present conditions more forethought must be taken to secure the placing of the immigrants in advance of their arrival so that the little capital they bring with them may not be frittered away, but may be devoted to its proper use and original intention.

"In that preliminary organization of opportunities the Boards of Trade throughout Canada can play a highly important part, and in the prairie provinces they are already doing so. Already thirty local colonization

"Canada's industries are being starved because she has not enough population to consume what is produced."

E. W. Beatty.

boards have been organized through the medium of Boards of Trade, and these, during the past year have been of marked assistance in securing positions, providing information as to available farms, receiving and welcoming the newcomers and generally co-operating in the successful settlement of approximately three thousand immigrants. If that example were followed throughout the Dominion, the impetus given to the soundest of all methods of immigration would be enormous. The result would be the immediate absorption of a large additional population, with the least danger of congestion at any one point.

#### Immigration Vital

"Most important of all the results of such Dominion-wide co-operation by the Boards of Trade would be the widening of personal interest in this vital matter of immigration. During such campaigns as that of the Patriotic Fund those who served thereon found the education gained gave them a new vision of life and of their responsibility towards their fellow citizens. We talk a lot about National Unity, but before we can understand it we must educate ourselves as to the racial elements that form our nation. There can be no national unity except on the basis of community spirit. We are perhaps too apt to

blame the Government for not doing what we ought to do ourselves. The more we expect the Government to do the more officials are created and the heavier the tax bill. We are in danger of becoming a nation of critics instead of a nation of public-spirited citizens, each willing to devote some of his personal time to the affairs of his community. Membership in a Board of Trade presupposes that you are already doing your duty in this respect. What you can do is to influence others by your example and by practical co-operation in movements such as this immigration movement show that your work is not merely that of sitting in at meetings, but is one of real and immediate benefit, not only to the communities which you serve, but to the country at large.

"I have specially mentioned immigration because of my conviction that population would settle many of our so-called acute national issues. I believe that if this country were so populated that its people were not widely separated, that misunderstandings now possible would not be possible, that policies now controversial would cease to be controversial, because more readily understood and from a common standpoint, and that not only the spirit, but the fact of unity would be greatly accelerated. You appreciate as I do the very acute problem of the Maritime Provinces. Now that that problem is realized, that the Maritimes are awakened and are endeavoring to lead the thought of Canada to their assistance in the solution of their difficulty their problems, always capable of solution, are immediately soluble.

"The problems of Ontario and Quebec are different, but are more readily disposed of unless prevented by unfortunate and traditional political antipathies. The problems of the Plains are easy to comprehend and the problems of the Coast Province equally so. The value in this gathering is that certain phases of these problems are discussed impartially, without animus, but with a desire to understand. The initial work of your association is of great importance and if, as a result of it, there is called into existence a representative Canadian Chamber of Commerce reflecting the business sentiment on commercial and economic problems of all parts of Canada, you have formed a clearing house for the discussion of Canada's needs having some advantage even over the House of Commons because freed from political bias and prejudice."

"I would suggest that we take immigration out of the field of statistics and place it in the field of human relations."—E. W. Beatty.



A GALLANT CANADIAN



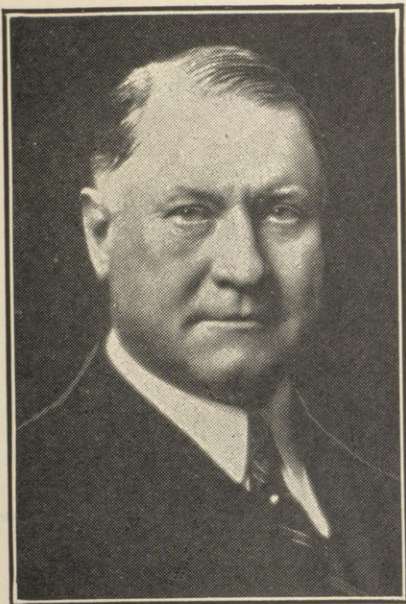


Montreal Through Her Christmas Veil  
of Trees and Snow



THE photograph, by a C.N.R. photographer, is of Montreal taken from a point near the summit of Mount Royal, and looked at through the bare trees, which, in summer leaf, obscure the view at this particular place. The tower of St. James Cathedral is clearly seen.





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A Christmas Sentiment from  
Sir Henry Thornton,  
President,  
Canadian National Railways

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REAL Christianity is the basis of  
good business conduct. There  
are more good business principles in  
the New Testament than in all the  
books in the world having to do with  
business methods. I read it frequently.

*H. W. Thornton*



ETHEL BARRYMORE



*The most famous of American Actresses in Classical Productions, is now playing at Walter Hampden's New Theatre, New York, in Shakespearean repertory, commencing with Ophelia in "Hamlet".*



# A Montreal Link with Dickens

Written for Canadian Railroader by LOIS I. STEPHENSON

**H**UMAN links with Charles Dickens become fewer and fewer as the years pass. Not long ago one of the daily papers carried an item which announced the death at Park avenue, Bush Hill Park, Enfield, at the age of 93, of Edmund Plummer, last survivor of the boys who were under the tutelage of "Mr. Squeers," at "Dotheby's Hall."

Mr. Plummer retained vivid recollections of life at the Yorkshire school, where Mrs. Shaw, the original of Mrs. Squeers, administered brimstone and treacle for the medicinal requirements of the boys and Shaw, the proprietor of the establishment, used to hire the boys out to neighboring farmers to assist with the harvesting.

Thus Time, with unremitting hand, grimly removes the various associations so precious to the heart of the true Dickensian.

Comparatively few, perhaps, are aware, however, that Montreal boasts a citizen with personal recollections of the great writer. Born in historic Rochester, where Dickens spent so many years of his life, Mr. Thomas Light, of 299, Mackay street, has a veritable treasure trove of memories as well as more tangible relics of the novelist. Sitting in his cheery living-room, surrounded by his beloved books and pictures, he chats as delightedly of his boyhood days in the old cathedral town as his privileged visitor listens.

"I was only 18 years old when I left home," he said in the course of an interview one afternoon recently, "but I have vivid recollections of seeing Dickens pass our shop. I saw him go by the door the night before he died. Earlier in the evening I noticed him leaning over the fence in front of Restoration House and gazing thoughtfully at the old building.

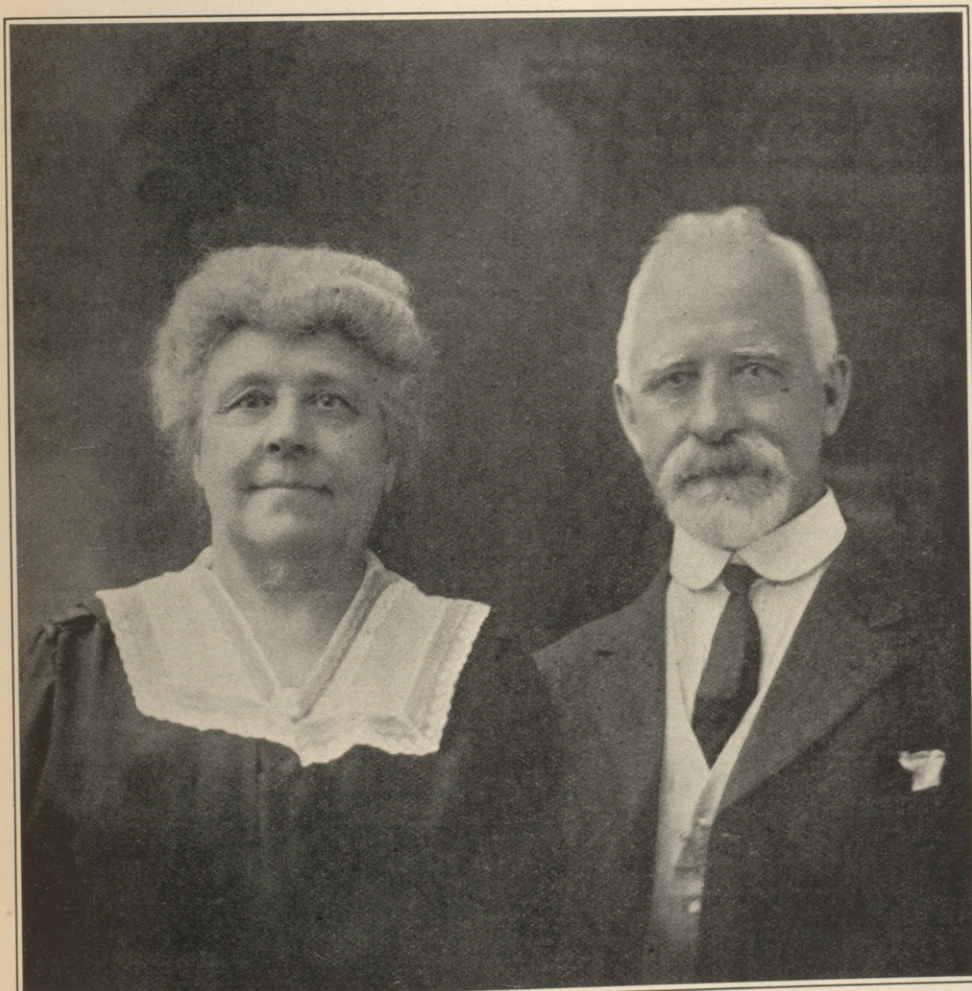


*Jasper's Gateway, which plays a prominent part in "The Mystery of Edwin Drood." Mr. Light was at one time acquainted with the man who resided here.*

"Dickens was a very fine man," remarked Mr. Light, in a tone almost approaching reverence, "though very quiet. There is no doubt that he was one of the greatest writers for the cause of education and for the poor that ever lived. He went about among the people and saw conditions as they existed. Refined in appearance, he rather reminded one of a retired country gentleman. I often saw him walking about with his dogs. With a deep reverence for religious things, Dickens was known to place a prayer book in the box of each of his children before he left home."

Mr. Light, who, by the way, celebrated his golden wedding last year, was born at the foot of Rochester Bridge, the structure which is reported to have moved Mr. Snodgrass to remark to Mr. Pickwick that it was "a magnificent ruin." The subject of this poetic outburst, however, was replaced by a splendid iron structure in 1856.

Near the foot of the old bridge stood the little bathing house, owned by Mr. Light's uncle, from whom Dickens frequently used to rent a boat for recreation on the Medway River. An aunt of the former at that time was lessee of the Rochester City Arms. "I remember well the old shop where Pip got his taffy hardbake," said Mr. Light, "and I knew the great grandson of the man who planted the huge cedars on the grounds opposite Gad's Hill Place, Dickens' Kentish home. These trees have recently



*Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Light, who celebrated their golden wedding last year. Mr. Light, an old Rochester (England) boy, has vivid memories of Charles Dickens, some of which are recalled in the accompanying story.*



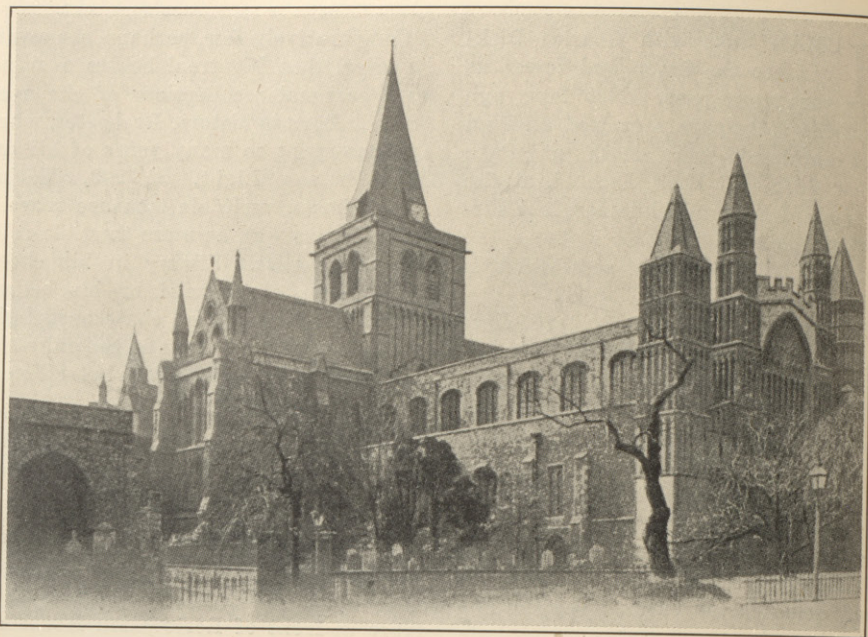
been cut down on account of their great age and the wood made into pipe racks, cloak stands and other articles as souvenirs of the place. I also used to be acquainted with the man who lived in Jasper's Gate House. He was one of those employed in Rochester Cathedral."

Mr. Light who is an ex-member of the Montreal Branch of the Dickens' Fellowship and an honorary member of the Rochester branch, has been in close contact with the old English town since the year 1913, when, in company with Mrs. Light, he paid a visit to his boyhood home and, through the sojourn of his son in that locality the previous year, became acquainted with Mr. Edwin Harris, honorary official guide to the Rochester Branch of the Dickens Fellowship. Since then the two men have carried on an animated correspondence. Moreover, Mr. Light has been a frequent contributor at Christmas to Watts' Charity, which, as those versed in Dickens' lore will remember, was founded by one Richard Watts, in 1579, "for six poor travellers, who, not being rogues or proctors, may receive gratis for one night, lodging, entertainment and fourpence each."

This establishment provided the setting for Dickens' tale of "The Seven Poor Travellers," a heterogeneous group of wayfarers, who gathered under the roof of the queer old house on Christmas Eve and partook of a bountiful supper of roast beef and turkey, "and a temperate glass of hot wassail."

commodious village ale house," boasting a long, low-roofed parlor, at the upper end of which "was a table with

mediately caught the ear of a lady sitting near by, with the result that we all enjoyed a most interesting conversation



*Rochester Cathedral, one of the most historic spots in England, past which Mr. Light saw Dickens walk the night before he died. To the left of the picture is St. Nicholas Parish Church, where Mr. Light was christened.*

a white cloth upon it, well covered with a roast fowl, bacon, ale and etceteras."

"I was sitting here, and my wife here," Mr. Light explained, indicating the different places on a photograph he held in

for the next hour or so." Though a resident of Montreal for the last 52 years, Mr. Light vividly recalls the day in March, 1853, when the late Queen Alexandra, then Princess of Wales, arrived to make her home in England. "I walked from Rochester to Gravesend and back, a distance of 14 miles, and all I saw was horses' tails," he said.

One of the few living links with Dickens survives in the person of Mr. W. McGeorge, a member of the group of waits mentioned in the pages of "Pickwick Papers". This picturesque figure, despite his ninety odd years, still travels the streets of Rochester on Christmas Eve and plays his violin to herald the approach of the Yuletide season.

Which recalls one of Dickens' most beautiful references to Christmas, ending the tale of "The Seven Poor Travellers:" "And now the mists began to rise in the most beautiful manner and the sun to shine," he says, as he describes his lonely walk to London on the morning of the Twenty-fifth, "and as I went on through the bracing air, seeing the hoarfrost sparkle everywhere, I felt as if all Nature shared in the joy of the great Birthday."



*The "Leather Bottle," described in "Pickwick Papers" as "a clean and commodious village ale house", where Mr. and Mrs. Light had lunch on the occasion of their visit to Cobham, in 1913.*

Upon the occasion of Mr. and Mrs. Light's Rochester visit in 1913 they lunched at the "Leather Bottle," described in "Pickwick Papers" as "a clean and

his hand. "I happened to glance up at the wall and, seeing a picture of the novelist, exclaimed, 'There is Dickens as I used to know him.' This remark im-

A flood of revolution cannot be stopped with an embankment of half-baked flummery.—Mr. Lloyd George.





*Gad's Hill Place, Charles Dickens' beloved Kentish home, of which from early childhood he cherished the hope of one day becoming the owner.*

## Pension and Benefit Fund of Bell Telephone Co.

**F**EW more interesting documents are conceivable to those interested in industrial questions than the reports we occasionally see, outlining the operations of the Pension and Benefit Fund of the Bell Telephone Company of Canada. Bell employees are fortunate in being participants in a scheme which, without cost to them, is working out with such obvious benefit to so many telephone workers and their dependants.

Writing in a recent issue of the "Blue Bell", the employees' magazine of the Bell Telephone Company, Mrs. J. E. McSkimming, Chief Clerk in the Employees' Benefit Fund Department, gives some interesting facts on the working of the plan, which was inaugurated in 1917. Says Mrs. McSkimming: From July 1st, 1917, up to September 30th, 1925, we have spent \$1,668,657 in 19,143 cases divided as follows:

Eight percent, or \$127,379, for pensions in 71 cases.

Seventy percent, or \$1,175,337, for sickness in 16,018 cases.

Thirteen percent, or \$212,085, for accidents in 2,922 cases.

Nine percent, or \$135,856, for deaths in 132 cases.

At the time of the inauguration of our plan, nine pensioners were taken over. Since then

the list has grown and, deducting the eight who have passed on, we now have sixty-three under our care. Two of these are octogenarians and ten over three-score-and-ten. Three are located in the Sunny South. In July, 1917, our monthly pension payroll was only \$491, as compared with \$2,829 for September, 1925. As time moves on this feature of the plan can only enlarge, as yearly the number of employees eligible for pensions increases. In 1918 there were only 70 eligible—59 male and 11 female. We now have 171 eligible for pensions—132 male and 39 female.

The heaviest part of our work comes through illness, for despite our precautions and their own desires the folks do get sick. In May, 1920, 50 per cent of our employees were eligible for benefits, while in September this year the percentage of eligible was 64. Since July, 1917, we have dealt with 16,018 cases of sickness, 107 of these terminating fatally, up to and including September, 1925. During this time the monies paid out for sickness alone was \$1,175,337. The costliest case was \$2,254. With a view to curtailing this expenditure, as we are constantly trying to do, we have among other things drawn attention by the use of Health Cards to what everyone should do in regard to diet, habits, clothing, rest, etc.

Now the Employees' Benefit Fund is our own fund—it belongs to the employees, although no contribution is made by us toward its upkeep as the whole cost of it is generously borne by the Company. Every man and woman in the Company is a partner, however, in this plan.

Much sympathy is always extended to an injured employee, whether the accident is the result of "plain hard luck" or simply to "carelessness", but we do wish there were fewer accidents. From July, 1917, to September, 1925, the Employees' Benefit Fund Department handled 2,922 accident cases, twenty-five of which ended fatally. The amount paid out for expenses and benefits netted \$212,085. The largest number of accidents in any one year was 488 in 1924. The most frequent causes are attributable to vehicles, stumbling, slipping, lifting, straining, and tools. There are other causes of accidents, however. Just because someone inadvertently swallowed a pin we had to spend \$78, and why should a person stand on a cane-bottomed chair, when the Company provides step-ladders, and put us to an expense of \$105? It should be borne in mind that our medical adviser has appointed doctors in Montreal, Toronto, Quebec, Ottawa, Hamilton, London, Windsor, Three Rivers and St. Thomas to take charge of our accident cases.

We have had 132 death cases, 25 of which were due to accidents in course of employment and the balance "sickness-deaths". From July, 1917, to September, 1925, payments have amounted to \$153,856.



# - - - New Oil-Electric Car of C.N.R.



*The small oil-electric car which made the second run.*



**Mr. C. E. Brooks,  
Superintendent of  
Motive Power of  
the C.N.R., large-  
ly responsible for  
the new cars.**

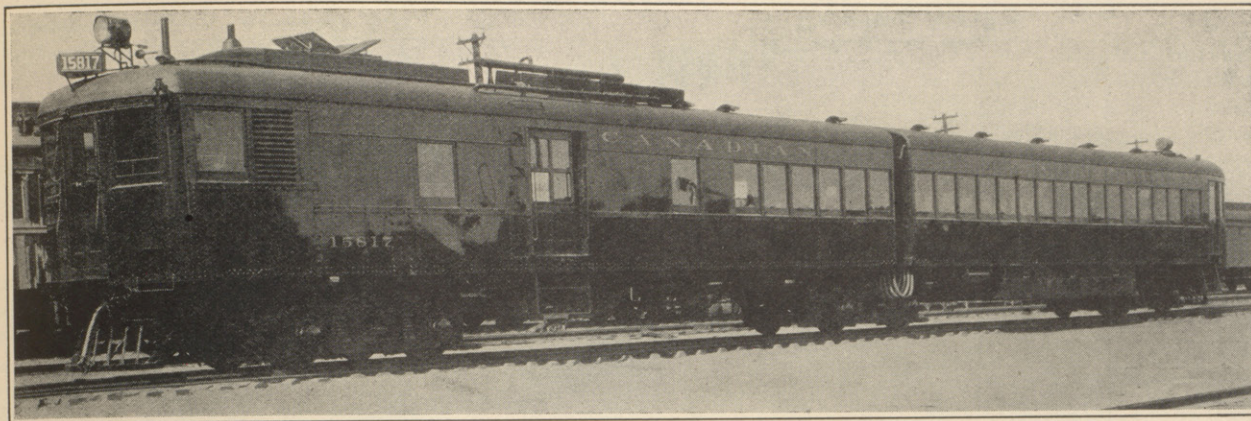
**T**WO world's records were smashed Nov. 4, when one of the new oil-electric cars of the Canadian National Railways completed a run from Montreal, Que., to Vancouver, B.C., a distance of 2,937 miles in 67 hours. Not only was this the fastest run on record for such a distance but it is the longest non-stop run in the history of rail transportation, as during the whole of the trip the engine of the car did not once stop running.

From first to last the trip demonstrated the superiority and great possibilities of the oil-electric car, an entirely new type of transportation evolved by the motive power engineers of the Canadian National Railways to solve branch line problems and to meet bus line competition.

The engine burns fuel oil and this engine in turn operates an electric generator which produces the energy by which the car is moved. The oil engine is the lightest of its kind in the world outside of aero practice and with the generator is confined to a small space in one end of the car. The car body has an overall length of 60 feet and has seating accommodation for 57 passengers. In addition there is a large baggage space.



# Broke Two World's Records - - -



*General view of the large or articulated type of car.  
Note how the two ends of the car rest upon the centre truck.*

Three oil-electric cars are now in regular service on the lines of the Canadian National Railways in Ontario and Quebec and six more will be placed in operation on various parts of the system.

The oil electric car is the name given to the new type of motive power. Two sizes of cars have been designed and are in service. One has a body with an over-all length of 60 feet set on two four-wheel trucks. This car can pull a trailer when desired. The second and larger type is known as the articulated car. It consists of two bodies, with a total over-all length of 102 feet, set on three four-wheel trucks. The rear end of one and the forward end of the other body are attached to the centre truck by means of a safety locking pin. The entrance between cars is protected by a canvas covering in much the same fashion as the vestibule ends of passenger cars on steam trains.

Both the small and articulated cars are built to carry passengers, express and baggage. The large car can carry 126 passengers, of which number 35 can be accommodated in the baggage end.

Mr. C. E. Brooks, Superintendent of Motive Power of the C.N.R., who is largely responsible for the new cars, says:

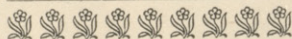
"The possibilities of the cars are great provided we can maintain them reasonably. The fuel cost is much lower than our expectations. We felt if we could operate the small car between four and five cents per mile for fuel, we would be satisfied. We have found we are able to operate that car under two cents per mile for fuel and, in some cases, we have come very close to one cent.

A recent patent granted for an improved all-steel dining car club-lounge car is the first since 1865 when a dining car patent was granted the late George M. Pullman.

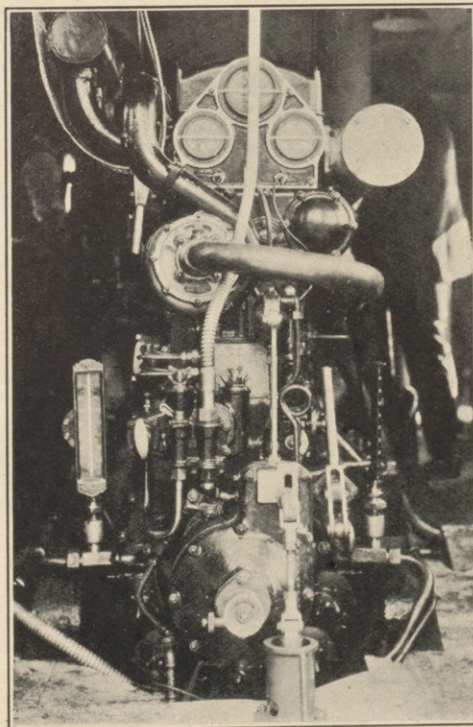
Except at junctions, sharp curves and non-stop sections, there are no signals on the Elevated Railroad of New York. So satisfactorily have motormen regulated their trains by watching the tail lamp of the train ahead that the present method will undoubtedly remain for some time to come.

Practically all of the 5,574 miles of railroads made possible by government concessions in Mexico have been abandoned following expiration of the time limit for the beginning of construction.

A historian reports that British rail, known as the freedom rail, used on American and British railroads a half-century or more ago, was so highly tempered that if dropped from hand car to ties it would shatter like glass.



**End view of the  
remarkable  
engine.**





## A Charming Burden



*The snowshoer and the ski-girl were indulging their own particular winter sports on Mount Royal, when the photographer happened along. They took this pose to make a picture for him, and he couldn't resist using a plate. Can you blame him?*

—Canadian National Railways, Photo



# Cancer Can Positively Be Prevented

By SIR W. ARBUTHNOT LANE (From the "Dearborn Independent")

I SHALL not die of cancer. I am taking measures to prevent it. What I am doing anybody can do. It is not a matter of money. It is a matter only of forethought and, forbearance.

What I am doing everybody should do if he would avoid the risk of death from a disease more terrible than tuberculosis, syphilis and a number of other awful diseases rolled into one.

Cancer is the great human menace. It is increasing by leaps and bounds. If anything, it is increasing more rapidly in the United States than it is in the British Isles. Of those now living in the British Isles, 5,000,000 are doomed to die of cancer if they do nothing to prevent it. In the United States, the doomed number is 10,000,000 and may quite easily rise to 15,000,000 or 20,000,000.

This means that at least one in ten of those now living in America and perhaps one in five are doomed to die of cancer if they do nothing to prevent it. But for those more than 40 years of age the danger is far greater than that. Cancer seldom strikes until the victim is at least 40. The percentage of any community that is 40 or more is but a fraction of the total. This might be called the cancer fraction. There the disease does its worst. One and perhaps two out of every five Americans of this age are doomed to die of cancer unless they do something to prevent it. And, unfortunately, women are in the greatest danger from the fact that cancer strikes them a little earlier than it does men.

What picture of impending fate could be more awful than this? How terrible it is only the physician knows who has seen human beings slowly eaten alive by an ailment that spares neither king nor peasant. Yet I paint the picture not to terrify, but to move to preventive action. Civilization has made cancer. What it has made it can destroy. We can be as free from cancer as are savages to whom the disease is apparently nearly if not quite unknown. Savages become cancerous only when they come within the influence of civilization and wrong their bodies as we wrong ours.

A great flood of light has come upon cancer. We now know what causes it. It is not the bacillus that scientists have so long sought and not yet found. It is caused by poisons created in our bodies by the food we eat. I am speaking now, of course, in a general way. A few cancers are caused by bruises, but it is a question if bruises would ever cause cancer if poisons had not first done their work to the tissue.

What causes poisons to accumulate in the body? Bad drainage. Nothing else. The body was never intended to be a traveling receptacle of perishable commodities, the waste products of which should be carried

about for twenty-four hours or more at a time. We were never built to bear the strain and we are not bearing it. We are breaking under it. We are breaking out with cancer and a large number of other diseases, all of which have the same origin. There is but one cause of disease and that cause is poison. We may take in poison through the air, but we manufacture most of it within ourselves from the food that we eat.

We eat three times a day and sometimes more. Our bodies should be cleared as often as we eat. Animals do not need to be told this. Savages do not need to be told this. But we need to be told. The seeming requirements of what we call civilization have come in the path of our instincts. We eat

another by decreasing the capacity of the intestines.

The body fights back and dies hard—but it dies. It does not die the day the poison is introduced. It makes a losing fight for years. But eventually the break comes. It comes where the strains of poison and the strains of life meet. What I mean is that the strains of life may and usually do bear upon some parts of the body more than others. If one is doing work that requires the expenditure of a considerable amount of brain power, he puts a strain upon his nervous system. This strain might not and probably would not hurt him if the poisons that he is manufacturing within his own body were not also putting a strain upon his nervous system. The two strains meet. The man goes down with paralysis or some kindred ailment.

He goes down because he did not drain the house in which his cells lived. We do such terrible things to the little cells that live in our house. Nobody would treat other persons as he treats his own cells. Imagine a man having a great house and filling it with guests, then stopping the sewer and filling the rooms each day with a number of dead cats. With the rooms reeking with foul odors we can imagine the crying and the dying of little children, who may be compared with the more delicate cells of our bodies. As the fumes become heavier we can visualize the fainting away of women. Finally, none are left but the strongest of the men but in time they too die and the house that was once so gay is but a silent sepulchre.

On the theory that most persons care more about themselves than they do about anybody else we can at least imagine such treatment of guests by a host. But how can we account for such treatment of the little cells that live in our houses and are us?

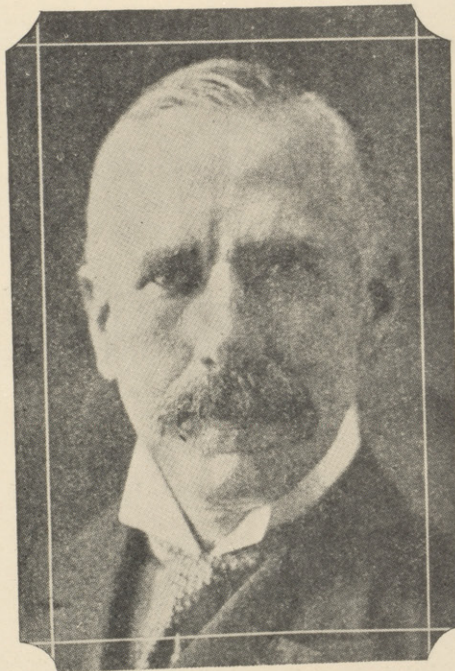
There is no way to account for what civilized human beings do to themselves except to realize the fact that they do not know what they are doing.

We take disease for granted. We assume that it is the inescapable fate of man, sooner or later, to have this or that disease and die with it.

Nothing could be further from the truth. The nature of man is to die as a clock stops when it is run down. Death should come peacefully, at great age, and usually during sleep. Disease of any kind is certain proof that the body has been misused.

We are indicted by our ailments. What we have done is reflected in what we have. We should be proud of health and ashamed of sickness. No ill man should escape blame unless he can show that he is the victim of society rather than of himself. Bad housing

(Continued on page 25)



Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane.

regularly and expel irregularly. We eat frequently and expel infrequently. We live in a house that is called our body and we do not drain our house.

What are "we"? We are little cells. According to the scientists one little group is the heart, another little group is the stomach, and the combination of all the groups is the individual. We eat frequently, expel infrequently, and poisons are set up. These poisons enter the blood stream. Every part of the body is reached. Every part of the body suffers. The body resists. It tries to bear up under the burden. It tries to set up antidotes to the poisons. It thickens the walls of parts of the intestines to enable them to bear a load for which they were not intended, but in trying to offset one evil creates



GLORIA SWANSON



who is now the "Marquise de la Falaise de Coudraye", as she will appear in a new film story by Fannie Hurst, which will soon be shown in Canada.



(Continued from page 23)

conditions, for instance, for which no individual is to blame, may and do cause sickness, but most of our ills we create for ourselves. Anybody can see that the house in which his cells live is drained. Whoever does not see to this invites all of the death and destruction that may come to him, because bad drainage in the human body is the cause of cancer and most of the other ills that afflict mankind. Remove this cause and we shall have destroyed most of the diseases.

Hippocrates, the great father of medicine, knew this, thousands of years ago, as did many of the ancients, but most of his followers seem to have forgotten it.

We physicians should go back to the sources of our information and preach more ardently what was taught so long ago; what is and always will be true—that man by nature is not a poison factory; that his body is but a house in which his cells live and that to permit this house to fill up with sewage is even worse than it would be to maintain an open sewer in one's residence. One might get a breath of fresh air once in a while in such a house, but there is no escape from the poisons that one carries about in his body. They are flowing into his blood stream all the while and preparing it for all of the diseases, including the worst of all—cancer.

Now what is the matter with the body that it does not adequately drain itself? Nothing is the matter with the body. It was made all right. The matter lies with us. We have suddenly changed our methods of living. We call this change civilization. Part of it is good, part of it is bad. That part of it which pertains to our habits of life is mostly bad because it represents so sharp a break with our past. The human body, which has been created through countless centuries of slow change, cannot in a day, a year, or a century adapt itself to an environment that is radically different from anything to which it has ever been accustomed. Force such an environment upon it and there is trouble.

That is What we have done. We are trying to force our bodies to live in entirely different circumstances than human bodies ever lived before. For millions of years, perhaps, we went on four legs. We now stand erect. For a very long time, after we began to stand erect, we were physically active. We hunted, we cleared forests, we attended flocks. We did everything, perhaps, except to sit at desks, ride in motor cars, eat white bread and other bad food.

Such activity and such food caused good drainage. I am inclined to believe that the average duration of life in ancient times was greater than it is now, but if it was not it was because of perils with which modern science is prepared to combat. The same rice field that keeps the coolie's drainage good produces the malaria germ that kills him. The coolie knows how to eat, but we don't, and we know how to stop malaria, but he doesn't.

We shall never begin at the beginning, in our fight against cancer, and eat the food of

some of the lowly peoples of Asia, but we may as well know what it is. It begins with bread made from flour ground between two stones by hand. The flour is coarse and all there—nothing is sifted out to make it whiter.

This flour is moistened with water and made into little cakes. The cakes are placed, one by one, on a flat iron surface that is heated by a charcoal fire. When the cake is scorched on one side it is turned over with forceps and scorched on the other. It is then ready to eat.

With this cake are eaten raw vegetables. A favorite vegetable is the radish which, in that part of the world, grows as large as one's forearm. The natives also eat sugar cane, swallowing some of the fiber.

The first thing that one notices about this diet is that it has bulk. Bulk is necessary to elimination. Part of our trouble is that we shun bulk. We eat concentrated foods. Concentrated foods decay and create poisons to carry around and absorb, but are difficult to eliminate.

The next thing we observe about this diet is that it contains no meat. We think we need meat. An Asiatic can march all day on vegetables and fight at evening. We should never eat any food that, when decayed, has an odor that is exceedingly offensive. All animal products come under this ban.

Your Asiatic eats his vegetables raw. He gets his vitamins, which are so necessary to life and health, while they are in good condition. We destroy ours with heat. Vegetables are better if not cooked.

Lastly, the Asiatic peasant eats bread made from whole grain flour. We eat white bread which contains but part of the grain. White bread is so bad that if fed exclusively to animals for a month they will die. It is not fit to eat. In the first place, it does not contain the food elements that we require. Furthermore, it tends to clog the drainage system. Whoever eats it does so at his peril. Whole-wheat bread is difficult to get in England. I understand that it is easy to get in the United States. Americans who persist in eating white bread and die of cancer have nobody to blame but themselves.

What we should do then, if we would avoid cancer, is to eat whole-wheat bread and raw fruits and vegetables, shunning all meat, first that we may be better nourished, second that we may more easily eliminate waste products and thus adequately drain the house in which our cells live.

But one of the most difficult things in the world to do is to change the food of a nation. The best we can expect to do is to effect as favorable a compromise as possible. Each person can say for himself how far he is willing to go to avoid cancer. Whoever foregoes white bread will perform a great service for himself. It is deadly.

Having done the best we can to avoid bad foods and get good ones, there still remains the problem of elimination—of sure, adequate drainage. Exercise helps. Walk two or three hours a day. How many will do it? Not

many, I fear. If not, the problem of bad drainage remains. What are we to do? Should simple measures of diet and habit fail, the freeing of the intestinal canal by operation restores its mechanics to the condition in which it existed in infancy. The effects are tremendous—far and away beyond what I expected. Men and women are transformed. Their very natures seem to change. They become bright and happy and well. Not only do the particular ills of which they complained disappear, but minor troubles go with them.

Obviously it would not do to operate on everybody whose drainage system was not working properly, because that would mean to operate upon everybody. Just as obviously it would have been idle to expect everybody who suffered from bad drainage to correct his habits with regard to diet and exercise. The problem of bad drainage remained. The question was how to meet it.

I determined to try mechanical means. I sought a lubricant by means of which I hoped to keep the bowels open. I tried olive oil, but found that it was absorbed before it had completed the lubrication of the intestinal tract. I finally hit upon paraffin oil, a by-product of petroleum, which at that time I was able to get in a highly refined state only from Russia. Now, I am glad to say that high-grade paraffin oil is on sale pretty much throughout the civilized world. In different countries it is put out under different trade names. It is practically without color, taste or odor. In buying it, one should be sure that the label on the bottle bears the statement that it is intended for internal use.

Now what will paraffin oil do? So far as elimination is concerned, it will do everything that proper food and proper exercise could do. It is mechanically perfect. It lubricates without being absorbed. It has no effect upon the body except as a lubricant.

Three doses of paraffin oil a day will insure perfect drainage of the human house. This should be drained three times a day. Once is not enough. Watch the animals. They don't eat white bread and commit our other crimes against themselves. They are well drained. To prevent accidents from the use of paraffin oil, it is best to form the habit of clearing the body after each meal. We should take out as often as we put in. If we would avoid cancer we must cease to be badly drained human houses.

Whoever will correct his diet to a reasonable extent, take reasonable exercise, and a dose of paraffin oil half an hour before each meal need have no fear of cancer. I make this declaration with no reservations. Cancer is a filth disease. I am certain that it is the last stage in a sequence of ailments brought about by bad drainage of the system. I am also certain that cancer never attacks a healthy organ. Tissue must first be weakened by poison before it will yield to this or any other malady. Drain the body and there need be no fear of cancer, appendicitis, diabetes, neuritis, neuralgia, sleeplessness, melancholia, epilepsy and a great number of other ailments.



## Summery Weather in the West Indies Now



*St. Thomas, W. I.*

WHILE "north-winds do blow" and there is a blanket of white over the northern half of North America, the isles of the West Indies bask under the Caribbean sun as they did more than four hundred years ago when a European first landed on their golden shores.

Though the days of Columbus, Ponce de Leon and Drake are past, and though we may no longer singe the beard of the King of Spain with Drake or search with Ponce de Leon, sanguine that we shall find the fountain of Everlasting Youth, the spell of these Indies of the West is as potent as that of their namesakes of the Pacific, and tempts the traveller to search out the beauties of Bermuda, "the Isles of the Blest", or Trinidad, "the land of the humming-bird," whose very names suggest the idyllic atmosphere of these Islands.

Many prominent Canadians are leaving on the S.S. Montroyal to avoid the wintry blasts, on two cruises leaving New York January

departure taking place a few days following, and will be off for her first port of call, Nassau, and then on to the "Paris of the Western Hemisphere," Havana, and after four days, will arrive in Port au France. Twelve additional ports of call will be made in the ship's wanderings of the Caribbean Sea.

One of the outstanding calls is the beautiful capital of Cuba, known sometimes as "the key to the New World."

Occupying a lengthy peninsula, and backed by an amphitheatre of hills, its promenades, drives, public parks, clubs and cafes are filled at all times with gay and pleasure-loving crowds, living a life that is apparently care-free.

The finest street is the Prado, a central avenue that connects a system of parks with the seashore. About Central Park, the Prado and the Malecon the traveller can best study the life and ways of the Cuban metropolis. The chief trade is, of course, the tobacco industry, together with sugar.

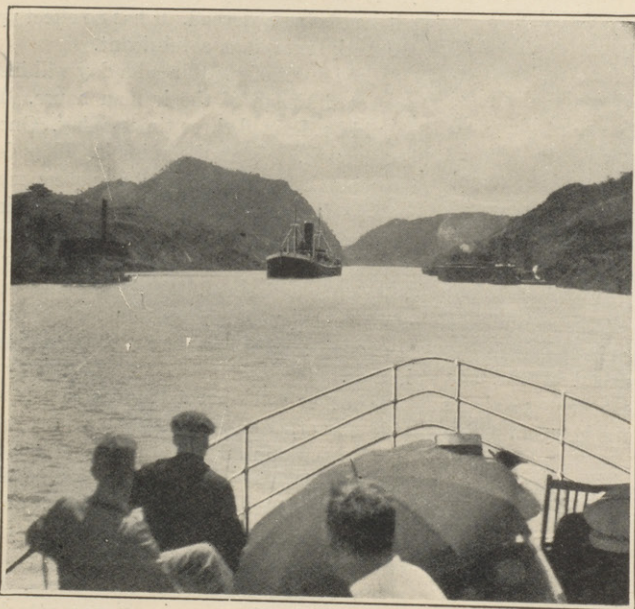
On March 9, Haiti, the "black republic", will be reached. This island covers an area of some 10,000 square miles and has slightly over two million inhabitants. A land of densely-wooded mountains and beautiful valleys, it is a heavy producer of sugar-cane, cotton, cacao, tobacco and coffee—coffee, indeed, of world-wide renown. In the interior are considerable mineral deposits, that merely await transportation to be developed. Port au Prince, the capital and largest city, is well laid out, with fine public buildings, and possesses a splendid natural harbor.

Haiti was discovered by Columbus on his first voyage, and for two hundred years was a Spanish possession. In 1697 it was ceded to France. Later, negro slaves were introduced from Africa; in 1806 the negroes, defying Napoleon, obtained their independence and founded a republic, which—with the exception of a temporary kingdom—it has since remained. Haiti is one of the most thickly populated countries of the Americas.

The group known as the Bahamas contain altogether 3,000 islands, of which only twenty are inhabited. Possessing so temperate a climate that they have come to be a popular winter resort, the islands are exceedingly fertile. The chief products are corn, cotton, oranges, pine-apples, grapes, olives and spices. Sponges are found in large quantities along the shores.

Nassau, the capital, on New Providence Island, is built upon coral, its white walls gleaming amongst cocoa-nut palms and silk cotton trees.

The largest island of the British West Indies is Jamaica. Its natural scenery is wonderful. Its mountains rise to high altitudes, reaching, in Blue Mountain Peak, 7,423 feet; from its green-clad



*Entering the Panama Canal*

28 and March 1. This ship as a Canadian enterprise, will play a dual part insofar as it will act as hotel and transport for Southern sight-seers.

Arriving from Liverpool in New York, on January 24, after her annual overhaul, the Montroyal will be spick and span for her first



hills pour down countless rivers and streams, breaking into beautiful cascades and waterfalls.

Kingston, the capital, is very interesting in many ways. Its markets, where gather vendors of tropical fruit, vegetables, lace-bark souvenirs, and strings of red and brown beans, are the great rendezvous of natives from the interior. Good roads connect Kingston with the interior villages, offering many opportunities for excursions.

At the entrance to Kingston Harbor is Port Royal, closely associated with the early history of Jamaica, and at one time the most important place on the island.

It will be difficult to pay stress to the beauty spots and to the commercial interests of the various southern gems, known as islands, but one of the most noteworthy is the coral island of Barbadoes, the most easterly of the West Indies group, and the home of the flying fish, many of which are taken from its waters by the natives, cured, and offered for sale. Flowers made from the scales of fish, and walking canes made from the vertebrae of the shark, are also sold.



*Havana Harbor, with Morro Castle.*



*The Opera House, Havana.*

Barbados is the trade mart for the Windward Isles. Its capital, Bridgetown, stretches along the shores of Carlisle Bay—a well-built town that might aptly be called a "little bit of Old England," for it has a Trafalgar Square, with a statue of Lord Nelson. Surrounding Bridgetown are many sugar plantations, and close by is the residence of the governor.

Barbados has an area of some 166 square miles; outside of China it is the most densely populated country of the world, supporting about 1,180 people to the square mile. Practically every square foot that is not occupied by buildings is under cultivation, the chief product being sugar.

Panama, the most southerly point reached in the cruises, is the object of many travellers interested in the financial and commercial world. The port of Cristobal is connected with the old city of

Panama by a railroad, from which views of the most prominent features of the canal may be obtained. It was across the Isthmus that the old Spanish gold trains of heavily laden mules made their way towards the Atlantic. Portions of this road still exist. The City of Panama was founded in 1516. Here came the gold and silver from Peru for shipment to Spain. The city has an interesting Cathedral, built in 1760; but probably the greatest attraction is the Sea Wall, a part of the old fortification, the top of which now forms a promenade.



*Off Barbados, B. W. I.*

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Emil Jannings  
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Harold Lloyd  
in "The Freshman"



Carol Dempster  
in "Sally of the Sawdust"



Richard Barthelmess  
in "Shore Leave"

### SOME LEADING "MOVIE" CHARACTERS OF 1925



John Gilbert  
in "The Merry Widow"



Norma Shearer  
in "He Who Gets Slapped"



W. C. Fields  
in "Sally of the Sawdust"



Constance Talmadge  
in "Her Sister From Paris"



Lon Chaney

#### ANCIENT ROMAN HOUSES

The methods that are now employed in digging among the ruins of Pompeii preserve so much of the exterior of the buildings undamaged that the archaeologists are able now to reconstruct a Roman house of the classical age much more accurately than ever before. It appears that the Roman houses were higher than we used to suppose; not a few of the better class having had three stories. A recent photograph of one reconstructed model shows that there is something quite modern about the "French doors" that open on the second story balcony, and the tile roofing is, of course, much like that used today all over Europe. The courtyard in the interior of the house is a detail still in common use in Italy, Spain and Greece. The Romans valued their privacy more highly than we do.

A motor-car travelling at 30 miles an hour covers 44 feet in a second.

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## The Ascent and Descent of Man!

—Canadian National Railways, Photo







1 (left to right) top row: Roughton Trophy for soccer players 100 yds.; 2 Mid-week Soccer Champion Cup; 3. Industrial League of Montreal Bowling Championship Cup; 4. Championship Cup, all-round athletics, open to all printing offices in Montreal; 5. Macoun Soccer Cup, for competition in Mid-week League. Front row: five small cups for individual merit, Canadian Railroader Soccer Team.

## "Railroaders" Win Series of Trophies

**A**LTHOUGH the Canadian Railroader Amateur Athletic Association, composed of male employees of Canadian Railroader, Limited, and a few friends, did not set out to be, and is not yet, an organization with the training of athletes as its primary purpose, it has made an unusual record in the way of individual and collective championships recently in the field of competitive sport.

Probably this is due, in large measure at least, to the systematic physical training of the members during the winter months in the High School gymnasium. Physical training and general healthy recreation have been the main purposes of the Association.

The Association has had fine football players in its physical training classes for years, but this year the first attempt was made to enter an Association team in League contests, the Mid-Week League being chosen and the team being named, "Canadian Railroader F.C."

The middle of May found "Railroaders" facing C.P.R. Glen Yards in the first League engagement, and after a brisk 90-minute tussle, honors were even, both sides having scored once.

It was now proved beyond doubt that the gymnasium training of the "close season" was an important factor in the success of the club on the soccer field. Coach Yards, a strong aggregation representing the C.N.R. Roundhouse at St. Henry, was met and defeated after another strenuous battle, the

decision being secured only in the last ten minutes.

Among other teams met was the remarkably fast Montreal Amateur Athletic Association team who exhibited their speed on that fine sports enclosure, McGill Stadium. The M.A.A.A. yielded all league points to the Railroaders.

The season's record in the Midweek League reads as follows:—Matches played, 20; Won, 19; Lost, 0; Drawn, 1; goals for, 73; goals against, 8. Total points, 39.

Glen Yards finished second in the table with an aggregate of 36 points, having been in close attendance with the Railroaders from the start.

It is worthy of note that the 1924 champions—Canadian National Offices—"went under" to Railroaders in both League engagements.

The competition for the Macoun Trophy—a cup to be competed for each season by Midweek League clubs—proved of considerable interest as the rounds preliminary to the final were played.

With the luck of a bye in the first round, Railroaders were drawn against Borden's Milk Co. in the second. The Milkmen started favorites, but it was only towards the end of the game when—stamina prevailing—three goals were scored, and Railroaders entered the semi-final.

Against M.A.A.A. in the semi-final, Railroaders won out by three goals to one, and

the final against the nippy Glen Yards team promised a game beyond the usual quality of Cup Finals.

The final encounter, played on the Carsteel enclosure—Thornton Park—drew a big crowd, Mr. Horace Lyons, able president of the local referees' association, having charge.

The "Yardmen" led at half-time by the only goal scored, but in the last 45 minutes Railroaders not only got the upper hand, but scored three goals.

Principal goal-getters during the season were as follows:—J. H. Tingman 42; J. McBride 15; S. Jones 5; T. Queen 3; H. Cavell 3; Rossiter 3; Bert Topping 3.

The C.R.A.A.A. had several bowling teams operating in various leagues in the city, the senior team winning the championship of the Industrial League. This league is considered one of the strongest in the city. The following players represented the Railroader Industrial League Bowling Club: Geo. Kenny, captain; Leonard Sykes; Clem Johnston; Harold Campbell; William A. Newsam. Clubs in the League were: Railroader, Montreal Locomotive, Northern Electric, Standard Photo Engraving, Crane Limited, Barrett Co., Limited, Geo. W. Reed Co., Geo. Hall Coal Co., Ames-Holden-McCready, Marconi Wireless, C.N.R. Offices, and Bell Telephone Co.

Another cup won by the Railroader is the Geo. M. Stewart Challenge trophy to best all round athletes in the printing industry.

The Roughton challenge trophy, open to all soccer players in Montreal, at 100 yards,



was won this year by David Oliphant, an employee of the Railroader.

Officers of the Canadian Railroader Amateur Athletic Association, now with a membership of close to 80, are:—Hon. President, J. A. Woodward (President, Canadian Railroader, Ltd.); President, Herbert Mould; Secretary, J. Mackenzie; Treasurer, W. Newsam; Physical Director, Kennedy Crone; Asst. Physical Director, J. H. Tingman. Messrs. Mould and Newsam directed the football team.

It is estimated that electric railways in the United States carry approximately 43,000,000 persons each day over 45,000 miles of track.

An eastern crew recently rerailed an engine and three cars, minus aid of wreck train, in 20 minutes. It is claimed to be a record.

Forty-four giant locomotives of the Southern Railway of England, which haul passenger coaches through the district associated with the life of King Arthur, have each been named after a Knight of the Round Table.

To shorten travelling time between Chicago, Illinois, and Paris, France, a special train is now run from Chicago to New York where immediate connections are made with a

French steamer which is met in Havre by a special train to Paris. The trip is made in approximately seven days.

Railroad gasoline motor cars operated in Kansas are exempt of a two-cent per gallon gasoline tax, now in effect there.

One in every nineteen employed in the British Isles is a railroader.

Loud speakers installed by the Paris-Orleans Railway in its Paris stations are used to furnish travellers with all necessary information.

For every 100 square miles of land in Turkey there is less than 2.6 miles of railroad track.

Cost of stopping and starting the average tonnage train has been figured at \$2.29.

While following a snail along a railroad track to study its habits, a London, England, naturalist was recently killed by a train.

The latest in grade-crossing accidents is credited to an airplane pilot who failed to get altitude quickly enough and broke the gates at an Illinois Central grade crossing. It is said the watchman was so surprised he failed to get the offender's number.

A soils-testing train of the Michigan State College recently completed a tour of 500 miles through Southern Michigan. The train, consisting of a laboratory, personnel and demonstration car, was visited by 4,641 persons.

In an effort to convert railroad right-of-ways into attractive city entrances, active committees were appointed at a recent meeting of the National Association of Real Estate Boards to co-operate with railroads and industries to eliminate the unfavorable impression.

The present progress means that, after making partial advance here and there, mankind is now moving along the whole front. In former ages men's minds had only one or another dominant channel in which to move. Now all channels are open, and so full is the stream of life that all of them have flowed together. No new revelation has come, no new spurt of power; all that was learned bit by bit, generation by generation, is now enlisted in the common service, and the force of it is irresistible. To know this is to interpret the place of this generation in the schedule of human progress.—Henry Ford.

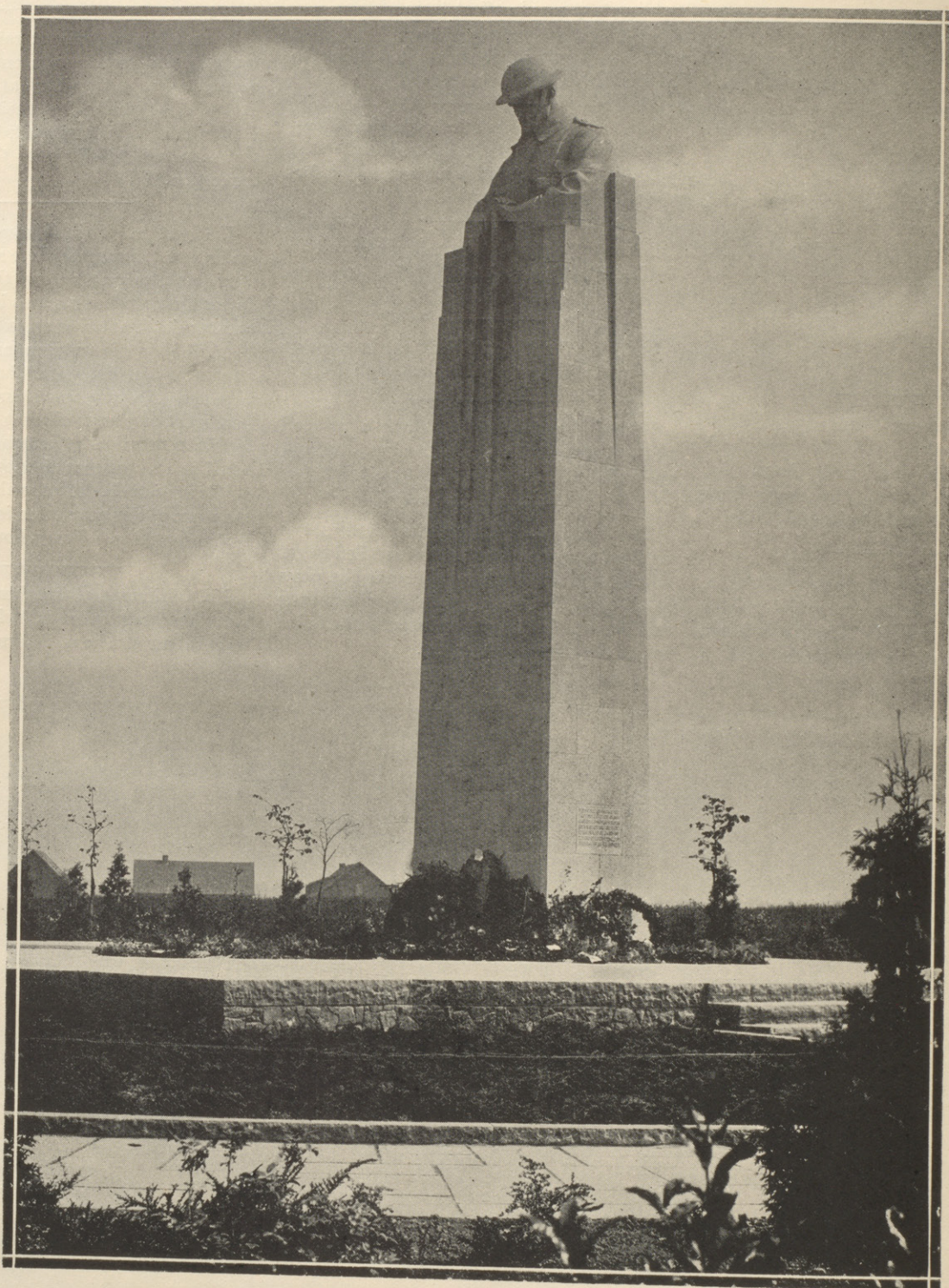
No Christmas giving, however lavish, is truly generous unless it includes some from whom there can be no return of gifts.



CANADIAN RAILROADER FOOTBALL CLUB.

Standing, left to right: J. Oliphant, T. Young, Sam Jones, George McFarlane, James McKenzie, D. Oliphant, H. Mould, Gordon Philip; seated, first row: E. Davis, James Todd, F. Rowlands, T. McCutcheon, W. Newsam; front row: James McBride, T. Queen, James Tingman, J. W. Rossiter and F. Collier.





**CANADIAN WAR GRAVES COMMISSION MEMORIAL AT ST. JULIEN, FRANCE**

*This Memorial, erected by the Canadian War Graves' Commission, stands on the battlefield where, on April 22-24, 1915, 18,000 Canadians withstood the first German gas attack on the British left. Of these 18,000 Canadians, 2,000 fell and were buried here.*

*The Memorial was designed by F. Chapman Clemesha, Regina, Sask.*

*From the "War Memorial Souvenir Number," November issue of the "Municipal Review of Canada," Montreal. Through the sale of copies of the Souvenir at \$2.00 each, a fund is being raised for war widows and orphans.*





*Christmas Eve at the Chateau Frontenac, Quebec. A remarkably effective night picture of a winter scene that is very popular with tourists, who are coming in greater numbers than ever to participate in the attractions of the Canadian winter.*



## Side-Lines

**O**F the armies of children in elementary schools, only corporal's guards get to high schools and universities. These privileged few are by no means the pick of the ranks.

Under our present system a thick-head whose parents have some loose cash can go through high school and universities, while the bright and ambitious sprout of struggling parents is halted in the elementary grades.

In effect, to a large extent, ~~some~~ of our higher seats of learning bear this motto:

"Abandon hope of entering here unless your old man has the dough, or you can scrape the dough together elsewhere."

The motto really ought to be:

"Abandon hope of entering here unless your head contains a sufficiency of grey matter."

If the privileged persons paid the whole shot for their advanced education, there might be a case for them. But that is far from being so. Fees alone do not maintain high schools and universities. Revenue derived from the unprivileged in more or less direct fashion, helps out quite a bit.

In my own acquaintance are at least half a dozen children fit and anxious to have high school and university education, and who cannot get it because their parents, willingly though they sacrifice, are not able to pay the fees and other expenses, apart from the question of withstanding loss of revenue from the children as potential wage-earners.

I think I could also name at least half a dozen students who are getting the advanced education for the sole reason that their parents can foot the bill without going short of cigars or permanent waves. They have no particular anxiety to learn, they scrape through examinations by the skin of their teeth, and they will probably get the axe in the first or second years at the universities.

Well, what are you going to do about it?

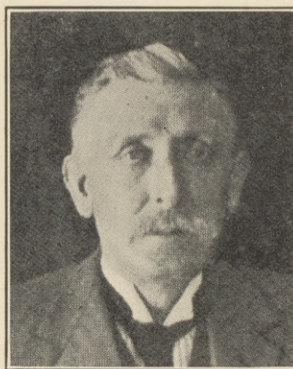
### ON HAVELOCK WILSON

**W**HEN Havelock Wilson, the 69-year-old head of the Seamen's Union, was in Montreal recently, I met him in his nice suite of rooms at the Windsor Hotel. I had been in the same suite a number of times, meeting notables, mediocrities and at least one nonentity, and while the occupant of the moment may feel that his or her presence dominates the scene, to me the

suite is peopled with the memories of other guests, a strange mixture indeed

Although Havelock Wilson had, as seaman or trade union official for half a century, visited practically every port in the world, he had never been here before. "Often I have been close to Montreal, at other St. Lawrence ports, or on the Great Lakes," he said, "but although I have wanted for many years to see it, I have not had the opportunity. I have to go where the business of the Union calls, and this is the first time, in relation to the present general and unauthorized strike, that business has sent me to this port."

Havelock Wilson was a fiery fighter in his day, and as handy with his fists in a 'Frisco "crimp-joint" or a wharf-rat brawl at the London Docks, as with his tongue. His tongue often got him into trouble in earlier days. Once he



Havelock Wilson

went to jail because of it, frequently he has suffered in other ways.

He is no longer a fighter in the physical sense, having been badly crippled in both legs for thirteen years. He needs assistance to get to his feet, and his progress on two sticks is slow and evidently painful.

"I am poorly today," he said. "I had to get the doctor to look me over. I have to speak to the members of the Canadian Club in a few minutes. It will, of course, be a strain for me. But don't waste any sympathy! I am happy to be alive at all. It is years since I was told I was finished, yet here I am, globe-trotting again. Have a cigarette."

### SAYING NICE THINGS

**B**Y the way, Havelock Wilson in his address to the Canadian Club mainly confined himself to compliments of Canada and Canadians. Most visitors do that, more or less fulsomely,

and more or less, it may be supposed as a matter of form. Here's wishing some would give us a jab for a change! Surely we are not so puffed-up with our own conceit that we can't stand an occasional crack!

### IF SHE HAD KNOWN!

**T**HE reference to Havelock Wilson's suite being peopled with the memories of other occupants reminds me of a charming emotional actress, who had a full share of temperament off the stage, and who, when I met her, was in a hotel suite, not in Montreal, which she dominated with her personality and yet which, to me, had an association I dare not tell her about. The actress was Olga Nethersole. If I remember rightly she toured Canada about 15 years ago. I fancy that somewhere in my mixed and dusty collection of mementoes I have her autograph; or perhaps it is a letter from her.

There was a new carpet on her sitting-room floor, and as she nervously paced it, and talked and gesticulated, I saw in my mind's eye the old carpet with the huddled body of the guest who had blown out his brains. If I had told her that, I imagine she would have needed the ambulance.

### IN OUR VILLAGE

**O**UR village, although self-contained in a number of ways, is really a distant suburb of the big city, inhabited mainly by instalment-home commuters.

Men who have no public identity in the city (and some who have hardly any identity even in their own offices or other places where they work), are prominent personages in our village.

"Sim" Pollock, for instance, is only a ledger-keeper, ill-paid, quiet and subservient, in the wholesale hardware firm of Bloggs, Limited, in the big city. He is a city nonentity. The stenographers like to take a "rise" out of him.

When he gets on the 5.40 p.m., however, he is somebody, for he is an alderman in our village and lots of his fellow-travellers know it. "Sim" Pollock can work up a lot of localized interest and discussion on the question of whether there should be another street light on Perry's subdivision on account of the two new houses at the lonely end.

You might not think one light a serious matter, but it is. The two new families are deeply concerned. Then a light means an outlay of nearly \$100, including cost of pole, fixings and labor—



Ald. Pollock has it figured to a nickel—and each hundred has to be spent cautiously and wisely, or there is sure to be a rumpus.

There will probably be a heated argument, anyway, amongst the men—civic celebrities, accepted and self-appointed representatives of the masses, cliques with pet ideas or pet prejudices, the village's chronic grouch, excited delegations from the two families aforementioned, will have a voice in the matter. Civic pride and plans; honest or selfish, able or ignorant, will be demonstrated in various intensities.

The wives of the community will also have a say, not, perhaps, in the school-house which is the Town Hall, or on the streets, or on the trains, as the men have it, but on back porches, across fences, at afternoon home-bakes, and in events connected with the church.

Local boys will be interested to the extent of wondering when the light pole will be put up, that being an operation that boys like to watch, especially the raising of the pole after the hole has been dug, and the climbing of the pole by the man with the iron spikes fastened to his legs.

"Sim" Pollock will be told to "Go to it." He will also be told that if he goes to it he will lose votes at the next election. There is this to be said, though, that those who doubt his good judgment will at least honor his good faith. He is an important person, a respected person, a man with "something in him." He knows it. In the village he lives the part, his tongue going merrily and his eyes snapping bright with interest and appreciation. When he steps on the 8.08 in the mornings he is still the village alderman, the important person. As the train nears the city his colors seem to fade, and as he passes out of the station into the hubbub of his workaday world, he is again a nonentity.

It is not wise of the cynic to laugh or sneer at "Sim" Pollock. After all, "Sim" has put much into life for his fellow-villagers and himself. He has done real civic service, and he is too busy to be in mischief. If he and others like him have struck their gait in village affairs, although striking no gait at all in larger affairs, isn't that better for everyone?

Isn't it far, far better to be somebody somewhere than a nonentity everywhere?

How many, it might be slyly asked, of those who would regard the "Sim" Pollocks with unkindly amusement or superior snicker, are nonentities everywhere?

### IN THE LAURENTIANS

SOMETHING in me leapingly responds to the magic of the mountains. I know those, of course, who find no magic in mountains, but the magic is there for those who understand. Amongst the mountains the years seem to drop away, and I become as chirpy and sentimental as a High School boy. Fortunately the mountains affect the missis in the same way, else I might be in peril of cynical allusions.

This is prelude to saying that in the late fall, when the Laurentians were a poem of color with the turning leaves, the missis and myself, with another married pair subject to the mountain spell, spent a week-end at Lac Mercier and Lac Tremblant.

It was dark when we got to the Inn at Lac Mercier, but that did not deter us, after supper, from a walk in the

ment. We got as far back as "After the Ball," "Sally in our Alley," "Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road" and the "Lily of Laguna." Then we had some of the more permanent old-fashioned airs, like the "Bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee," "Erin," "Queen of the Earth" and the "Men of Harlech".

Mr. Clark, slapping his knee, said: "Gee, that's great stuff, after the doses of modern jazz!"

Next morning after breakfast (how the mountain air put an edge on appetites!) and examining Mr. Clark's pet snake, we set out in our oldest clothes on the four-mile tramp to Lac Tremblant, where we said many "ahs!" and "ohs!" at the beauties of the nine-mile lake that is shaped like a cross, and of Mont Tremblant or "Trembling Mountain," the highest peak in the Laurentians, which did no trembling for our benefit. We saw, too, in the yard of a boarding-house, one of the highest peaks of empty beer bottles it had ever been our lot to see.

At the risk of our necks we scrambled around the pretty falls that drop from the lake into one of the mountain rivers, and watched an elaborately-equipped fisherman catch nothing.

Back to Lac Mercier for lunch, in the afternoon we scaled the highest hill nearby and had our senses charmed with a series of far-away views. Quite unconcernedly we sat on the edge of precipices, or flirted with rocky climbs that evidently had few visitors. If our own children had seen us they would probably have wondered why any cautions were issued to them with regard to tree-climbing, roof-jumping and kindred sports.

Tired and happy, we came down as the sun began to say good-bye, and soon we were on the way to the renewal of the common round.

### Be Patient

*THEY are such dear, familiar  
feet that go  
Along the path with ours,—feet  
fast or slow  
But trying to keep pace; if they  
mistake  
Or tread upon some flower that we  
would take  
Upon our breast, or bruise some  
reed,  
Or crush poor hope until it bleed.  
We must be mute;  
Not turning quickly to impute  
Grave fault; for they and we  
Have such a little way to go, can be  
Together such a little while upon  
the way—  
We must be patient while we may.*

foothills, with the leaden sheet of Lac Mercier, and hazy Dipper and North Star, to guide us. We just had to get our city feet on the soft slopes, even if we did have trouble in finding and holding the paths.

A soft wind soughed mysteriously through the trees and fallen leaves eddied and rustled on the ground. To some moods it might have been an occasion for timidity and solemnity. To ours it was a call of freedom and expansion and revival of youth. We laughed and joked and sang, and any stray listener, if there had been one in those solitudes, would probably have thought the party light-headed as well as light-hearted.

Later we sat around the big fireplace at the Inn, watching the maple logs burn, and talked with Mr. Gordon Clark, the host, of the dear dead days of long ago. We also had a contest as to who could remember the oldest once-popular tunes, with piano accompani-

### A HALL WANTED

COMPLAINTS are sometimes heard that Montreal is badly-equipped in the way of large and otherwise suitable halls for the presentation of high-spot operatic, concert and other vocal and instrumental music.

Personally, the only opera I care a hoot about is the comic opera of Gilbert and Sullivan. Grand opera leaves me cold. Classy concerts are much removed from my idea of a pleasant evening. As for listening to some great singer or instrumentalist giving the high-brow stuff—poof!

I like musical comedy, I like a good (not too uppish) orchestra, I like organ music that is fairly simple, I like a few old-fashioned songs sung by singers wh



## Brotherhood Honors C.N.R. Engineers



*This group of engineers, whose accumulated service with the Canadian National Railways totals 534 years and who have been retired on pension, were presented with engraved walking canes by the members of Division 86, Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. The veterans, with their years of service, are: Left to right: D. Trindall, 38; R. McCaig, 38; J. W. Conrad, 45; H. Cements, 46; T. T. Cements, 45; G. Dade, 50; W. L. Dute, 53; J. Biggs, 35; D. Simpson, 47; G. Munro, 38; F. Payette, 53, and J. McConnell, 46.*

are fair but not fancy. In my time I have heard most of the other forms and presentations of music; they don't register on me.

If I am uncultivated of taste, I am at least in a large company of uncultivated tasters. Some are not as frank as I am; bored stiff with the classical and the top-notch, they pretend enthusiasm and understanding to deceive the high-brows who might otherwise regard them as low-brows like me.

At the recent opening of the Metropolitan Opera in New York, the leaseholders of the "Diamond Horseshoe"—the social elect, the so exclusives, the twenty-jewel movements—paying ransom prices for boxes in the "Horseshoe," put in an appearance only when half the show was over. I suspect that most of them were really quite "low-brow" in musical matters, or, like the Italian organgrinders and banana salesmen, they would have stormed the gallery doors an hour before opening time. They attended because it was a society function, good form, don't you know, and all that sort of thing.

I, the Philistine, also recollect trying to listen to Paderewski while literally hundreds of lovers of the musical classics, having gravely paid stiff prices for the rapture of hearing him, shuffled and stumbled into their plush seats fifteen minutes to an hour and a quarter after his show was on.

Depraved though my own tastes may be, however, I would not, even if I could, deprive the real Montreal music fans of the hall they hunger for. I wish

them well in their endeavor. If there are enough of them, and they cause enough clamor, they will achieve it, for the measure of supply generally reaches up to the measure of demand.

Meanwhile, I hope they will excuse me the levity, difficult to resist, of pointing out that the halls we have at present can be quickly and extensively enlarged by holding Liberal or Conservative campaign meetings in them, and having seating and standing-room capacities estimated by reporters of the right political shade.

In weighing your opinions consider your own prepossessions; the weight of a thing never varies, but not all scales are true.

The eye of true faith is so quick-sighted that it can see through all the mists and fogs of difficulties.

When we read a wise maxim we think how aptly it applies to some friend; there are maxims that apply to ourselves.

### Hogmanay

*THERE'S no' a day in a' the year  
When thochts mair hameward stray  
Then when the twalmonth, weary, ends  
Its tale on Hogmanay.*

*Ance mair in memory aroun'  
The hearth we gather gay  
To greet the New Year as we used  
On ilka Hogmanay.*

*Ower the dear faces roun' the fire  
The bright lowes glint an' play;  
I see them clear an' plain as on  
That lang-past Hogmanay.*

*The parents view their brood wi' pride,  
An' hark to a' they say  
Has come an' gane sin' last they kept  
Tryst there on Hogmanay.*

*Abune the fire's red, glowin' hert  
The flame noo slichters blae;  
And soon, the merry chatter fails—  
A's quate on Hogmanay.*

*Wi' thankfu' herts we min' His care  
That led us a' the way.*

*Secure ower a' its ups an' doons,  
Sin' last year's Hogmanay.*

*The bells' slow clang rings oot the year—  
Nane can its passin' stay;  
Sair spent an' wearit, syne it slips  
Awa' at Hogmanay.*

*A moment's silence, then the bells  
Peal oot a cheery lay;  
Each wishes each a' thing that's guid  
Frae noo till Hogmanay.*

*The years flee by wi' sic a flaucht,  
Ilk ane seems but a day;  
The happy group's noo sundert sair  
That met that Hogmanay.*

*Some ha'e gane east an' ithers wast,  
To skies o' gowd or grey;  
An' some rest quate yont time or tide,  
New Year or Hogmanay.*

*Yet, still, sweet memory brings a' back;  
The future wha can space?  
We'll houp to meet when we ha'e passed  
Oor hin' maist Hogmanay.*

—M. G. W.



## December Nights

*I LOVED those evenings for the silhouette  
Of little children on a bank of mist,  
All black and silent; and the brown road wet  
With puddles that held blue and amethyst  
Beneath their surface, lest we should forget  
The hues by which the summer eve was kissed;*

*And street lamps shining through the foggy air,  
Just above our heads like stars of gold—  
And all invisible that held them there,  
As though, in spite of dull December cold,  
To cheer this world from weariness and care  
The mist had brought us down the stars to hold.*

*And so I thought that one December night  
In this grey town that scarcely knows a tree,  
Was better than the perfumes and the light  
Of Orient days in lands beyond the sea;  
And I preferred this mist, all cold and white,  
To azure skies and dreams in Araby.*

ALICE SEWELL.

## A Winter Day

*WIDE sparkling fields snow-vestured lie  
Beneath a blue, unshadowed sky;  
Glistening splendor crowns the woods  
And bosky, whistling solitudes;  
In hemlock glen and reedy mere  
The tang of frost is sharp and clear;  
Life has a jollity and zest,  
A poignancy made manifest;  
Laughter and courage have their way  
At noontide of a winter's day.*

*Faint music rings in wood and dell,  
The tinkling of a distant bell,  
Where homestead lights with friendly glow  
Glimmer across the drifted snow;  
Beyond the valley dim and far  
Lit by an occidental star,  
Tall pines the marge of day beset  
Like many a slender minaret,  
Whence priest-like winds on crystal air  
Summon the reverent world to prayer.*

—L. M. MONTGOMERY.

## Spirit of Christmas

**W**HAT a wonderful spirit is this which meets us down on that margin where the years pass each other—one going and the other coming! It laughs at distance, for the mind then can wing its way over continents and seas that divide us. It starts pilgrimages in fancy, and reality, to the old home.

It calls its roll and from faded pages it brings names that were almost forgotten. Indeed, names are called then that one scarcely mentions from one year's end to another. It stops processions on the way to the cemetery of forgotten things. It awakens memory, and digs in the ashes of the past.

It breaks on mankind with the sound of bells, and lets in a flood of feeling that carries down the barriers of selfishness, and our little boats are loosened from their moorings. It is an earnest of redemption, and a reminder that the world is not altogether bad, for there is scarcely a doorway anywhere then in Christendom which is not entered by a messenger of Love.

Indeed, a channel has been worn in the world's year, and for these few days at least, the spirit of Christ fills it to the brim.

Christmas should mean more to the surging tide of humanity than a day in which to receive gifts and favors; a day in which the home table is adorned with bounteous

supplies of rich food and relishes; a day in which the homes of the fortunate are warmed by glowing fires and blended into warm colors by appropriate decoration. Christmas is nothing to you if this is what it means.

The Christ gives all, without hope or promise of receiving. Shall we receive all and give nothing?

What about the unfortunate brother near you on whom Dame Fortune has not smiled? Offer the comfort of your fireside and the fruits of your labor to him on this, the Day of all Days.

What about the helpless, under-nourished infant to whom the cost of a cigar would mean a quart of wholesome milk, happiness and comfort?

What about the widow, laboring to keep life and health in a large family? It might be your wife ten days or ten years hence. The price of a quart would bring happiness to her home and fireside.

Go out on this day; seek out the fallen, the poor and needy; comfort them as best you can. If it is only a good dinner you can give, give it freely and give it gladly.

Give without thought of receiving in return; the gods will not forget you. They never do. Make it not a "Merry Christmas," brother, but a good Christmas for all mankind.



The Return from the Midnight Mass; a typical Christmas scene in a village of French Canada.



From the painting by Edmond J. Massicotte



# Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy

By WALLACE IRWIN

## CHANGING MY NAME

TO Editor—who once knew a jeweller named Mr. Glass

Dearest Sir:—

Quite recently of yore Mrs. C. W. Quackmire, who have treated me indecently nowadays, come to me with Egyptian expression & axclam,

"Togo, so many letters come for you written in laundry languidge that I commence to think I are running a Japanese boarding house."

"If you do not adore my Japanese name I shall change it," I berert sorrowly.

"Then do so," she dib. "You could not do worse with something else on your autograph. Go to City Hall. For 2\$ you can have name changed, which are 8\$ less than pulling teeth."

Therefore she donate me 2\$ while I go 4th entirely inflamed. Putting on my best hat & umberella I elope away to change my ancestry by law. & Who I find standing there outside? Nobody else but my Cousin Nogi.

"Nogi," I dictate lowly, "I are now going to change my name. Meybe, with slight new costume I can appear Irish."

"Go to Name Alteration Dept., City Hall," he corrode.

So I folla him glubly, thinking up a new label for me.

"In changing names," explain Nogi, "you got to be careful, like driving a car. A few years of yore one gentleman of Boston go to a Judge and bring with him his very hard name. 'I wish change it to Cabot,' say that poor person. So Hon. Judge say '2\$' and make rubber stamping on paper. This Boston gentleman go forthly with name Cabot fastened to his signature. What happen then? All Cabot family hear about this. Some of them act like a scenario, pulling out their hairs. Others enrage up & down. 'If persons go around stealing famus names like this,' they holla, 'nextly you know Detroit will be calling itself Boston. We shall make this illegal by law.' So they took this 2\$ Cabot to court house where such a quantity of law-suits was there that he got scared and wish he had choosed some simple name like Napoleon Bonaparte."

## Policemen's Attempts Not to Look Civil

"I think I shall choose me a sort of lovely name," I narrate. "Something that would look natural in the Hollywood telefne directory."

"Such as for instance?" remove Nogi.

"Lionel Woodwind might be nice one to have," I narrate. "Or Fauntleroy Valentine."

"You batter hurry up & think pretty fast," say Nogi. "For we are already here at City Hall."

Low & beholt! what he say are it. There we stood befront of high steps of justice where 6 Police stood together eating tobacco & trying not to look civil.

"What looking for, if anything?" corrode one Police with angry badge.

"Court, please," report Cousin Nogi with expression.

"We have all kinds," snuggest Police. "Murder, bribery, divorce & ottomobile courts. Which, if any?"

"I are bringing my febble minded cousin here," explain Nogi. "He wish change his name."

"That will not do him any good," say Hon. Police. "Yet if you are determined go straightly to 2nd floor & turn to door beyond the 9th spittoon."

So there we went & see a very banker looking gentleman behind a cage while

shuffling cards to all passerby with loud voice saying, "Fillout!" On that card I got were several impudent questions. Where were I born and why? Married or single—if so how often? What will I do with my old name when I got through with it?

I took that card & do the best my fountain pen were enabled, then nextly I got in line with quite a large beveridge of people, marching along toward Hon. Judge who set there looking kind but dishagreeable. I step along, removing steadily up toward Judge seat. 3rd gentleman befront of me were standing so far behind his hair that I must look 2ce to see he were a Russian.

"What name you got now, if any?" require Hon. Judge with his powerful eye-glasses.

"Jno. P. Androupolopousanski Stefanovich Karakowslavonivoff, if it please yr Honor."



Wallace Irwin



"It do not!" narrate Honor. "What have you been doing with all those syllables all those yrs?"

"Sipporting a wife & several times as many children," he report through hair. "It were very easy to carry that name when I were merely janitor in a apt house. Then persons could call me, 'John' & I would come when called. But alas! Quite recently I were promoted to billing clerk in a Soda Water Factory & every qrt of ginger ale that goes out I must sign my name."

#### The Judge Becomes Humorous

"Why you not get a rubber stamp?" locate Hon. Judge.

"So old like that? Perhapsly you are acquainted with the Coolidges. What name have you now got?"

"Smith? ? ?" Hon. Judge hold his ears kind of criss-cross. "For what reason you wish change Smith to Schmitz?"

"So that people will know I are an American," dictate Hon. Smith. "So many persons comes to my druggery & when they see my name Smith they think I peculiar man of foren extract."

"Here are your ticket, Mr. Schmitz," say Judge. "And who are nextly on the program?"

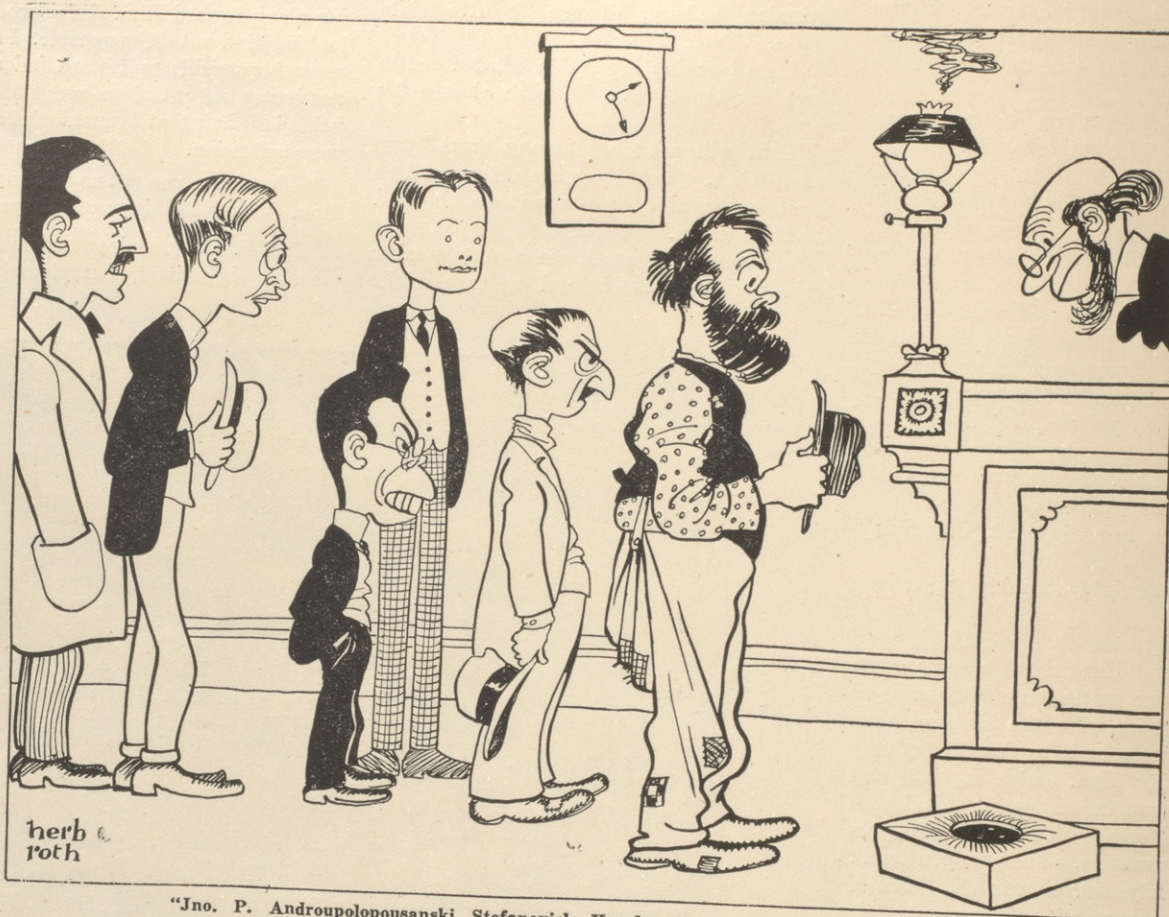
change name rapidly before he encroach again next Satdy."

"Why for that you wish change your maiden name?" require Hon. Judge with pity on his eyes.

"Ah, cannot Honor unstand?" decompose this Antonio. "When Uncle Cosimo come next Satdy he will look at my sign & find Christopher Columbus there. Then he will know I are moved away."

"But suppose he go inside, wish to talk to Christopher Columbus?" require Judge.

"Ah!!!" collapse Hon. Italy. "How could he talk to gentleman what have been dead 400 yrs?"



"Jno. P. Androupolopousanski Stefanovich Karakowslavonivoff, if it please Yr. Honor."

"I try that," dictate Hon. Jno. P. "But they had to make them so long they was always breaking in the middle."

"What name you choose for change?" require Honor.

"Jno. P. Tubb," say him.

"I hope that tub will be long enough for whole family on Satdy night," snagger Judge with humorous expression while signing ticket. "Next, please."

Up to him step smallish gentleman wearing the uniform of a drug clerk.

"What name you wish to choose?" questionnaire that high Courtship.

"Schmitz, yr Majesty," say smallish man.

"What variety of ansisters have you got, I ask to know?" require Hon. Court with eyebrows.

"I are of American descents from date that Adam came to Plymouth rock & hens commence lying eggs."

"Here I are, Judge!" holla one Italian man of fruit expression. "My original name are Antonio Rigoletto. I run fruit, grocery & bootleg store corner 4th Ave & Oyster Street. I shall not keep you waiting for information. I wish change my name quickly to Christopher Columbus. If that name disgusts you Leonardo da Vinci will do just as nice. But please make change quickly."

#### Dodging the Persistent Uncle

"For why you so hasty about it?" require Honor.

"Because thus. I are married man. My wife she got Uncle Cosimo who come see me every year for stay until next year & while there drink all my illegal whiskey, chaw my best bannannas & tell me how I make a mistake by not voting for Wm. Jenny Bryan. Then he will borra my shoes to go to wedding & not comeback till still drunker. I must

"I wish see all married men succeed, how everly criminal they are," snagger Hon. Honor. "Yr name are thereby changed to Christopher Columbus. If you dishcover annything I hope you will come back & tell me."

Then he look at me with blackboard eyes. "What required if anything?" he nudge with cross eyebrows.

"I wish change name, if convenient," I commence.

"I did not think objects like you had a name," he glub. "What name you wish then?"

"What names have you?" I questionnaire.

"Commencing with A," he manuver, "We have Archibald, Ananias, Abie, Artichoke, Antimacasser. Under B we find Beelzebub, Benjamin, Botany, Bill, Bilikins & Beevo. Needs I go on Alphabettishly through X, Y, Z & sometimes W & Y?"



"Quite unnecessary," I divulge. "If I could not pick out good name from that list you showed me it would be useless to succeed in life."

"For what you wish us that name?" he otter.

"Sometimes one thing, sometimes something else," I say so. "Perhapsly when I are 71 yrs age I shall wish go into politicks."

#### 50c Extra for Two Names

"We are nearly out of Irish names," he denote. "Howeverly, we have a few neat ones left. How would Seumus O'Hellrorin do for yr pupposes?"

"Slightly," I rehasd. "Yet I wish succeed in theater business, making money with velvet brain."

"We have only one (1) Jewish name left," report Hon. Judge. "Here are it. Abraham Perlmutter."

"Could I took part of 2 names perhapsly, and joint them together?" I require.

"That would cost you 50c extra," he vampire.

"It will be worth it!" I wacry. "I select to be called Abraham Perlmutter O'Hollrorin."

"With that name," mone Hon. Judge, "you could own the world and lose it again before morning."

"But, yr Royle Highness," I commute, "sipping I should take that name home & find he didn't fit. In such cases should I bring him back and——"

GONG!!!

That sound from huj bell on wall.

"Courtroom close for day," holla Hon. Judge. "Will everybody pick up his name & go home with it."

"But Judge!" I yall desperly.

"Do not judge me!" he toast.

"But you close this court & lock my name up in yr desk. How could I go home to Mrs. C. W. Quackmire without any name to call me? That are quite disappointment."

"If you hang around Courts a little while longer," replied His Majesty, "you will get so used to getting disappointed that you will commence to like it."

So I walk away quite nameless.

Hoping you are the same,

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

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## The Coming of the Prince of Peace

*BUT* peaceful was the night  
Wherein the Prince of Light  
His reign of peace upon the earth began.  
The winds, with wonder whist,  
Smoothly the waters kissed,  
Whispering new joys to the mild Ocean  
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,  
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed  
wave.

The stars, with deep amaze,  
Stand fixed in steadfast gaze,  
Bending one way their precious influence,  
And will not take their flight,  
For all the morning light,

Or Lucifer that often warned them thence;  
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,  
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them  
go.

And, though the shady gloom  
Had given day her room,  
The Sun himself withheld his wonted speed,  
And hid his head for shame,  
As his inferior flame  
The new-enlightened world no more should  
need:  
He saw a greater Sun appear  
Than his bright throne or burning axletree could  
bear.

JOHN MILTON.

## CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS WIN AT WEMBLEY



Obverse and reverse sides of a medal awarded by the directors of the British Empire Exhibition to the Canadian National Railways for their pavilion and exhibit during 1924. The medals for 1925 have not yet been awarded.





*Boss of the "Bar U"—The late George Lane.*

## The Boss of the "Bar U"

*Written for the Canadian Railroader, by NORMAN S. RANKIN*

**T**HE Boss of the Bar U," George Lane—one of the earliest, probably the most famous of Western Canada's old-time cattle ranchers—is dead. He died on his ranch at Pekisko, some twenty miles west of the town of High River, Alberta, after an illness lasting about a year. He was a friend of the Prince of Wales, for whom he purchased the Royal Ranch, immediately adjoining the "Bar U," after the latter had been his guest upon the occasion of his first visit to the Canadian West in 1921.

For forty-two years, Mr. Lane lived and worked in Alberta; during that time his name had become famous amongst cattle breeders, not only in Western Canada but in the United States, Great Britain and France, where his Percheron horses, year after year, in open competition at International fairs, carried off countless trophies. His ranch at Pekisko contained thousands of acres of grazing land as well as many acres of leased land and his operations and success in cattle and horse breeding were the result of years of close personal attention and endeavor.

Everyone has read tales of the early days in the far Northwest, of the great treeless, trackless plains, possessed then only by the Indian, the buffalo, the coyote and the Hudson's Bay Co., and when a factor from that company wand-

ered into Eastern civilization from such far desert places, what tales they told. And the skins they brought: otter, musk, buffalo, black, white and brown bear, wolf, mink, black and silver fox, deer, antelope, moose and a score of others. The West was a far-off, undiscovered Sahara, they said, quite beyond the pale, a wilderness, a sterile prairie, a barren waste—of use only to the trapper, the hunter and the prospector. One couldn't farm there; nothing would grow; nothing thrive, and so widely was the statement then circulated that its repetition gave to it the solidness of fact.

Winnipeg was the utmost western limit possible; the sterile prairie lay beyond, and beyond that again, British Columbia and the Coast—a rocky wilderness.

Then the dauntless cowboy from across the border—Wyoming, Montana and Idaho—pushed his way up into Alberta. He came in rather from a spirit of adventure than with the idea of settlement, thinking to find a country of snow and ice and intense cold. He found a rich grazing land, gently rolling and pleasing to the eye, stretching away on either side of the horizon. Innumerable streams and clear flowing rivers swelled and sank with the melting of the snows on the mountains while on the plains was an absence of heavy snowfalls and excessive climatic conditions. He discov-

ered it to be better watered, possessed of a better climate, endowed with more nutritious grasses, than his own country, and, as the mountains were lower, the warm Chinook wind was more frequent and beneficial. It was a superior range country to that in the south and, in every way, more favorable to the cattle business.

So they went back and told their friends who, in a cloud of dust, with eyes full of the glamor and lure of the undiscovered, bubbling over with enthusiasm, reckless and virile, came in over the old buffalo trails across the line and yelled with sheer joy as they loped across the silent, wind-swept places, and capped the rising prairie.

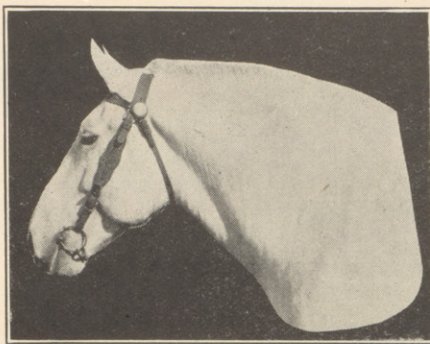
No railroad in those days spread its gleaming rails across the prairie; no "Imperial Limited" or "Trans-Canada" with luxurious sleepers, cosy diners and daily mail, brought excitement and civilization each day; no singing telegraph wires hummed with eager news of the world beyond. There were no government roads; no hotels. Where night found the riders they unsaddled their horses, hobbled them, built fires and with heads pillowed on their saddles slept until the dawn touched their eyelids into opening. They carried their grub or shot it and through it all took chances on their life and property.



Then there were the coyotes — the wolves and there were many of them; old-timers say they had not then learned to fear the white men as they did later. They were a terror—active aggressors as they used to be in the early days of the "loup garou" in France and Germany. They swarmed on all sides and at dusk, in their boldness, almost into the very camps themselves.

But the intrepid cow-puncher was undaunted. The clarion call of romance rang in his ears. He only laughed. It was fun. He proposed to make the Canadian West his playground and he did, too, in those days. So stay they did and all credit is due those hardy pioneers, for the West had not then been proven a cattle country and many intelligent cattle men from Montana and Idaho openly asserted that it was too far north, that the winters were too severe for the profitable raising of cattle.

In those early days Messrs. H. & A. Allan, in other words, The Allan Line Steamship Co., decided to put to the test the possibilities of the cattle business in the West. They were shrewd business men; far-seeing investors. They had more than one end in view; the making of money, of course, but principally the provision of cattle for their vessels for shipment to the British market. They approached the government and applied for a lease; they asked for 150,000 acres of land in the foothills of the Rockies. Land in the West was not in great demand at that time and the government was glad to grant the lease and the land thus acquired was called the "Bar-U." It extended a twenty-one year lease with an option of purchase on ten per cent. of the land leased at the expiration of ten years for the nominal sum of \$1.25 per acre. Con-



*A pure-bred Percheron*

servative Eastern business men openly said that the Allans were recklessly venturing money.

Before these negotiations were concluded, the Allans despatched competent cattlemen into Idaho and Montana, then great cattle states, with instructions to purchase and drive to their ranch in Alberta, 4,500 cattle. The distance was approximately 1,700 miles. From May until September, nearly five months, the herd was on the road but as there were few trails then and the territory unknown, this was considered a good showing—one vast, unfenced prairie, disputed by the red man and wild animals surrounded them.

These were not the first cattle brought into Western Canada. In '79 the North-West Mounted Police had carried westward with them sufficient milch cows to supply the needs of their various barracks and in 1880, Senator Cochrane, the pioneer rancher, drove in 500 cows from Walla Walla, and followed them up with 12,000 head in '81. It is interesting to note that after the railroad stretched west of Winnipeg, and cattle were being shipped east, a train load of four-year-old steers from the Cochrane ranch,

after being driven 140 miles and shipped by rail 2,300 miles to Montreal, weighed at the end of the trip an average of 1,385 lbs.

In addition to the "Bar U" and the Cochrane ranch, during the same year, their number was increased by the addition of the Waldron Ranch, located on the Old Man River, forty miles south of the "Bar U"; the Oxley Ranch on Willow Creek; I. G. Baker & Co. and other smaller outfits.

Good ranch cattlemen were scarce in Canada at that time. In order to secure such men, the Allans and Senator Cochrane addressed letters to the Sun River Cattle Association, Montana, stating that they would be glad to employ on their ranches in Alberta such men as the Association cared to recommend.

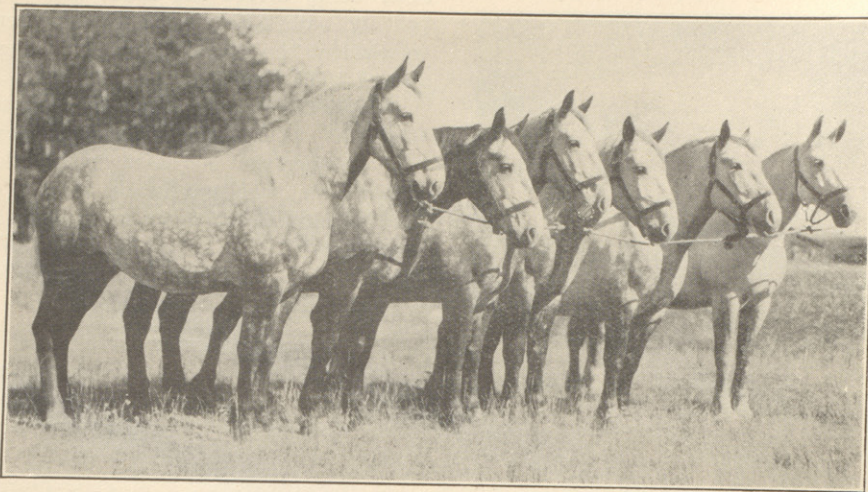
From the Allan ranch and the "Bar U," it was sixty miles, as the crow flies, to Calgary. There was no railway and the only market was the supply to the Indians in accordance with Indian Treaty No. 7. This included the North and South Blackfeet, Bloods, Piegiens, Sarcées, Stonies, and a branch of the Peace River Indians called Beavers. Their reservations lay within the territory between the points now known as Edmonton, Lethbridge, Medicine Hat and the Rocky Mountains. Seven thousand cattle a year were required to supply these reserves. Later, as the Canadian Pacific Railway forced its construction West, the camps took considerable meat and this helped. In the year 1885, the railroad reached Calgary and the Allans prepared to put into effect their cherished plan of shipping cattle to the Old Country.

George Lane for the Allans, and James Dunlop for Senator Cochrane, accepted the invitation and carrying the recom-



*The "Bar U" has the largest number of pure-bred Percheron horses of any ranch in the world. These animals are shipped to various ports of the world and bring very high prices.*





*These Sturdy Greys Range Out of Doors All Winter.*

mendation of the Sun River Cattle Association, crossed over to Canada.

George Lane was an extremely ambitious young man of remarkable character. He could ride anything that had four legs, rope and tie the wildest of steers. He was born in Iowa and when but a stripling moved into Kansas with his parents. When he grew to be sixteen years old he moved with his parents to Nebraska and found work on a big ranch nearby.

It was a common practice in those days to drive beef 700 miles to market shipping at Grange via the Union Pacific to Chicago. Big herds would start in April for October shipment. In 1883 George Lane made a trip as far North as Fort Kipp in Alberta and when he returned in the spring, he announced his intention of making Alberta his headquarters. It was said of George Lane that he had a great respect for the maple tree for it was the source of his first earnings. When he was a small boy, back at home, he picked two sacks of maple seeds which he sold for \$10; this money he converted into two calves, the foundation of his later enormous cattle business. It took him seven years, after coming to Canada, to branch out into business for himself. In 1891 he was buying and shipping cattle into British Columbia. Then he went to work with the well-known cattleman and packer, Pat Burns, and later passed over into Montana, purchased some 3,000 horses and drove them into Canada to the "Y T." ranch on the Little Bow River, which he had bought and used purely as a horse ranch. Later, in partnership with Messrs. Gordon, Ironsides & Fares, he purchased the "Bar U" from the Allans with 5,000 head of cattle and 1,000 horses, the price being \$220,000, and went into the horse business in earnest, bringing in first-class breeds from across the line, Great

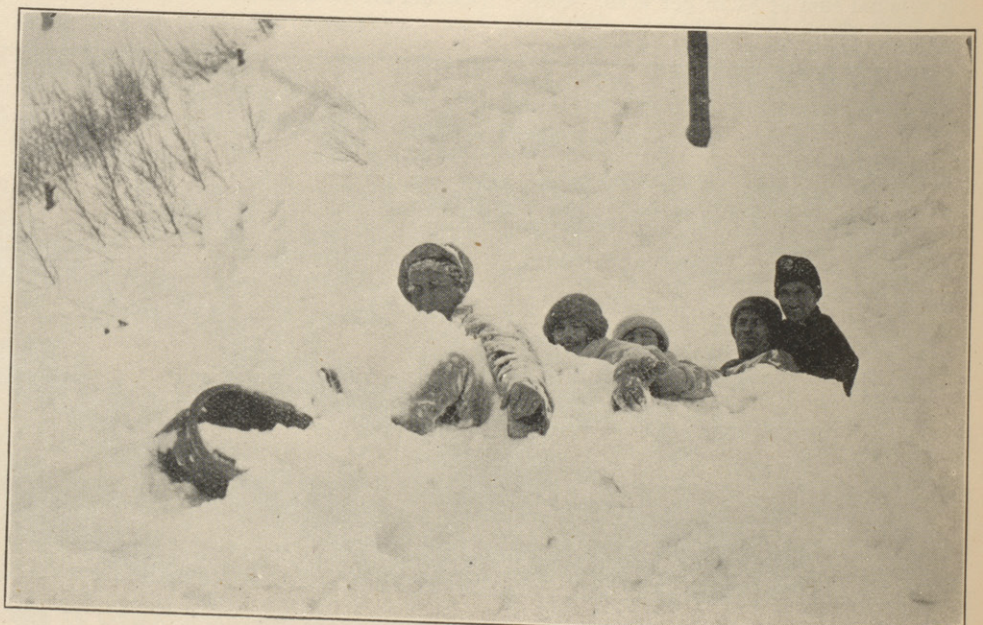
Britain and France, till the "Bar U" was conceded to have the finest collection of Percheron mares and stallions, not only in Canada but on the continent. At one period the French Government offered Mr. Lane \$5,000 for the return of a certain stallion which he had purchased from them the previous summer. He built up a breeding reputation for his blacks and greys that other breeders envied. He would sell his stock only to the purchaser, that is, allow no middleman. At one time he told me, "I want to sell my horses, of course, but I want to sell them at a fair price to the purchaser and not at one-half or one-third more cost to him into the pockets of the middleman. It is true that by sticking to this principle, I have lost many a sale, but what of it. Why should a purchaser pay \$2,000 for a mare when it can be bought for \$1,000 or \$1,200, or \$3,000 for a stallion when it can be purchased for

\$1,700 or \$2,000. I made enemies and lost sales at first, but eventually and so soon as the dealers knew my principles, the sales increased."

Mr. Lane has done much for the cattle business in Western Canada. His death is a great loss. He is lamented by many.

### WHALE BONE INDUSTRY

The Pacific whales are hunted in motor-driven vessels with a gun mounted in the bow. There is not much romance or danger about the work. The whales are dragged ashore and cut up for the oil and the other valuable parts. The bones accumulate pretty rapidly, and sometimes a pile weighing a hundred tons is to be seen lying on the beach in Southern California. The bones are broken up and put into sacks, which go to the fertilizer plant, where they are ground up into a coarse meal, but not all of the meal is used to fertilize the soil. Some of it is sold as food for chickens, and some is used in making automobiles! Gears, bushings, pins, bolts and other parts of the machine that must stand wear need a hard-wearing surface and a softer interior to make them tough and strong. So men pack the parts in iron boxes filled with ground bone and hermetically sealed, and then subject them to great heat for several hours. Next they take them out of the furnace and quench them in either water or oil. The process is called case hardening, or bone hardening. Bones that have not lain out too long in the weather can be used to make handles for knives and for other implements.



*The Toboggan Party Has a Spill.*



Appointed Assistant Treasurer  
of C.P.R.



A. E. Shave.

ANNOUNCEMENT is made by Mr. I. G. Ogden, vice-president in charge of finance, Canadian Pacific Railway, of the appointment of A. E. Shave as assistant treasurer of the company.

Arthur Edward Shave has been in the employ of the Canadian Pacific Railway since August 18, 1908, when he was appointed clerk in the office of the treasurer. He became assistant chief clerk in that office in June, 1915, and was promoted chief clerk in January, 1919. From this position he now is raised to the position of assistant treasurer.



# The Fable of His Progress in Art and Music

By GEORGE ADE.

ONCE there was a Tike who had not been born with a Silver Spoon in his Mouth. Out in the Town of Paisley where Orville first opened his Eyes expecting to find the Light of Day and discovering only a Kerosene Lamp, it was about an even Bet that any favored Infant born with an expensive Food Implement tucked into his Face would learn that he had drawn a Knife instead of a Spoon.

It was a Settlement which believed in brimstone Hell up to about three Years ago and is still sore at the Theory of Evolution but friendly to Whiskers. It is hardly surprising that Orville, in his life-long Endeavor to emotionally comprehend all that is Worthy in Art and Music, got away, as you might put it, to a Bum start, with a two-ton Weight attached to each Ankle.

If he believed, at the Age of six, that the large Bills advertising the Forepaugh Show were the Last Word in Art and that "Jaybird," as rendered by the local Sheepskin Band, was the ultimate in Music, it must be remembered that Ideals are always controlled by im-

mediate Contracts and that very few Persons who pay large Income Taxes ever heard of "Parsifal".

By the time that he had come to the age of 10, Thanks to the broadening and widening Influence of our Free School System and the golden Opportunities which beckon to every Lad born in the Land of the modified Free and the Home of the ostensibly Brave, Orville had learned that a Work of Art does not command Respect unless it has a Gold Frame. Once in a while he would be permitted to enter that Holy of Holies known as the Front Room, which was kept sealed most of the time but would be opened when they had Funerals, formal Parties or a Visit from the Presiding Elder.

## A Lot of Oil

It was in this Sanctuary of Sea Shells, Hair-Cloth and Anti-macassars that Orville was permitted to study the Crayon Portraits of his Deceased Relatives whereupon he realized that Everything which he had previously admired in the way of Art was crude,

aboriginal and without any real Message. The air-brush Likenesses of Grandpaw Wilkins and Aunt Hester of Chillicothe were, it struck him, the real Peruvian Doughnuts

About the same time, responding to his Cultural Environment and subtly influenced by the Entertainments at School Hall every Friday Evening he began to assimilate such Musical Achievements as "Molly Darling", "Little Bunch of Lilacs" and "Come where my Love lies Dreaming". At that time he was too Young to comprehend the Impropriety of the Suggestion contained in the last Title.

One has only to read the Catalogues advertising our Higher Institutions of Learning to know that it is the Campus Life which encourages Soul Growth and expands the adolescent Yap into a self-confident Man competent to throw Trolley Cars off the Track or handle policemen.

If you assume that after Orville matriculated at Old Atwater all of his Concepts concerning the True, the Beautiful and Good were metamorphosed, then you are right, for once. He was 18 and wearing the Watch Chain high up on the Breast Bone and had been on an Excursion to Mammoth Cave, Ky., so it is little Wonder that even the President of the College could not tell him where to get off.

He had now definitely escaped from all the cramping Influences of the Crayon Portrait and was revelling, for the first time, in the larger and more inspirational Sphere of the Oil Painting. At the home of Mrs. Butterworth, where he roomed in the College Town, there was a notable Painting which challenged his Attention the first time he saw it.

It had been done by an Artist at the Indiana State Fair in a little over Two Hours. It bore no Title but there was a Wisconsin Lake in the Foreground with a Sail Boat scudding before a Breeze which, for some Reason, did not affect the Surface of the Water. Beyond were the Himalaya Mountains, wrapped in Eternal Snow. It was the sort of Painting which no one could look at without feeling Different and Mrs. Butterworth knew it was an Original because she stood right there and watched the Artist slap it on.

In the Room which Orville occupied there were other Evidences of the Late-Victorian Influence which banished the Godey Fashion Plates and Wax Flowers and inaugurated the Revolution which finally led up to the Golden Age of Rotagravure Sections and Artificial Fruit.

The Period to which we refer had somewhat escaped the Trammels of cardboard but had yet advanced to the Dignity of Pyrography, which means putting Floral Designs on a Piece of Wood with a hot Poker.

One of the Best Things in Orville's Room was a study in Still Life called "A Yard of



The Air-Brush Likenesses of Grandpaw Wilkins and Aunt Hester were, It Struck Him, the Real Peruvian Doughnuts.



Pansies", because it was three feet long and showed about 1,000,000 Pansies in the Glory of Full Bloom.

Then there were two Companion Pieces which will be recalled by all Connoisseurs who date back to the Era of Congress Gaiters and E. P. Roe. These two Prints were called "Fast Asleep" and "Wide Awake" and in turning them out the Printer used whatever Colors he had the most of. The First showed a curly-haired Tot in deep Slumber and the Second revealed the same blue-haired Infant sitting up and laughing gaily. The only Note of Sadness in these famous Specimens of Pictorial Art was occasioned by the Fact that the Child had a bright Red Spot on each Cheek, suggesting a possible Temperature of 102 and indicating that the Little One was already claimed by Tuberculosis.

It was during the Undergraduate Career that Orville began to take his Music seriously. Not until he learned the Possibilities of the Guitar and could execute "Sebastopol", "The Spanish Cavalier" and "Star of the Evening" did he find in the Higher Type of Compositions the Solace and Uplift which are derived from any good Book of Instructions.

For the first time the hidden Beauties of "The Bohemian Girl" were revealed to him. It was a Far Cry from "Jaybird" to "The Battle of the Prague" but he was destined to climb even higher.

He got his first half-Nelson on what is really Hot Stuff after he moved to the City and married a Lady who had been taking Chautauqua Courses until she couldn't hold any more. She was out to Capture Culture or else wrastle it to Death. It was She who put him next to Van Dyck, Rembrandt, Bouguereau and Corot. Up to the time he met Minnie he had always supposed that Velasquez was the Name of a Cigar.

#### Bogie of the Art Course

About the time she first put the Halter on him and led him to the Art Institute, he might have been seen in a Parquette Seat on a Friday afternoon, with a Funny Look on his Face, trying to keep up with a Symphony in C Minor. During this quick-change Period, while he was in breathless Pursuit of Italian Opera and the modern Dutch School, he got to be an awful Liar. Whenever he was asked if he liked Something he would always answer "Yes".

Minnie started in to get all of the Paisley and Atwater out of Orve's System. It was a hard Tussle to convince the poor Gourd-Head that Tunes are vulgar while Fugues are something to be enjoyed rather than endured.

To this Day, Orville will begin buying Tickets for "No, No, Nanette" as soon as Minnie leaves Town, but while she is in the Watch Tower he is letting on to be worried

because there are so few Performances of "Die Walkure" during the Grand Opera Season. A lot of well-to-do People have nearly starved to Death in recent Years because they couldn't get their Wagner.

Orve can now pronounce the Names of most of the Pieces played by the Philharmonic Lads who wear Specs and to prove that he is a True Lover he buys Tickets for Everything. Little do those who hear him touting "Gotterdammerung" suspect that at one time he put Resin on his Thumb so that he could pick the G-String for Hours at a Time.

He has gone so far in Art that sometimes he finds it difficult to keep up with Himself. Every kind of Landscape is Trash and Pre-Raphaelitism is something that he had and got well of. But he can now interpret a Cubist Puzzle even when the Darn Thing is held upside down. And that, we take it, is about two strokes better than Par.

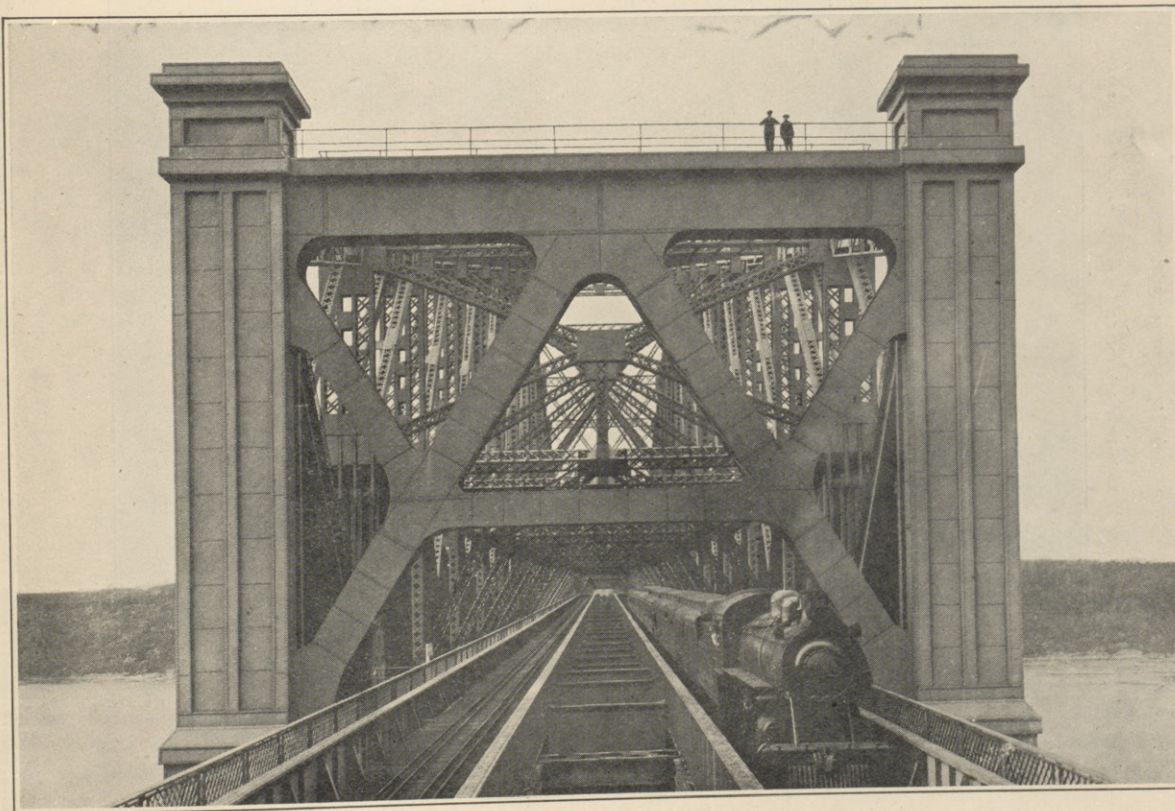
Moral:—Unless Heaven has been done over lately, both the Choir and the Golden Ornaments are going to be criticized.

#### THE CROWN OF LIFE

When all is done and said,  
In the end thus you shall find,  
He most of all doth bathe in bliss  
That hath a quiet mind.

Thomas Lord Vaux (1510-56).

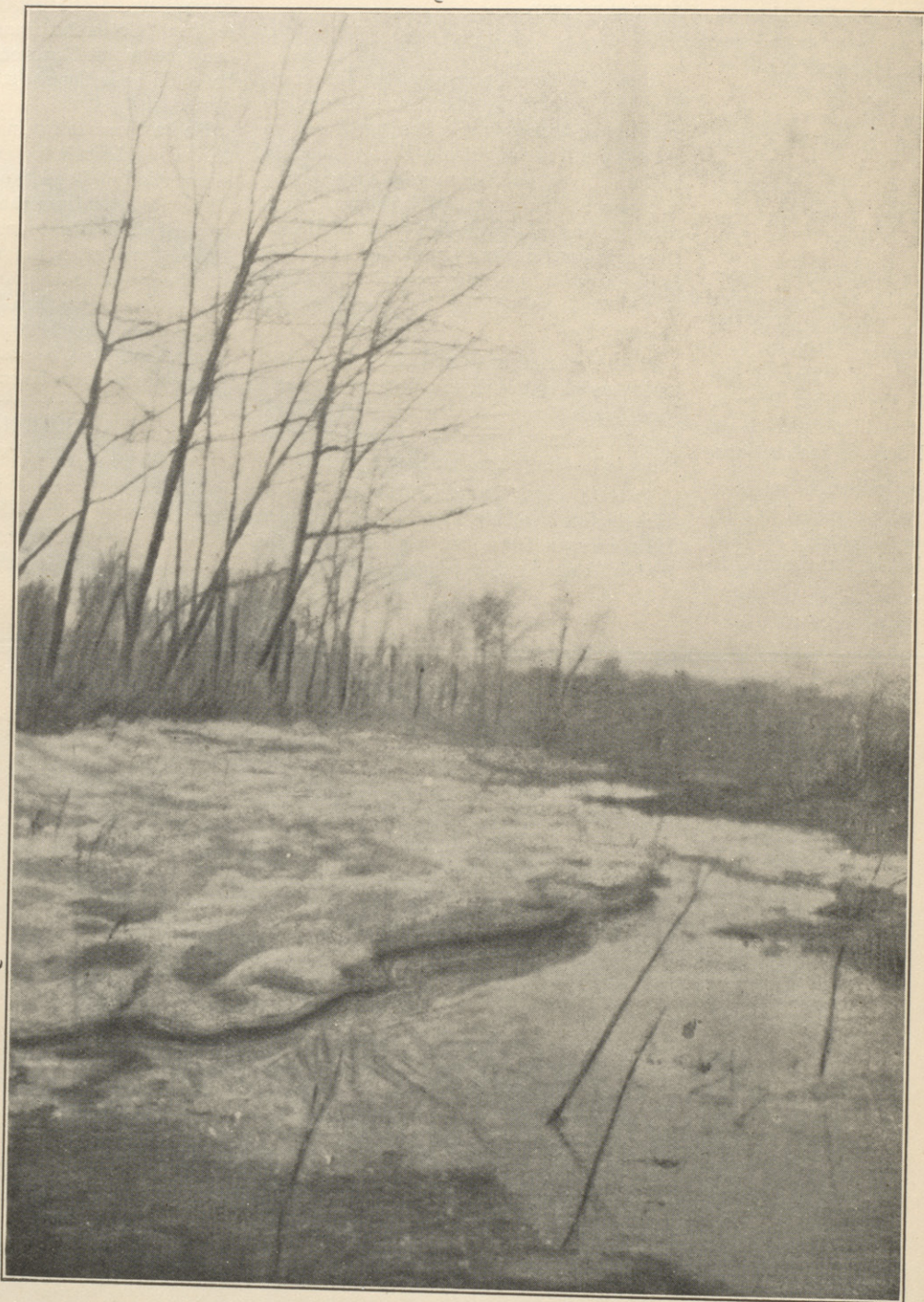
### THE QUEBEC CENTRAL RAILWAY



The Quebec Central "Boston Express" emerging from the south end of the Quebec Bridge is the only line operating through Pullmans and Coaches between Quebec and Boston and all New England points. Dining car service on all trains.



WINTER ON THE CREEK BEHIND MOUNT ROYAL



*From a pastel by Philip Kieran*



# Baroness Orczy in Montreal

Written for Canadian Railroader by LOIS I. STEPHENSON

**D**ESPITE the remark of a Shakespearean lecturer a few years ago, to the effect that the bard of Avon is all the more interesting to modern readers because of the comparative mystery which veils his life and habits, there is a natural tendency on the part of the average individual to glean as many facts as possible regarding the characteristics of writers.

That Chatterton was an inveterate tea-drinker; that Tennyson cherished an inordinate affection for his pipe and that Thomas Carlyle expressed unbounded admiration for the conversational brilliance of Washington Irving after the said Thomas had talked incessantly for two hours to the long-suffering American, are just so many interesting little facts which add a piquant relish to the intellectual palate of the person who includes these in his literary fare and promote a pleasant feeling of intimacy between reader and writer.

Apart from the consumer of frenzied fiction, who, as often as not, is beguiled into skimming hectically over a book through the lure of its bizarre jacket, the lover of reading finds his chief delight through contact with the great minds which have given the world its literature. "Books once were men," the title of an entertaining article in a recent number of a widely read magazine, is a charming thought to cherish while browsing in literary pastures. One comes to know a man by the book he writes, as well as by the house he lives in and the clothes he wears.

With regard to modern writers who have achieved the heights of prominence, it is frequently the good fortune of some of us to meet and converse with them and so to replace a cold, impersonal sort of interest in a mere name by a warm and sympathetic regard for a very real individual.

A few weeks ago Montreal was happy in the rôle of hostess to the Baroness Orczy, who spent a few days in the metropolis on her way home to England after an extensive tour of the Dominion. Literary organizations in the city made the most of a flying visit with the result that during her stay in Montreal the authoress was in repeated demand as a guest of honor at some social affair or other.

One glorious October afternoon the Montreal Branch of the Canadian Women's Press Club were fortunate enough to be able to sandwich in between two

auspicious dinners a very delightful tea in the Blue Room of the Ritz-Carlton for Baroness Orczy and her husband, Mr. Barstow.

Immediately upon joining the gathering one reacted to the charming informality of the atmosphere and proceeded to feel at ease. Those who, two decades ago, had thrilled over the stirring pages of "The Scarlet Pimpernel," were probably not a little surprised to find themselves being presented to a dark-haired, animated little lady with all the enthusiasm and high spirits of youth. There was no exclusive circle flanking the guest of honor. Everyone was afforded the opportunity to approach and engage in conversation with the famous writer who, by her sympathy and friendliness, contrived to make the shyest and most obscure feel she had a part to contribute to the afternoon's enjoyment.

Baroness Orczy is undoubtedly one of those delightful people who are keenly interested in every individual they meet, not through any desire to be popular but because they are genuine lovers of humanity. The vendor of the market-place is as cheerily hailed along the highway of life as the lord of the castle and each is recognized as a player on the world's stage. Such are the people who are always scattering rosebuds as they journey along and leaving a train of fragrant thoughts in their wake to perfume the way for those who come after.



*'Of Christmas past let us remember now  
Only the smiles, forgetting all the tears;  
Only the fears forgetting. Life's way is all  
too long that we should bow  
Beneath the ancient burdens of dead years.  
Of Christmas in the future let us speak  
Only with courage, looking for the best  
Only with Hope, leaving to faith the rest!'*

C. JELF SHARP.



Following the tea hour, when the strains of the orchestra in the dining-room below floated up and mingled with the conversation, the Baroness rose and talked informally for a few minutes to the assembled press-women.

"I am sorry I am so hoarse," she began. "I have a cold which I caught in the United States; it is something which the customs officers allowed me to bring over the border without duty. My trip across Canada has been delightful from beginning to end. I have met with nothing but kindness and have felt in the midst of friends.

"You journalists wield one of the most powerful tools that go towards the making of a pure nation and a pure world," she said. In speaking of the Dominion and its relationship to England the Baroness remarked that Canada, like the typical young and inexperienced person, was sometimes impatient with the slower and more deliberate ways of the Motherland. Nevertheless, it is because of all England has done, because of her long years of suffering and struggle, that the younger country is enabled to enjoy the many liberties and advantages which are hers to-day, the speaker explained. Instead of "this silly word, 'protection,'" she said, there should rather be the attitude expressed by "What you haven't got I'll give you"—a sort of family interchange of commodities. Such a willingness to help one another would make the British Empire an absolutely self-supporting family.

"Do, for God's sake, let us stick together," urged the Baroness. "If we only stick together we can snap our fingers at the rest of the world. Let us strive to be one big family, with England as the mother by the fire, and let us not forget sometimes to place our arms about her and tell her how much we love her."

One of the press members, having heard of the Baroness' forthcoming novel, ventured to broach the subject to her. "You are bringing out a Canadian novel," the press-woman remarked. "Yes, I think so," replied the authoress. "Well, I needn't say I think so—I am," she corrected herself, "but I never discuss my stories before they appear; I consider it unlucky. I'm superstitious that way," she replied, with a twinkle in her eye.

As the little lady, now wearing a cloak of crimson cloth and grey fur over her grey crepe de chine gown, drove away accompanied by her husband and a party of Montreal friends, those who had been of the gathering that afternoon felt they had indeed been privileged in meeting one of the really delightful people of the world.



## The Death of the Old Year

FULL knee-deep lies the winter snow,  
And the winter winds are wearily sighing;  
Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,  
And tread softly and speak low,  
For the old year lies a-dying.  
Old year, you must not die;  
You came to us so readily,  
You lived with us so steadily,  
Old year, you shall not die.

He lieth still! he doth not move:  
He will not see the dawn of day.  
He hath no other life above,  
He gave me a friend, and a true, true-love,  
And the New-year will take 'em away.  
Old year you must not go;  
So long as you have been with us,  
Such joy as you have seen with us,  
Old year, you shall not go.

He froth'd his bumpers to the brim;  
A jollier year we shall not see.  
But tho' his foes speak ill of him,  
He was a friend to me.  
Old year, you shall not die;  
We did so laugh and cry with you,  
I've half a mind to die with you,  
Old year, if you must die.

How hard he breathes! over the snow  
I heard just now the crowing cock.  
The shadows flicker to and fro:  
The cricket chirps: the light burns low:  
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.  
Shake hands, before you die.  
Old year, we'll dearly rue for you:  
What is it we can do for you?  
Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin.  
Alack! our friend is gone.  
Close up his eyes: tie up his chin:  
Step from the corpse, and let him in  
That standeth there alone.  
And waiteth at the door.  
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,  
And a new face at the door, my friend,  
A new face at the door.

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON.



# Good Will Towards Men

By BEATRICE REDPATH, In "John O'London's Weekly"

THROUGH the heavy, parted curtains, Ferguson King scowled at the large dining-room table, set with one place. His eyes roved over the huge room, with its massive black oak furniture, its valuable paintings, his beautiful, glowing Monticelli; took in the two men, standing exaggeratedly erect, waiting to serve him. There were festoons of evergreen draping the high mantel; a bowl of holly between the candles to give the note of Christmas to his solitary dinner.

What a farce! God! What a farce! The sight of the wide expanse of white tablecloth seemed to chill him. His mouth twisted ironically beneath the clipped white moustache. Christmas dinner! It was all there except the guests. They were lamentably absent. He could not bring himself to sit down at that empty table; to go through all the motions of a festive occasion. Grotesque! Curious, too, that he should experience this sensation. He had never invited guests to his table. Why feel the lack of them to-night?

A whimsical fancy flashed into his mind. Why not? There was a precedent for such an act. He turned, half-humorously, half-impatiently, to the butler.

"Go out—bring me in the first vagrant you can find. He shall be my guest for dinner to-night."

He had never made friends. It was only just of late that he had begun to feel a certain loneliness creep into his days. Was it a reminder that he was growing old? No, he had never been much concerned with friendships. Waste of time, waste of time. And time was too precious to be wantonly thrown away. Power could be fashioned out of time; and money, that symbol of power. Better than friendships, these two.

Money and power! He had them both. Friendship, he had none. Wanted none. And still he was lonely; too lonely to sit down to eat his Christmas dinner alone to-night.

His eyes glanced at the motto carved in the stone of the old mantelpiece, brought from Italy to decorate his hall. "Sic transit gloria mundi." Thus the glory of this world passes away. Then, what then? With power gone, wealth gone, what would there be left to him?

## A Strange Guest

The heavy front door swung open, and a thin shaft of cold air struck at his legs,

causing him to shiver involuntarily. He turned from the snapping sparks of the fireplace to look curiously at the man closely following the butler across the hall.

The man's appearance took him by surprise. He had expected something more uncouth, some unshaven down-at-heel tramp. Undoubtedly this man had fallen upon bad times, but he was no tramp. Tall, thin, with rather scanty grey hair, his coat collar turned

"My name is Pembroke," the man said, simply, without any awkwardness. "I am alone, too. But if it hadn't been for your man stopping me, and asking me to come in, I would have omitted the ceremony of a Christmas dinner."

He handed his hat to the butler and then turned to King with a penetrating glance. King noticed that he was shivering. He started for the dining-room. A glass of wine was what the man required.

"My name," King began, as he pulled the curtains aside for his guest to precede him into the dining-room, "is—"

Pembroke cut him short.

"Your name is so well known that even I know it," he said, briefly. "I was noticing your house as I passed. The lights in the windows looked cheerful. Christmas night is a bad time for lonely people," he added, sitting down at the table, where an extra place had already been set.

"Loneliness. That is something that I have never known much about—until recently. I put the feeling down to old age," King said, unfolding his napkin.

Pembroke nodded. His rather sardonic face twisted into even more marked lines as he looked at the man opposite him.

"I dare say not," he said, "Your life, I imagine, has run in very pleasant places. Unfortunately, we all haven't your—talents."

## King is Interested

King looked up sharply at his guest. So, the man was a sarcastic beggar. He wondered what his history had been. Shiftlessness, drink or drugs? Which of the three? It would be interesting to hear his story, to know his point of view on life. King was becoming oddly more interested in human nature than he used to be. Another sign of advancing years, perhaps. Age was a curious transformer of the emotions. He noticed how Pembroke's eyes were held by the picture over the mantel.

"A Monticelli," Pembroke remarked, with interest.

"You like pictures?" King inquired.

"Rather. I had quite a collection myself; a Rembrandt amongst them. It was hard to let them go."

King smiled quizzically to himself. So there was a history. Well, he supposed there



## The Voice of the Christ Child

*THE earth has grown old with its burden of care,  
But at Christmas it always is young,  
The heart of the jewel burns lustrous and fair,  
And its soul full of music breaks forth on the air  
When the song of the angels is sung.*

*It is coming, old earth, it is coming tonight,  
On the snowflakes which cover the sod;  
The feet of the Christ Child fall gently and white,  
And the voice of the Christ tells out with delight  
That mankind are the children of God.*

*On the sad and the lonely, the wretched and poor,  
That voice of the Christ Child shall fall,  
And to every blind wanderer opens the door  
Of a hope which he dared not to dream of before,  
With a sunshine of welcome for all.*

*The feet of the humblest may walk in the field  
Where the feet of the holiest have trod;  
This, this is the marvel to mortals revealed,  
When the silvery trumpets of Christmas have pealed,  
That mankind are the children of God.*

—PHILLIPS BROOKS (1835-1893.)



up in lieu of the overcoat which he lacked, he had an appearance of refinement. It was not out of keeping that this guest should sit at his table, King thought swiftly. He felt for an instant slightly abashed at having issued such an invitation to a man of this kind. The butler had exceeded his orders. He had expected a man too brutish to be sensitive to such an invitation. His sudden embarrassment added a finer edge to his courtesy as he stepped forward to meet his guest.

"Am I to have the honor of your company at dinner?" he said. "I was alone. Christmas dinner is not meant to be eaten alone. You are doing me a kindness in dining with me to-night."



usually was, of some sort or other. Pembroke drank a glass of wine, and some color flowed into his pallid face. He appeared to shake off some of the intense weariness in which he had been steeped, body and soul. King was conscious of the man's bruised and battered indifference. It was probably that mood upon him which had brought him to accept the curious invitation to dinner.

As the wine and the good food had their revivifying effect upon Pembroke, King became aware of the man's antagonism towards himself; an antagonism, he supposed, towards his position, his wealth, his power. He could see it in Pembroke's sharp glances, the curl of the thin lips at some remark of his, made in all innocence of purpose. It was natural, after all. It would have been unnatural if Pembroke had felt anything else. The whole situation must seem to Pembroke a case of patronage. He could not actually believe what was the truth. King's inner loneliness.

The butler passed noiselessly around the table, and the dinner proceeded with short snatches of conversation, and long silences following them. At least Pembroke was enjoying the good cooking. Poor devil, King thought, as he saw him tasting a sweet with evident appreciation. How long had it been since he had sat down to such a meal? Well, even were he not enjoying his host's company, at least he was enjoying what was provided for him. King was glad that he had had the impulse to share his dinner.

"I don't know whether you care to talk about yourself," King said, leaning back in his chair, when they were finally left alone. "Some of us do, and some don't. I don't know which class you belong to. But it is always interesting, I find, to hear the story of another man's life. At least, I begin to find it so. One becomes more introspective as the years go on. One wonders whether others have solved the problems—that ometimes seem so unsolvable."

#### Wanted Company

The satirical look flashing across Pembroke's face was quite apparent to King, and he was quick to understand its meaning.

"Don't mistake me," he said, shaking his head slowly. "I didn't invite you in for that purpose; as a source of entertainment. It was just your company I desired. But you interest me. I feel that we both have lived. You, perhaps, more than I have."

Pembroke looked down at his cigar for a moment in silence, watching the blue smoke rise, funnel-shaped. His eyes narrowed as he looked up and across the table at King, who was watching his guest with kindly, inquisitive eyes.

"Since you ask for it, I'll tell you," he said. "What there is to tell."

He pushed his chair back from the table as he spoke, until his face was in shadow, his thin hand extended on the white cloth, a hand from which the sleeve seemed to have shrunk back, leaving the wrist exposed. He raised his eyes and stared King in the face.

"I suppose you have heard of the Acme Steel Mills? You remember the war with the Steel Trust, doubtless? How it gobbled up the smaller steel mills, because it had the power and the capital with which to do it. While it gorged itself it spread ruin on all sides. The Acme works were no exception.

"There was a man behind the trust; the instigator of it all. The unseen Power. Power—to my mind power is another name for the Devil.

"I was the Acme Mill. I was gobbled up in the wreck. There was nothing much left after the fight. What was left, however, was the old house, where the Pembrokes had lived for generations, mortgaged now to the hilt. The prolonged worry, and the tearing anxiety of that time, had played havoc with my wife's health. I congratulated myself, however, that, at least, we would still have a roof over our heads. That meant a great deal. But I calculated without knowing the whole savage cruelty of—power.

**T**HOUGH Christ a thousand times in Bethlehem be born.

*If He's not born in thee, thy heart is all forlorn.*

*God's Spirit falls on me like dew-drops on a rose.*

*If I, but like a rose, my heart to Him disclose.*

From "Angelus Silenius," dating back to the seventeenth century.

"For, curiously enough, the evil genius of the trust was again behind the syndicate which held my mortgage. A week's grace and I could have raised the money and paid off the mortgage; but the syndicate had seen a chance to realize a profit. They kept to the letter of the contract. We were summarily turned out.

"My wife died of shock. And, after that, I didn't care. Fight was dead in me. I went down with the tide, like any other derelict. One man can't fight the Devil and all his works."

With the last words still on his lips, he leaned forward on the table, his hands nervously clenching and unclenching.

"That is why—Ferguson King," he said, with low emphasis, "I can scarcely keep my hands from your throat to-night."

#### Food for Thought

For an instant King wondered if Pembroke was about to spring upon him; to attempt to strangle him with those long knotted hands.

The situation did not alarm him. In a curious detached way he was interested, finding himself so directly concerned in a moment of drama. The hot breath of men's passions had never before come close to him. He had been aloof from such things. Power had placed him apart from human contacts of this sort. He did not shrink from the concentrated venom in Pembroke's face. He sat, regarding him curiously, slowly considering the hatred expressed in every line of the man's face.

Power! So this was the reverse of the coin. Power! The thing which he had sought as the ultimate of all things; that thing which had been his goal. He glanced away, past the bowl of holly berries, to the maze of old tapestries which draped the walls.

He was lost in a sudden abstracted mood, which ignored the man before him. His thoughts were turned back upon himself. He was trying to put his finger on the spot where he could say he had definitely done a wrong. Could he be held to blame for this man's downfall? Could even the man himself, his outlook cleared of the effects of the festering hate which had corroded it, could this man lay the blame upon him? Was it not just a turn of the wheel of Fate which no man had the power to arrest?

He had had no wish to injure this man; no knowledge even that such a man existed. Unwittingly, he had incurred this hatred against himself. How many more—how many more had he harmed—how many more were cursing his name—how many injured through the furtherance of his aims?

He looked at the man sitting limply in his chair, the anger gone out of him now, like a spark that had flared up for an instant only. There had not been enough vitality there even to feed the spark. The man seemed to wilt in his chair. A swift pity put a deeper note into King's voice, lent it an added seriousness, as he said, slowly, his eyes upon the man's tired face:—

"Each of us follows a star, I think, as far as we are able. My star was power." He paused, finding a little difficulty to express himself in the nakedness of words.

"My hero was Napoleon. As far back as I can remember, I read every book that I could find about him. To me he was superman. I searched through the libraries by the hour, poring over histories of France, reading every book that I could find about him. For me, he was the one man of all time.

"I remember," King went on, his eyes narrowing with memory, "even as a child, strutting up and down under the old apple trees at the side of the house, one hand thrust into my coat in imitation of the picture in my nursery, a cocked hat of paper on my head, a tin sword rattling at my heels, playing I was Napoleon. As I grew older, with the amazing egotism of youth, I used to imagine I was the living reincarnation of the man I almost wor-



shipped. I fed my mind on his exploits, on his superb audacity, his supreme confidence. There was no other like him. I tried, of course, to model myself somewhat along the same lines. There is no end to the self-confidence of youth. It made me literally drunk to think of the power that that man had. He had held the whole world in the palm of his hand; I swore that in so much as I was able, I should do the same."

Pembroke's lips curled.

"I suppose you were oblivious to the ruin Napoleon left in his train?"

King did not attempt to reply to Pembroke's remark.

### Unintentional Cruelty

"I want to try and make you understand," he said, leaning forward, and speaking with a new earnestness, "that I had no desire to crush or to trample on others. Put that much to my credit. My sin seems to be that I ignored the fact that there were others who could be trampled, who could be crushed, by the force for which I was striving. Power! It was simply an abstract thing to me at first. The desire to imitate, in my poor way as far as I could, the man I looked upon as hero. I suppose that I was born with that desire in my blood; just as another man is born with the germ of some terrible disease. Perhaps it is a disease—that abnormal craving for power."

Pembroke was silent and King continued with slow pauses.

"In a certain way . . . perhaps I have attained in a measure . . . what I set out to secure. At least, you have accused me of that. What is hard to make you believe . . . is that whatever harm I did . . . it was not deliberate. I think that I never thought of that side at all. Your side of the matter; it came to me as a shock tonight; when you began to tell your story. The side I had come to think about . . . had come to when I asked you in to-night to dine with me . . . was that, of all I had laid on the altars of my gods . . . all the warm human contacts . . . friendships, loves . . . that I had offered up . . . to Power."

He looked at Pembroke unseeing, still deeply concerned in the unravelling of the tangle in this mind.

"As you came in to-night, I was reading the motto on the mantel in the hall. I suppose I had read it many times before. But to-night, after I had looked through the curtains at this table, set for my solitary Christmas dinner, I seemed to read it with a new meaning. 'Sic transit gloria mundi.' Yes . . . it passes . . . away. And what then . . . for men like me?"

Pembroke stirred uneasily in his chair. King was looking toward the windows, swathed heavily in velvets, listening.

"Christmas carols," he said, as a faint note of music penetrated the muffled windows.

He rose as he spoke, and crossing the room he pulled aside the curtains and threw up the window. The clear air cut through

the warm atmosphere of the room like a keen blade. Heavily furred flakes of snow were falling, clinging to the bare branches of the trees, till they looked like sprays of white coral. The snow appeared to soften the sound of the voices.

"Peace on earth; good will towards men."

King stood listening intently. He felt as though the words were striking a new chord somewhere. Good will towards men. Perhaps that was the secret of the whole thing. Good will. Not negative, as his had been; not even passive; but something warm and eager. Good will towards men in the right sense of the word.

King turned to find his guest at his side. Emotion showed in Pembroke's face. In silence Pembroke held out his hand.

### The Star of Bethlehem

*AS shadows cast by cloud and sun  
Flit over the summer grass,  
So in Thy sight, Almighty One!  
Earth's generations pass.*

*And while the years, an endless host,  
Come pressing swiftly on,  
The brightest names that earth can boast  
Just glisten, and are gone.*

*Yet doth the Star of Bethlehem shed  
A lustre pure and sweet;  
And still it leads, as once it led,  
To the Messiah's feet.*

*O Father, may that holy Star  
Grow every year more bright,  
And send its glorious beams afar  
To fill the world with light.*

—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

### BLUEBELLS

**B**ONNIE bluebells in the wood,  
Whence does all your beauty come?

Skies nor seas were e'er so blue;  
Eyes had ne'er so rich a hue;  
Diamonds rare, nor amethyst,  
Ever by such tints were kissed;  
Harebell, as forget-me-not,  
Speedwell—bluest 'mid the lot—  
Half your richness cannot show,  
When in purple ranks you grow,  
While the bees about you hum  
In the fragrant solitude.  
Bonnie bluebells in the wood,  
Whence does all your beauty come?

—S. Wood.

### THE WILLING WEST

"Get to know your neighbor" is the slogan of the Canadian West. In this great new country the spirit of mutual help is everywhere, and although a man's nearest neighbors may live a mile or two away they are always ready to assist in an emergency.

A striking example of the way in which neighbors co-operate for the common good is described by Mr. Noel V. Fearnough, who for some years has farmed successfully in Alberta.

In Morrin, his own district, although much new land was coming into cultivation and homesteads were springing up, the community had no building in which a dance, a concert, or a meeting could be held. So the farmers decided to build a hall. Shares were issued, and each man took as many as he could afford. Not only did the farmers find the cash, they helped in the actual construction of the building.

The hall was built, and is now the centre of the social life of the community and a monument to what can be accomplished by co-operation, mutual help, and enterprise.

Salt Made From Sea Water is the product of a large California industry. The sea water is taken from San Francisco Bay during periods of maximum high tide, in May, June, July, August, September, and October. The sea water enters the works, generally through a slough, into the intake, receiving or tide pond, which is provided with large flood gates that automatically open when the water can run in, and close as the tide ebbs. From the intake pond the sea water is raised by a large paddle-wheel pump and goes through the ponds mentioned, gradually becoming more and more concentrated, until it reaches the crystalizing ponds. It is run into these to a depth of about six inches when crystals of salt begin to form.

A young upstart in the music-hall profession, whose snobbishness had not been conducive to popularity, once said, "My brother and I are the only born gentlemen in the profession." "Dear me," said an old comedian, standing near, "what a pity you could not have remained gentlemen!"

Barney: "I had to go through the woods the other night where Murphy was murdered last year, and they say 'tis haunted, so I walked backward the whole way." Pat: "An' what for wuz ye after doin' that?" Barney: "Faith, so that I could see if anything wuz comin' up behind me!"





**JAS. F. CHAPTER,**  
Westminster Gaz-  
ette, London.

increase if those whose chief desire is get rich quick and quit."

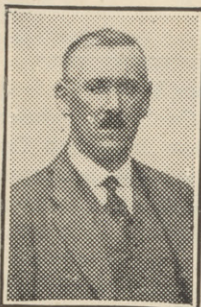
"Since I was here in 1911 there has been great improvement in the roads of Canada. Though the country is said to have passed through hard times recently the enormous number of automobiles now in use appears to indicate a return or rapidly returning prosperity. Very many more trees are conserved on the prairie landscape, the planting of which and the more general use of paint for the decoration of dwellings suggests an increasing desire to have homes rather than mere houses. This spirit, it seems to me, will do more for the consolidating of Canada as a nation than any great



**HUGH MARTIN,**  
Daily News, London

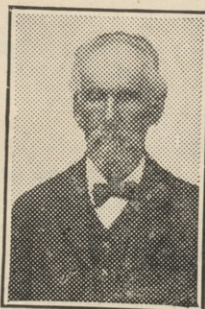
"Canada's need is the Old Country's opportunity. Equally Britain's is the new country's opportunity. From the Atlantic to the Pacific seaboard I have heard the cry, 'Send us men; send us capital,' and have found conclusive proof that once again the new world has the power to redress the balance of the old; have we and have you the will to make that power effective? It seems to me to be largely a matter of understanding and sympathy. Patriotism is not enough, but translated into terms of mutual help I know is capable of leading us both into a new promised land. Let us pull together."

## BRITISH JOURNALISTS GIVE--



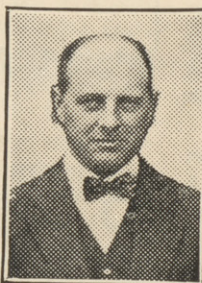
**R. A. COLWILL,**  
Western Morning  
News, Plymouth.

"Canada has given me a true appreciation of what is meant by great open spaces. The possibilities of this vast country are enormous, and you have as yet barely scratched the surface of its wealth. It is a land which offers great opportunities to men of the right type, but this great Dominion is obviously a young man's country, and one where every man must work. You ask no questions as to his antecedents. You merely ask him to carve out his own career. You take a man for what he himself is worth, not for what his father was. In such a land a man who is a man can work and be happy."



**H. S. READ,**  
South Wales News,  
Cardiff.

"Canada is not a country but a continent boundless in rich resources and richer still in the indefatigable energy of a people whose most conspicuous social characteristics is their devotion to education and research, in wise foresight of the future. For its development the great requirement is population, which can best be supplied by co-operative action of home and Dominion authorities in training would-be immigrants for agricultural work. Training is an essential requisition to rescue men and women from unwilling idleness in the Old Country and put them within reach of the abundant opportunities of the New land is to transform them from conditions of penury into sharers of exhaustless wealth, and in so doing to strengthen the Empire. We are greatly indebted to the Canadian Pacific Railway for their invitation to make the tour."

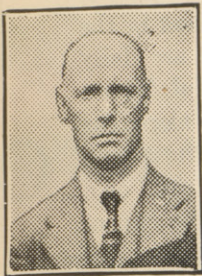


**CAPT. E. ALTHAM,**  
C.B., R.N.  
Morning Post,  
London.

On these two pages are brief messages from members of the party of British Journalists who recently toured the Dominion.

"(1) Canada has laid for foundations on generous lines, worthy of a great future. (2) Her waiting spaces and Britain's need for room within the Empire for an overflowing population create a new bond of union. (3) The future prosperity of Canada rests not only upon agricultural development but on increased employment of British labor in both countries for manufacturing her raw materials. (4) Misunderstanding of Old Country conditions is being caused by meagre, misleading, and even malevolent news too often supplied from England to the Canadian Press. (5) The importance of a navy for exports and imports is becoming better appreciated. (6) Canada is a land where men must be men indeed, no wasters, agitators, or traitors to King, Flag and Empire, need apply. That is my predominant impression."

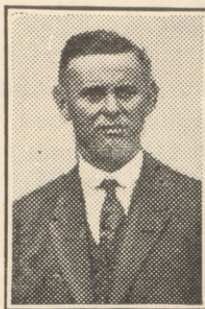




W. D. RENTON,  
Daily Chronicle,  
London.

other burdens in this task of Empire building which call for sympathy and admiration. It is the white man's burden in the world. One stands amazed that so few people should have accomplished so much in so short a time which encompassed Canada's history."

"Canada's supreme confidence in her future greatness has made a deep impression upon me. Only men possessed of great vision and almost overpowering energy would have laid so soundly and on such comprehensive lines the foundations which we have everywhere seen for the coming of a great civilization. The nobly planned parliament buildings, the ambitious university institutions, the network of railways, harbor facilities, vast water powers, electricity schemes, irrigation works, and cities planned out on princely lines, have been conceived for a great to-morrow. Canada is shouldering financial and



JOHN SAYERS,  
Belfast Telegraph.

tions upon which it should be an honor to be to-day. Floreat Canada."

"Canada fills me with wonder and admiration. That a comparatively small population should have accomplished so much in so short a time is marvellous, and from what I have seen I am convinced that the tapping of the Dominion's resources, particularly of Alberta and British Columbia, has only begun. If the two urgent needs of men and capital—British if possible—can be supplied, there seems to be no limit to the future of the country. I am impressed by the loyalty, the beauty, and the pluck of Canada, and I take off my hat to the courage of the early explorers and settlers. They laid founda-

## --THEIR OPINIONS OF CANADA

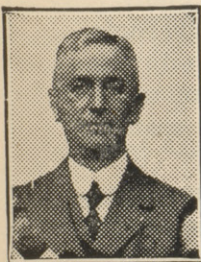
The visiting journalists represented a group of the leading daily and weekly newspapers in Great Britain and Ireland.



CHAS. J. JORY,  
Daily Telegraph,  
London.

prairie, and to the Canadian statesmen whose vision was not that of ordinary men."

"I became more and more impressed with the boundless possibilities of this great Dominion every day of my tour. From Halifax to Vancouver that impression grew from wonder to amazement. Surely for a man who will work and for the woman who will help him there is no land so rich in resource, so full of opportunities. All honor, then, to the brave men who made this possible, to the pioneers who blazed a nation's way through brush and canyon, who



JOHN A. BUIST,  
Glasgow Herald.

young and vigorous. The Old Country can still produce that type. What prevents them from coming? They lack the means, not the desire. I believe that if our home government and the Dominion Government could agree to assist them to a greater extent than has hitherto been done, the main obstacle to the flow of Scottish immigration into Canada would be removed. The people must be found, if not from the Old Land then taken from elsewhere, but I think you would prefer the old stock."

"Every province of Canada claims that it is the land of opportunity. I believe that each is entitled to make that claim and that the opportunity is for more people who are willing to work primarily on the land and are determined to succeed. The vast open spaces must be populated. As a Scotchman who has met many old countrymen on this wonderful tour via the Canadian Pacific Railway across the Dominion I should like to see a large influx of immigrants belonging to the race which played such a noble part in the pioneer work in the land of promise for the



F. G. R. PETERSON,  
Times, London.

Dominion, to refute baseless charges against its own good name, to make known to the young men of our own country the splendid opportunities that await them, in short, so far as lies within our power, to tell the Motherland the truth about Canada."

"At the end of a long journey, in the course of which we have crossed the Dominion twice and travelled nearly ten thousand miles, we are returning to our homes deeply impressed with the immense resources of Canada. We have seen life and conditions of labor in the Maritimes, in the industrial centres of the East, on the prairies and at the Pacific Coast. We have set ourselves to learn something of the twin problems of men and markets which face the Canadian people, and the experience which we have thus gained will be of inestimable advantage to us in the future. It will enable us to set the proper value on items of news from the



DEAR OLD SANTA CLAUS — It has been a long, long time since the nights when I peeped into the fireplace, expecting you to come out any minute. How well I remember! It was a very small fireplace, and sometimes I almost doubted that a fat man with a pack bigger than a house, could ever get down a chimney that was so small it would squeeze our old house cat to get through.

I'll never forget one cold winter's day—the day just before Christmas. Mother was letting brother and me watch her put the snow-white icing on the Christmas cake; and when she stepped out, he stooped over and whispered to me, "There ain't no Santa Claus".

Way down deep in my heart, in a lonesome corner, I knew better. Hadn't I heard the bells on your reindeer as they stamped on the gables, while you wheezed and puffed down the tight old chimney? And didn't you always bring me the very things for which I wrote. Besides, Brother could be mistaken. He didn't know everything.

But somehow, over my wondering young soul, there fell the gloom-born shadow of Knowledge. Far into the night the cold wind howled loud and long, and the branches of the old oak tree made so much noise, as they slapped against the housetop, that I couldn't hear the bells on your reindeer as they stamped on the gables. Nor could I hear you wheeze and puff as you squeezed down the tight old chimney.

"There is no Santa Claus . . . then—there would be no Christmas . . . only the 25th day of December."

I must confess—there followed years and years when I was disgusted with you, Santa. I wondered why you didn't vanish in sheer shame. I wondered why you still hung about like a ludicrous old caricature, doing nobody any good, and realizing that you were a fake—a creature of the mind only.

\* \* \* \*

THROUGH the Gate of the Years, down the winding Path of Wisdom and Tears, I learned many great truths—but one of the greatest, was—that you are real.

Now, I know that you do ride over the whole world in a single night, in your wonderful sleigh. I have learned, too, that the size of the chimney cannot stop you, no matter how big your pack may be. I know that it never becomes burdensome or heavy, nor can it ever be emptied of the little things and big things with which it is loaded—no matter how many guns and drums and dolls and blocks you may take from it.

Now I understand. You are in the Spirit of Giving and Doing. Although Christmas is the day we celebrate in your honor, you are daily and constant. You are in the cheerful "Good morning" with which I greet the folks along the way. You are in the food I give to those who hunger—whether it be a steaming steak, or a pone of corn bread; and you are in the cup of cool water that is handed me when I thirst.

You are in the work I know how to do, and enjoy doing; in the warm glow of the fire, and the soft arm chair that brings rest and comfort. You are in the songs that soothe the weary; in the music of the pattering rain drops, and the laughter of little children. You are in the greetings, the kiss, and the warm handclasp of loved ones.

You are in the days that bring joy to others, making golden memories of Summer's waving wheat fields, singing pines and cloudless skies. Autumn's days of scarlet and lingering twilights. Winter's days of clear sunshine and long shadows. You are in the wreaths of smoke that drift heavenward, and in the little snow-covered trails that lead home.

You are in this letter that I am writing to you—in the letters I mailed only an hour ago. You are in each and everything that makes life beautiful, that brings joy to others.

Knowledge can never banish your weather-roughened hand, nor can the beginning reason of a child destroy your reality, nor the logic of the Philosophers dim your glory—for you are in Wisdom—the Wisdom that comes with the years—the years that tinge the temples with gray. You are in the days and months that bring Contentment and the Christmas Spirit.

I shall never let you leave me, dear Old Santa Claus. Henceforth I intend to travel with you along the pathway of life, for you are real—very real, and make more joyous the span of years.

I will not frown if things don't suit my petty demands. I will not eat good bread in secret, and turn my glance aside from the hungry. I will not wrap myself in a mantle of indifference to those who are weary of life's battle.

It matters not to me whether Christmas be considered a sacred occasion, a pagan festival, or just a date. It shall ever be as a Monitor pointing me to a kindlier course in the days and years to come.

I mail this with the firm conviction that you will get it by Celestial Post, and always recognize me as

YOUR EVER GRATEFUL FRIEND.



# Christmas All the Time

## The Yuletide Spirit as the Solvent of our Social Troubles

By ALEX. M. THOMPSON ("Dangle") in the "Sunday Chronicle."

ONLY a few days more, and then—! The choking fogs will be transformed to a mellow haze of fairyland enchantment. The chronic clouds will gaily parade their burnished silver lining. The "dreary rain" with golden threads irradiate of the sun will weave a wreath of richest hues to deck the skies with myriad spangles. The miry meads and pastures dank, the slumptious slossity of slimy slabber in our sloppy slushy streets, will suddenly be paved with the perfumed softness of celestial roses bedded in the stuff that stars shine with.

In other words, Christmas is coming. The festival of good cheer and charity, of genial fellowship and jollity, once more brings its annual truce to wry-mouthed care, goggle-eyed mistrust, and soul-blighting politics.

Be merry all, be merry all,  
With holly dress the festive hall;  
Prepare the song, the feast, the ball,  
To welcome merry Christmas.

What a time for the children! See little Dolly and Tommy eagerly whispering in corners as to what they shall buy for Daddy and Mammy. What anxious counting of pennies! What fluttering and buzzing and chattering in the shops! What rapture of mystery in revealing Mamma's scent bottle to Daddy and Daddy's pipe to Mammy! Then the proud moment of presentation! Daddy's amazement! Mammy's tearful delight!

### Young Again

Then the lovely doll, the perfectly topping train, the luscious goose, the scrumptious pudding, the bright holly, the bashful kissing under the mistletoe, the crackers and their beautiful poetry, the games, the dance, the romps, the beaming faces—

Ah, me! Through the years add to their burden of care, the oldest of us can grow young again in the glorious gladness of Christmas. When Charles Dickens told the tale of Ebenezer Scrooge he not only wrote one of the finest of short stories, but he also symbolised one of the most wonderful possibilities of human metamorphosis. How many wizened and soulless Scrooges are

annually restored to kindness and sympathy by the benignant influence of this feast of peace and goodwill? It is the heyday of benevolence, the riotous carnival of generosity, the apotheosis of the sublime quality

Left to himself at this time of general rejoicing a man becomes bitter, and if any vicious instincts lie dormant in him nothing will so quickly bring them to life as to feel himself cold and hungry and neglected when

other people are making merry. A bad man or a bad woman is never quite so bad when the stomach is full and the hearth is aglow as when the larder is empty and the grate is cold.



### Evergreens

*SHALL I twine for You, Little Christ Child,  
A wreath of the holly gay,  
With crimson light of its berries bright  
For joy of Your natal day?*

*"Nay for the children twine it  
Their hearts are young with song,  
And the prick of its leaves will not mind them  
Of the hurt of a loved one's wrong."*

*Shall I weave You, then, Little Christ Child,  
A garland of mistletoe,  
With pearls that gleam like a Christmas dream  
Floating out of the long ago?*

*"Nay, for the young lads weave it,  
Whose dreams are spun of gold.  
For they know not yet that visions  
Grow faint and broken and old."*

*But for Your crown, Little Christ Child,  
What shall I seek and bring?  
"Out in the snowy silence  
Where the hillside waits for spring."*

*"Where the wind is sharp with fragrance,  
And the shadows kneel and sigh,  
Little fir trees stand in the starlight  
And lift their heads to the sky."*

*"Gather Me spicy branches,  
And weave Me an evergreen crown  
With starry jewels to glimmer  
My age-long pathway down."*

*Weave Me no garland of gladness,  
Nor a wreath of music and mirth,  
But a crown of the infinite patience of heaven  
Loving a loitering earth."*

—GRACE STRICKLER DAWSON



### A Treat by Giving

To eat your Christmas dinner in a cosy dining-room where the winter's sun is reflected in cut glass and burnished silver will not do you half as much good, nor give you half so much pleasure, as to pay a helpful visit to some friend who has fallen upon evil times; to pay the back rent for some family who might be driven without your aid to face a night on the street; to provide a cheerful hamper of provision for somebody who might otherwise go hungry; to send a warm frock to some poor mother who cannot afford to buy one, or even some old clothes to be cut down for the children. We give ourselves a treat by giving it to somebody else.

It is unquestionably true to my mind that miserly old Scrooge did send the big turkey to Bob Cratchit's home, that he did bestow large subscriptions on the collectors whom he had churlishly repulsed the day before, that he did go to his nephew's house, where he had the jolliest time of his life, and that he not only did honor Christmas in his heart, but tried to keep it all the year. I am as convinced of the story's strict and absolute accuracy as of any statement in English history. It is the regular function of Christmas to produce that sort of miracle.

But I am not quite so sure that Ebenezer Scrooge succeeded in his resolve to keep it up all the year round. That is the difficulty and the test. If the genial, generous atmosphere of Christmas could be maintained through all the days of all the months if its spirit of kindness and love were to become the ruling motive of civilised society—if we could substitute its bright garlands for the prickly shackles that bind us together through the rest of the year—ah yes, I am afraid you are right. "Utopian dream. It can't be done."

of altruism which marks the highest development of evolution.

Indiscriminate alms-giving may be economically unsound and contrary to the gospel of St. Mark. But there is a feeling in the air at Christmas time which makes it possible for even the undeserving to receive gifts without injury. Christmas charity elevates its recipient as well as its dispenser.



### To Light the Way

And yet—and yet—if we are ever to realise the purpose of the Founder of the feast, if we are ever to establish "peace upon earth and goodwill toward men," if we are ever to attain to a sane and mutually beneficial system of government, if we are to make the most of the resources provided in the world for mankind's advantage, the Christmas spirit must inspire our minds and light the way.

The wisest wish that we can wish our friends at Christmas is "Long may Christmas continue!" If Ebenezer Scrooge could "stay put," if we all fastened our workaday purpose to the basic principles that Christmas celebrates, if we did sincerely and strenuously strive to love our neighbors as ourselves and to do unto others as we would that they should do unto us, we should do more for the world than any revolution that ever happened. Brutus, Cromwell, Danton, Karl Marx, Lenin—how harsh and mean their aim compared with the simple creed of the pale Galilean, how petty their achievement compared with the transformation we should effect if we started to practise Christianity!

Where the Christmas spirit evaporates with the extinction of the candle stubs on the dismantled Christmas tree, there is no true meaning in it. It may be useful to confine mince pies to once a year, but the rule does not apply to principles. The ethical basis of Christmas cannot be removed like a plaster Santa Claus, which has served its brief day, and is put away in a cupboard for a twelve-month.

### All the Year Round

If it feels nice and good to be jovial and generous on one day of the year, what treasures of happiness might we accumulate, what sorrows and troubles, what grief and tragedy might we prevent, what a paradise we might make of this drab and dreary world, by extending this holy day's heavenly clemency and bounty to all the days of the year!

"Never did any soul do good," said Lord Shaftesbury, "but it came readier to do the same again, with more enjoyment . . . Never was love or gratitude, or bounty practised, but with increasing joy, which made the practiser still more in love with the fair act." If Tiny Tim and the two young Cratchits be fed on Christmas Day, will they not be hungry again the day after? This is the question which faces every man and woman who have the true spirit of Christmas within them. If there be need on this day, which we do right to fill, ought not we to consider that need on other days also? Nothing that is done by our benevolence on Christmas Day will change the permanent condition of the poor and needy. And, though we cannot send a turkey to every Bob Cratchit every day, we may devote our thought and energies to the study of civilisation's hardest problem—the elimination of poverty.

### Work for a God

"The whole world calls for new work and nobleness," said Carlyle. "Subdue mutiny, discord, widespread despair, by manfulness, justice, mercy, and wisdom. To make some

human hearts a little wiser, manfuller, happier, more blessed than accursed! It is work for a God. Sooty hell of mutiny and savagery and despair can by man's energy be made a kind of heaven; cleared of its soot, of its mutiny, of its need to mutiny."

To make the Christmas spirit dominate and glorify the whole year let us adapt its Founder's morality to our daily lives. Let us constantly strive to contribute to the good of our neighbor, and abstain from acts which injure or afflict him. The pursuit of good is the pursuit of conditions more favorable to human welfare. The greatest evil in the world is the production of conditions unfavorable to the health and happiness of mankind.

We have passed through centuries of slow evolution by crime, persecution, bloodshed, and cruel suffering to the tardy, partial, but steadily growing recognition of the Christian ideal as a governing principle of practical politics—the only principle by which we may reduce moral and material evil.

### At Long Last

Backed by the progress of scientific knowledge, we are attaining at long last to acceptance of the sublime Galilean's simple creed that in the welfare of all lies the welfare of each.

We are learning at long last that the only way to modify the egotistical brutality of the struggle for life is through brotherly co-operation for the struggle. That is the lesson presented to our understanding by the Christmas festival of kindness and fellowship.

Peace on earth and goodwill toward men, or class war. That is the alternative. Which are sensible people likely to choose?

"And so," as Tiny Tim observed, "God bless us everyone."

### MARRIAGE AND MOTORING

FOR the first time in our lives, Dick and I own a motor. I have been reading up in the handbook how to manage the new car, and the more I read, the more I realize how alike are the rules for motoring and marriage!

#### Romance

The advice in my book is to take the greatest care of my car from the very first, to see that it is always cleaned and that any mud or dust is not left on any longer than necessary.

Well, isn't that just what one ought to do from the moment the honeymoon begins? To take care of this wonder vehicle of marriage with all its splendid newness, and if there are any misunderstandings or hard words, to wipe them off as soon as possible so that they leave no mark behind to dull the lustre of romance.

To keep the car in good running order I am told that efficient lubrication is

essential. Efficiency is the lubricant that makes the wheels of home life run smoothly.

The motor-book tells me that too much oil is almost as bad as too little. On the other hand, we all know what happens when the housewife is over-efficient and makes a burden of her domestic duties. The whole concern becomes clogged with dullness.

#### Changing Gear

For the inexperienced driver of motor-cars changing gear is one of the chief pitfalls. The right moment to change must be chosen and a skilful precision is needed.

Just so in matrimony! It is impossible to run on top-speed all the time; there are times when one or other—husband or wife—is running on low gear, and it is then that the right moment for the change should be chosen and the result will be, instead of loss of power, merely going slow for a short time on increased strength.

When a car has run 10,000 miles it is advisable to have a thorough overhaul. Any part that has become worn or faulty is then repaired, and the book tells us that when the car is put together again, it ought to run better than when it was new.

After ten years of married life, how often a reconstruction is needed! Something—just an illusion or a dream—may have worn thin. Well, instead of running on with that lacking, why not reconstruct? The honeymoon car cannot be expected to run smoothly for ever; the jolts over the road of everyday life will loosen some of the screws but they must be replaced.

Companionship may take the place of that first wild love; mutual interest in outside affairs is more lasting than retrospection, and a sense of humor is infinitely less dangerous than constant analysis.

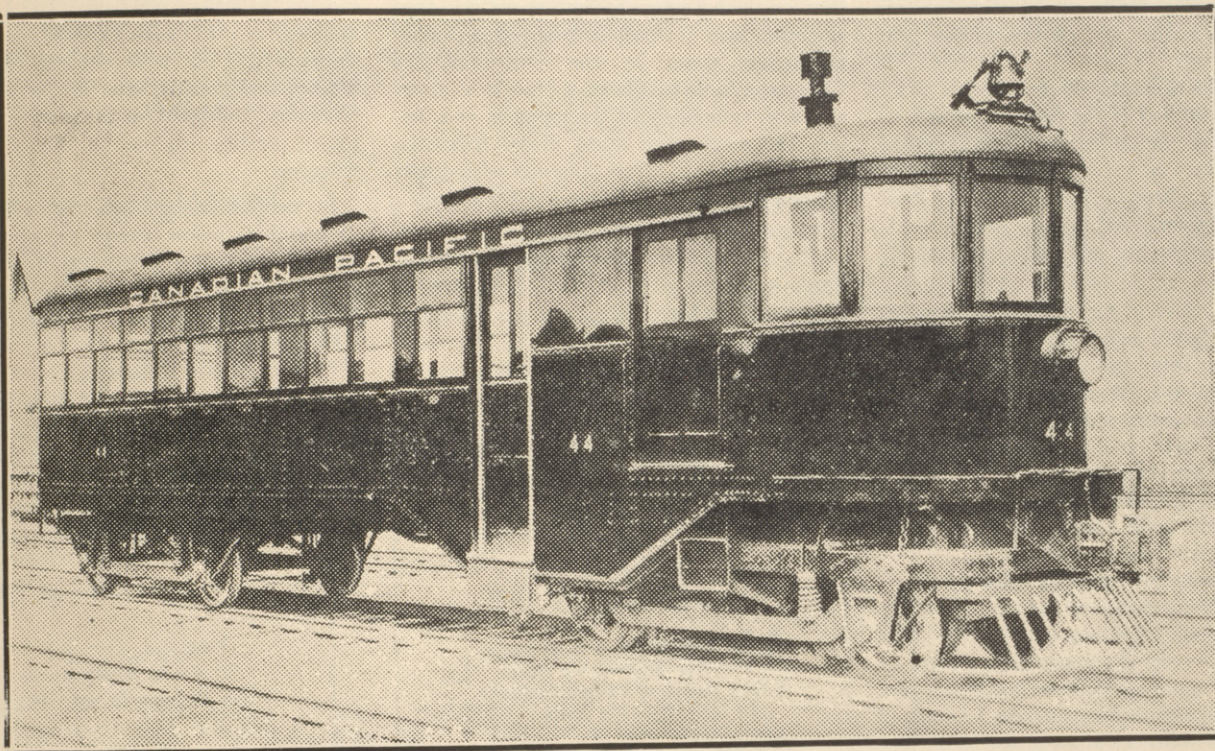
#### Third Party Risks

Turning the page of my manual, I come to a chapter on insurance and third-party risks. There marriage is not so well provided for as the motor-car. There is no outside person who will remunerate us for our loss of happiness. We have to insure ourselves and the only insurance that is worth having is mutual love and perfect faith.

There is always the third party risk—but perhaps marriage, like motoring, would be only a dull affair without any risks whatever. The best way to avoid danger in marriage, as in motoring, is not to turn blind corners too quickly, to be on the lookout constantly, and never to get slack over the steering and equipment.



## Gasoline Coach Cuts Down Time



What was first tried out as an experiment has proven in the light of actual facts a great success when the gasoline coach C.P.R. service between Woodstock and St. Thomas was inaugurated early this month. Under the schedule operating this car the running time between these towns was reduced by thirty minutes and members of the business communities affected are loud in their praise. Mayor E. A. Rea, of Woodstock pointed out that the new service not only provided extra connections between Woodstock and St. Thomas, but also practically places them on a direct line with Chicago, Toronto and Montreal. Trade, he added, would be greatly benefitted by the fact that travellers would now be able to get in

and out of Woodstock and St. Thomas in a day. The President of the Board of Trade of Woodstock was sure that merchants would benefit materially and hoped that more stops along the line would be included in the future. Among other results Ingersoll is now placed on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Mayor Scott of Ingersoll was of opinion that the service was already so popular that before next summer the company would have to be petitioned for another car. Mayor Sloggett, of St. Thomas, went even further and hoped that the service would develop to such an extent before very long that the Canadian Pacific would be called upon to operate a train rather than a single gasoline coach.

## The Christmas Crib

(In many churches the Story of the Nativity is illustrated by a representation of the "Christmas Crib.")

FROM the chill darkness of the London street  
A child stole, shivering, from the wintry  
sleet,

Within the open Sanctuary door;  
A momentary flood of light flung o'er  
The threshold had enticed her vagrant feet.  
With dazzled eyes, half curious, half afraid,  
Along the pillared aisle she softly strayed,  
Where lights and flowers mingled festal beams  
In radiance fair beyond her fairest dreams.

So strange the vision to her tranced sight  
Before the Altar, candles burning bright  
Shed their soft luminance upon a scene  
Of simple beauty. Through a carven screen,

Grouped as the eye of Faith imagines them  
On that first Christmas Morn in Bethlehem,  
Were seen the Cradle and the Holy Child,  
The Mother Mary bending over Him,  
And to the waif it seemed that angels smiled,  
Soft-winged and lovely midst the shadows dim.

Then music rose upon the silent air,  
Soaring in harmony, rich-toned and rare,  
And, rapt in wondering awe, the city child  
Clasped tightly her thin hands, and bright tears  
stole  
Into her eyes, and cast an aureole  
Of misty glory round the Cradle-bed,  
And round the Holy Mother's shining head.

The vested Altar had for her no name;  
The Child and Mother in the candle flame  
No mystic meaning. None was there to tell  
This starveling stranger from the darkened East  
The matchless story of the Holy Feast

Of hill-side Shepherds, and gift-laden Kings;  
The Angels, and the Star; Christ's love which  
brings  
New joy each Christmas-tide. Yet some strange  
spell  
Of bliss enfolded her, sweet peace, and rest  
Such as her cheerless life had never known.

And there alone,  
Within that hallowed place, unconsciously,  
One with the pilgrims of the Star-led Quest,  
She laid mute offering of her childish love—  
Dear to the heart of Him Who reigns above—  
Before the Shrine of Christ's Nativity.  
Then, startled by some sound, she fled away,  
Lost in the London shadows cold and gray.

Oh, not in vain, in love set forth for them,  
The Story of the Child of Bethlehem!  
The little children most the star-rays need—  
It is for these the love of Christ doth plead.

EDITHA JENKINSON.



# 'Round the World at Yuletide

**A**NCIENT Christmas customs have for centuries made the festive season picturesque in all parts of the civilised world.

The legend of Santa Claus takes us away back to the Russia of the fourth century, to the time of an early Christian saint, named Nicholas, who was bishop of Myra, in Lycia. He had such a love for little boys that soon he came to be regarded as their patron saint, an office which he still fills in Catholic countries.

In course of time the name of this saint became corrupted into Santa Claus, and in this form the Dutch introduced it into New England. Thus to young Americans, innocent alike of the name of St. Nicholas and of any Saint's Day, was given this wonder of a yearly visitor, who filled their stockings with good things, and their hearts with kindly thoughts.

It need scarcely surprise us that our Puritan ancestors should have regarded Christmas with suspicion, for many of its peculiar customs are undoubtedly heathen in origin. So true is this that the early Church took these customs, pruned them of their barbarisms, and fitted them into ecclesiastical observance. They endeavored as best they could to put Paganism to flight by retaining the joys that were part of the ancient mythology. And so we now practise observances which seem so suited to our notion of the season that we are forgetful of their more than questionable origin.

Such, for example, is the custom of the burning of the Yule log, which still in these days casts its cheery light on our Christmas festivities. But when these islands were still the abode of wild animals and our forefathers held their Pagan feasts in the dead of winter amid the forest clearings, the Yule log was placed upon the fire with singing and dancing for

"Ever at Yule tide, when the good log flamed

In chimney corner, laugh and jest went round."

## Russia Heartily Celebrates

It is doubtful whether any man in Europe, at least in normal times, sets about the enjoyment of his Christmas with a more hearty deliberation than the Russian of the provinces.

He is a man of many superstitions. He believes that the first star to appear in the

heavens on Christmas Eve is the very star that led the wise men to Bethlehem, and that whoever sees it first is assured a highly prosperous year. In the centre of his Christmas table he places a bundle of straw and hay, symbolical of the manger; and, before the meal, each guest draws from the bundle a blade of straw, the one who draws the longest being destined to live the longest.

During the feasting the destitute children of the village go from house to house, singing carols, receiving gifts at each door, and in return pelting the donor with oats, thus ensuring him riches.

called Klanbaef, who hovers about his path to kidnap naughty children. In Austria he assumes a still more terrible form, flying through the air with rattling chains and hideous mask on the same evil errand; and in Germany, Ruprecht, as the monster is called, plays strange antics in many different disguises.

In various parts of the earth wolves are supposed to roam about during the night before Christmas, destroying vines and property generally; and, in their more mischievous moods, snapping up vagrant humans.

It is quite a relief to turn from such weird imaginings to the pretty custom observed in Austria, where in thousands of homes lighted candles are left all night in the windows, so that the infant Christ when he passes through village or town may not stumble.

## Superstitions in England

England, also, has her share of Christmas superstitions, for there are thousands who believe in the magic of cock-crowing to scare away evil spirits, as in the days of Shakespeare.

Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes

Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,

The bird of dawning singeth all night long,

And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad.

And are there not hundreds of farmhouses in remote parts of England where it is an article of faith that cattle have the gift of language on Christmas Eve? And woe be to the man or maid who yields to curiosity and plays eavesdropper, for they are sure to hear something they would go miles to avoid hearing. There is a story told of a farm servant who,

scoffing at this superstition, concealed himself in his master's stable and listened. Just as the clock struck twelve he heard, so the story runs, one horse say to another: "We shall have hard work to do this day week." "Yes, the farmer's servant is heavy," answered his companion, "and the way to the churchyard is long and steep." The servant died and was buried just a week later!

## Christmas at Bethlehem

At Bethlehem Christmas naturally finds its most impressive and solemn celebration, in which thousands of native Christians and visitors flock to the Church of the Nativity

## Peace

*MY soul, there is a countrie  
Afar beyond the stars,  
Where stands a winged Sentie  
All skilfull in the wars.  
There, above noise and danger,  
Sweet peace sits, crowned with  
smiles,  
And One born in a manger  
Commands the beauteous files.  
He is thy gracious friend  
And (O my Soul awake!)  
Did in pure love descend,  
To die here for thy sake.  
If thou canst get but thither,  
There grows the flower of peace,  
The rose that cannot wither,  
Thy fortress, and thy ease.  
Leave then thy foolish ranges;  
For none can thee secure,  
But One, who never changes,  
Thy God, thy Life, thy Cure.*

HENRY VAUGHAN (1622-1695).

## Austrian Customs

In many parts of Austria a very curious Christmas custom is still observed. On St. Nicholas Day each house is visited by two men in the guise, respectively, of a bishop and a demon. The parents point out to their visitors the children who have been good during the year and those who have been naughty, and the former the bishop rewards with presents of apples, cakes and buns, while the wicked children receive a sound birching from his uncanny companion.

The belief in the Christmas demon is widely spread over the Continent. In the Tyrol, St. Nicholas is said to be accompanied on his benevolent rounds by a hideous monster



which stands on the very birthplace of Christ, to inspect the cave, cut out of the solid rock, in which he was cradled. This homage paid to the Redeemer, services are held in the various parts of the Church devoted to the Latin, Greek, and Armenian communities—services which, in the many hued vestments, the flash of jewels and ornaments, the majestic music and the atmosphere of reverence are probably unequalled in the world.

### The Japanese Celebration

In Japan Christmas is a season of rejoicing which is ushered in by a general house and street-cleaning and private and public decorations. Before each house a deep hole is dug on both sides of the door, in which are placed branches of bamboo, fir and pine (signifying uprightness, long life, and constancy). Within each house every room is arranged with symbolic plants—a twig of pine, of bamboo, plum and so on; and in addition to these every room has a shallow dish in which are placed clusters of the fukinjuso, the special flower of luck.

### In Palestine

In Palestine the Jews, having passed through what they call their "Earnest season," a time of prayer, fasting and religious observances, emerge into a period of rejoicing which coincides with our Yuletide and opens with the Hanuka, or festival of the dedication of the Temple. For eight days this festival is observed; and in every house and synagogue Hanuka lights are kindled.

No household is too poor to provide a modest feast in honor of this historic event, though no roast beef or mincepie appears on the board. There is, too, a succession of dances and parties, at which every year hundreds of happy unions are arranged by the Shadchans, or marriage brokers, who find in them a fine opportunity for introducing suitable young people to each other and to the altar.

### Yuletide in Rome

In Rome, Christmas is kept for at least three weeks—a season of family gatherings and feasting, with games and much consumption of wine, chestnuts and contognata, an excellent sweetmeat made from quince. On the night before Christmas Eve it is an old custom to make up parties and go, to the accompaniment of mandolines and guitars, to the fish market of San Teodoro to see the fish unpacked and sold, which will provide materials for the Cannone, or supper, Christmas Eve's "fasting feast."

This meal begins usually with huge plates of spaghetti with anchovies, followed by as many varieties of fish as the family purse can afford. On Christmas Day, the Romans

flock in thousands to see the "presepi"—life-size models of the manger and the Holy Family, the most beautiful of which are always at the church of the Ara Coeli; and the day closes with an excellent dinner, usually of soup, turkey, roast beef, and a sort of tipsy cake, followed by an evening of family games, music and frolic.

### In Other Lands

In Spain, as in Germany, Christmas Eve is regarded as of far greater importance than Christmas Day. It is on Christmas Eve that family parties meet and dine together, both the grown-ups and the young people. In Spain the Christmas Eve dinner usually consists of fish and sweets, the reason for this simple meal being that on this night is celebrated the only night Mass of the year, and as all good Romanists are aware, they must not feast before Mass.



### The English Winter

*A FIELD in snowy silence lost,  
A friendly byway locked with mire,  
A coppice under heels of frost—  
It is the land of heart's desire.*

*A nested town, a far sea-line,  
Grey hills beyond a level shire—  
A frozen paradise is mine.  
It is the land of heart's desire.*

*O wintry land, O all in all!  
Thee, thee by palm and prairie fire  
The hungry-hearted "England" call.  
It is the land of heart's desire.*

There is no Santa Claus in Spain, where the children of all classes, instead of hanging up stockings, put out their shoes on the balconies to be filled, for they believe that the three Kings from the East will come on January 6, and bring gifts with them, and as they will ride camels they will be quite high enough up to reach the first floor balconies of most Spanish houses.

New Year's Eve in Spain is a season for a jollification for the grown-ups rather than for the children; family dinners and parties are given, and dances are arranged at the men's clubs, to which members may bring their female relatives. Etiquette in Spain is still more severe than in other countries, and there is less friendly intercourse between young people of opposite sex. Spanish boys and girls, therefore, look forward with great anticipation to the few dances they attend, and Christmas becomes more exciting on that account.

In France, turkey—or a goose with apple sauce—is the main Christmas dish, while in Italy turkey and sausages, with chestnuts,

form the principal dish at Christmas time. The French, instead of Christmas pudding, usually indulge in the poor substitute of an ice; the Italians eat panatone, which is a mixture of eggs, butter, sultanas, and flour, baked and eaten cold. The French peasantry make special loaves and cakes at Christmas, and have great belief in the virtues of bread and cakes baked on Christmas Eve, particularly if they are marked with a cross, or bear a representation of the Madonna and Child, or the Nativity.

Little figures of marzipan, or almond-paste, sugar and ginger-bread, or "pain d'épice," are made in most parts of Switzerland, Italy, and Germany for the Christmas festivities, and in Holland and Belgium St. Nicholas appears in the shops in the form of ginger-bread, marzipan, chocolate, etc. Eastern Europe, too, is noted for the variety of its Christmas cakes. The Austrian "Frucht-Brod" was a famous Christmas dainty in pre-war days.

### More Queer Customs

In Sweden and Norway, the Christmas cakes, known as "Yule-hogs," because they are often in the shape of a pig—relic of the mid-winter offerings to Frey—are connected with many queer beliefs. A portion is laid aside, and afterwards mixed with the seed-corn to ensure a plentiful harvest, and is also considered by the peasantry a cure for many ailments.

In Mexico, Christmas is the time for breaking one of the presents provided. In fact, the grown-ups gather round whilst the children play their annual game, which consists in smashing a large doll, varying in size according to the pockets of the parents. The doll is suspended from the ceiling some four or five feet from the ground, and the children are then blindfolded in turn, provided with a stick, and after being turned round three times told to find the doll and break it if they can. At first, of course, they miss, but at least one is successful, and then the secret of this queer game is out—from the broken doll tumbles out a cascade of sweets and other things children like, and a scramble for them follows.

India keeps Christmas as Burra-Deen, the Great Day. The dawn of Burra-Deen sees the sahib's veranda thronged with a mixed assembly of dependents. Each has his votive offering of flowers, bouquets wonderfully wrought, in which the flaring yellow of the marigold predominates.

Yuletide is celebrated in the Colonies as keenly as it is in the Old Land, but in Australia and New Zealand, where the festival is held in midsummer, picnics take the place of parties.

The lighted candles on Christmas Eve are derived from a Jewish celebration, which takes place about the same time.



**SO BOSSY!**

F. Bricknell, corn merchant at Folkstone, England, was eating breakfast in



the rear of his store the other morning when he heard a commotion. Rushing into the store he was astonished to find a cow with dangerous looking horns behind the counter, helping herself out of a barrel of oats.

Employer (sharply): Don't you see what's on the door? Pat: A bit of paper, sor. "It says, 'Please shut the door.'" "Faith, I didn't hear it, sor."

Mr. Dicks, with a groan: "Look at the bill, five dollars for perfume—for mere odors that fade away and die!" Mrs. Dicks: "Yes, that fade away and die and go to meet the ten dollars' worth of cigars you consume every month!"

A POLICEMAN who asked for ginger ale in a night club recently—



Was actually served with some.

**A FAIR ENOUGH TRIAL**

Sam, impanelled for jury service at a murder trial, had seemed a little too anxious to serve.

"Do you know the accused?" he was asked.

"Yassuh—dat is, nossuh," he replied, realizing that if he made an affirmative answer he would be disbarred from serving.

"Have you made up your mind as to his guilt or innocence?"

"Oh, no, suh."

"You think, then, that you could give his case a fair hearing?"

"Yassuh," replied Sam. "Leastways, ez fair ez de ole scamp deserves." — American Legion Weekly.

I realize that while you can always tell a Scot you can seldom tell him much.—Prince Henry.

**FIRE DESTROYS FUR**

As a result of forest fires which swept areas from northern British Columbia to



southern Oregon last summer, this section will produce less fur this year than many years. The dense smoke and fires came at a time when most of the fur-bearing animals were rearing their young.

Parliamentary Candidate: "Gentlemen, you twit me with being a 'turn-coat'! Years ago I supported this measure. Then I had a reason. But now, gentlemen, I have lost my reason!" And he wondered at the laughter that convulsed the meeting.

Mrs. Cobbe: "We women have organized a society to reduce rents." Mr. Cobbe: "I am very glad to hear it! You can begin on little Willie's trousers!"

# Standard Shipping Company LIMITED

## STEAMSHIP CHARTERING MARINE INSURANCE



W I N N I P E G -- M A N I T O B A



DOG-TEAM PULLING HAPPY LOAD OF YOUNG FOLKS



*A team of huskies on Dufferin Terrace, Quebec, taking a group of children for a ride on what is to the kiddies a novel and intensely interesting form of transportation.*







## In Woman's Sphere

### Catching the Gleam of Christmas

IT is unfortunate that so many people seem to anticipate the approach of Christmas with sighs and misgivings. "Just three weeks from today," they wail, "and I've so much to do." Then is enumerated a long list of the presents to be made and the other tasks to be completed 'ere the clock strikes 12 on the evening of the 25th. Such individuals are more like deliberate martyrs than anything else. They seem to take a morbid pleasure in over-doing themselves for the sake of the family, who, of course, are never consulted in the matter and are usually referred to as so many ogres, demanding the continual sacrifice of "Mother."

What a pity that the woman of this type never stops to realize how much greater blessing she would be to her family by living a little less strenuously during the approach of Yuletide and so being in a frame of mind to participate in the real spirit of Christmas when it arrives.

The anniversary of the birth of Christ was surely never meant to be an occasion for special worry over the affairs of life. Rather does it seem a time for acquiring a broader outlook on the world in general.

With regard to the exchange of presents at this time of year, many people make themselves unhappy by their inability to purchase costly articles as remembrances for their numerous friends. It is an unfortunate fact that thousands of dollars are annually spent upon objects which have been bought in a spirit of

grudging and in reality express nothing more than a hard sense of duty.

The Christmas spirit, happily, is not measured by the number of bills in the pocket-book. They most radiate the essence of Yuletide whose hearts are glowing with kindliness and love for their fellowmen. Christmas is not a time for getting, but for giving—giving something which will make the world's



*By the Christmas Fireside*

burden a little lighter and its joy a little greater.

By so doing one catches the gleam of the star that hung over the Bethlehem manger—one is begirt with Christmas, as Dickens so beautifully expressed it.

### Don't Forget "Thank You"

DON'T think there is anything so hurtful, disappointing and rude as not acknowledging gifts immediately.

All the pleasure the sender had is utterly wiped out if the remembrance is not acknowledged until a month after its receipt. You might just as well keep your enthusiastic thanks if they are sent weeks too late—you've broken all the laws of kindness and courtesy, and no amount of enthusiasm now will ever mend them.

You make or buy a little gift for a friend and send it off with a warm glow of pleasure and a hundred good wishes. Week after week goes by, but no letter comes.

Can the gift have gone astray? you ask yourself. Did you write the correct number on the envelope? Is she ill? You go over every likely and unlikely reason for this lack of response, and just as you have decided to forget all about it—the belated thanks arrive!

"Darling Mabel,—It's just the very thing I wanted! How sweet of you, dear—"

The letter—the 'phone call—which would have warmed your heart and thrilled you with pleasure a month ago, leaves you cold and critical now. It has come too late, you've waited too long for it; it doesn't interest you. The feelings with which you posted your gift have been chilled by disappointment and neglect.

It's so hurtful to have our gifts slighted—and it's the last word in rudeness!

After the plum-pudding dessert and nuts—and don't forget the crackers.

### JAPANESE TRAYS

Never wash a Japanese tray. To clean, rub over with a little flour and polish with a soft duster. If the tray is badly marked rub in a little warm oil and then polish well. This preserves the tray.

### CARE WITH THE CLOTHES LINE

When the line is new you should boil it and thus lengthen its life and render it less likely to stretch.

Dust the line well before using, for it is annoying to find you have hung nicely washed clothes on a dirty line.

The mince-pie is all that is left of the immense pie of early days made of meat and sweet accessories, and usually in the form of a manger.

A whole stocking is better than a stocking in holes.



## Using Their Teeth

SOME people still have that curious idea that when a baby has been weaned from the bottle or the breast, he is to "go on slops." Bread-and-milk, bread-and-gravy, and milk puddings make up baby's diet from ten months onwards. And, a year or so later, they complain that they "can't get him to eat crusts."

Baby would eat crusts right enough if he had been given them earlier in his life. A baby of, say, seven or eight months old, likes nothing better than to chew and gnaw at a rubber toy. You see, his instinct teaches him that he must do this if he is to have strong jaws and healthy teeth. We thwart this instinct when we give him nothing tough or crisp to eat, and by and by he forgets all about it—and doesn't like crusts!

As early as six months old I have given my babies a chicken-bone or a chop-bone at meal-times whenever possible; and how thoroughly they have enjoyed themselves! Of course, I have removed all the meat first, but still there has been the flavor and the smooth, hard surface to tempt them, together with a certain greasiness which appeals very strongly indeed to the young, but which makes it necessary for mother to provide a bib of ample size to protect small frocks. Sharp bones, or any that are liable to splinter, shouldn't on any account be given, and mother must be at hand all the time lest there should be any risk of choking.

I mention bones before crusts or rusks, because with the latter some actual food is sure to become detached before long, and a baby of six months is too young to take any kind of bread. But after the ninth month it's always wise to give, gradually, a little crisp toast, or rusk, or bread that has been dried in a slow oven, as part of a baby's meal. Let him have it before he has his milk, so that he comes to it hungry and is not likely to me fanciful.

A scrape of butter or honey will do no harm, and will possibly make him relish it more. But, once again, always bear in mind the risk of choking, and don't on any account leave baby alone with a crust at this age "to keep him quiet."

### When NOT to Give Crusts

Sometimes a baby will seem to go right off crusts and hard foods, and will cry if they are put into his mouth. The poor mite is probably suffering a certain amount of pain from his gums: a new tooth is pushing its way through, and making the mouth sore.



### BABY NEEDS MORE THAN SLOPS

I think mothers very often forget this, and try to force their babies to eat crusts at such a time, instead of waiting a day or two for the gums to ease down; result, baby takes a permanent dislike to any kind of dry food.

Don't run away with the idea that milk puddings, bread-and-milk, and so on are bad for baby. They are very good in moderation, but you will find he fails to digest them and to thrive on them if he is allowed to get into the way of "bolting" his food. The giving of a certain amount of dry, crisp diet will help to educate his jaws.

## Christmas Recipes



### CITRON CAKE

2 eggs; 2½ cups brown sugar; 1 cup (heaping) butter and lard mixed; 1 cup sour milk; 1 cup citron; 1½ cups currants; 1½ cups raisins; a little lemon peel; pinch of salt; 1 teaspoon cinnamon; 1 teaspoon nutmeg; 1 teaspoon soda; 4 cups flour.

### PLAIN PLUM PUDDING

Those who wish to economize on eggs may be glad to try the following recipe: 3 teacups flour; 1 teacup milk; 1 teacup molasses; 1 teacup chopped suet; 1 teacup raisins; 2 teaspoons cream of tartar; 1 teaspoon soda; 1 teaspoon cinna-

## Christmas Games

HERE are some games the kiddies will enjoy playing during their Christmas holidays:—

### French Blindman's Bluff

One player must be blindfolded, and then, with a stick in his hand, he must stand in the centre. The others join hands and make a ring round him.

The players dance about the blind man until he knocks on the floor with his stick, then they must stop. The blind man then points his stick at someone in the circle and asks a question.

The one who answers disguises his voice and the game proceeds as before until the blind man guesses who has spoken. When he guesses correctly he and the player whose voice he recognized change places.

### Fox and Geese

This is a game that quite little children can join in. One player—choose one of the big ones for this—is chosen for Mother Goose, and another player takes the part of the Fox.

The rest of the players range themselves behind Mother Goose, each holding on to the one in front like you do for "Oranges and Lemons" when it comes to the tug-of-war. See to it that the next biggest player has his arms around Mother Goose's waist, and the next player in height comes next, and so on, the tiny tots being quite at the end.

Now Mother Goose spreads out her arms, and the Fox must take dives and dashes forward, trying to catch the little ones.

In trying to evade the Fox the whole string has to sway first this way and then that way.

Continue this game until all the geese have been captured, one by one.

It is great fun.

mon; 1 teaspoon cloves; 1 teaspoon nutmeg. Boil or steam 3 or 4 hours.

### MAPLE SYRUP SAUCE

1 tablespoon melted butter; 1 tablespoon (heaping) flour; ½ cup brown sugar; ½ cup maple syrup; 2 cups boiling water. Boil till clear.

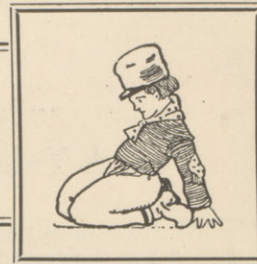
### BUTTER SCOTCH

Here is a pleasant candy which will appeal to the kiddies without upsetting their digestion. 1 cup molasses; 1 cup sugar; ½ cup butter. Boil till it threads. Flavor with vanilla and pour on buttered pan.





## Kiddies' Page



### How Santa Came to Peggy and Fred

"MOTHER, do you think Father Christmas will bring me a new horse when he comes?" asked Fred.

"And I'd like a new dolly, Mother, one that really goes to sleep," said Peg.

"I'm afraid Father Christmas won't come to us this year," said their mother sadly. "If your father had lived it would have been different—and then I've been so ill, too. However, it's three weeks before Christmas and something may happen in the meantime."

Two weeks later the children were hoping more than ever that Santa Claus would remember them and that they would have a jolly Christmas dinner and some pretty toys, though their mother had been ill again and there was very little money in the house.

"I've a sort of feeling that Father Christmas will come to us, though mother doesn't seem to think so," said Fred thoughtfully one day. "Don't cry, Peg; when I grow up and can earn lots of money we'll be able to buy all sorts of nice things—dolls' houses and skates and a skooter and some nice warm clothes for Mummy to wear."

"Children," called their mother from the room above, would you like to run out and look at the shops before it grows dark?"

"Rather," they both cried. "We can choose our presents, Mum, in case Father Christmas comes after all," said Peg. Putting on their scarves, they hurried towards the shops, keeping close together along the way in order to keep out as much cold as possible, for they had no heavy winter coats and the chill wind made them shiver as it whistled about the street corners.

The big stores were dazzling with their tinsel and holly and twinkling lights. Halting in front of one huge window filled with toys, the children began choosing the gifts they would like to find in their stockings when they awoke on Christmas morning.

"Look at those poor children, how cold and hungry they seem, Ronald! Just listen to them choosing their Christmas gifts."

The voice was that of a richly dressed little girl who sat beside her brother in a big grey car, halted by the curb while their mother was busy making purchases in a nearby shop.

"Time to go now, Peg, since we've chosen all our presents," Fred was heard to say with a sad little laugh. On the



"We'll place it close to the step, Ronald," said Mary.

way home they talked of all the wonderful things they had seen. Just as they turned in at the gate the big grey car swept past and vanished around a bend in the street.

That night after dinner a little boy and a little girl sat by the nursery fire in the big house on the hill. Their heads were close together. They were evidently talking secrets. Presently the girl grasped her brother's hand. "Let's ask Mother if we may," she said. "You ask her, Ron."

"Mother," said Ronald, when they had found her, "you know the poor little children we saw in the street today?"

"Yes, dear," said Mother.

"Well, Mary and I were thinking how nice it would be if we could give them some of our presents. We heard them say that Santa Claus wasn't coming to

### CHRISTMAS RIDDLES

WHAT is that which is taken from you before you get it?  
Your photograph.

Why is an author freer than a monarch?

Because he can choose his own subjects?

Why do the bells ring on a royal birthday?

Because the ropes are pulled.

Why is a beautiful lady like a lock?  
Because she is something to adore.

Why is the letter C like frosty weather?

Because it makes old people c—old people.

them this year, and they looked so hungry and sad. Might we give them some Christmas dinner, too, and a cake with sugar on it?"

Immediately their mother consented for she was a very kind lady, indeed, and the two children soon were busy packing the hamper which was to bring cheer to the hungry little girl and boy.

That night at Mother's knee Peggy added a postscript to her prayer. "Please, God," she said, "if you wouldn't mind, we'd like Father Christmas to call and leave some gifts for Mother and Freddy and me."

Just at that moment the big grey car drew up at the gate. A man in chauffeur's uniform lifted a large hamper and carried it towards the house. Above, in the dark blue depths of the sky thousands of stars twinkled like diamonds while the moon, like a silver sickle, shone down on a world of snowy whiteness.

"Thank you, Ellis, we'll take it to the porch ourselves," said a little girl's voice. "We'll place it close to the step, Ronald, then you rap hard on the door and we'll hide behind the hedge and watch them take it in."

And so it was that Father Christmas came to Peggy and Fred and their mother after all.



# The Facts

By RING W. LARDNER

## A Yule Tayle of Ye Olden Tyme—Before Ye Prohibition in Ye U.S.

THE engagement was broken off before it was announced. So only a thousand or so of the intimate friends and relatives of the parties knew anything about it. What they knew was that there had been an engagement and that there was one no longer. The cause of the breach they merely guessed and most of the guesses were, in most particulars, wrong.

Each intimate and relative had a fragment of the truth. It remained for me to piece the fragments together. It was a difficult job, but I did it. Part of my evidence is heresay; the major portion is fully corroborated. And not one of my witnesses had anything to gain through perjury.

So I am positive that I have at my tongue's end the facts, and I believe that in justice to everybody concerned, I should make them public.

Ellen McDonald had lived on the North Side of Chicago for twenty-one years. Billy Bowen had been a South-Sider for seven years longer. But neither knew of the other's existence until they met in New York, the night before the Army-Navy game.

Billy, sitting with a business acquaintance at a neighboring table in Tonio's, was spotted by a male member of Ellen's party, a Chicagoan, too. He was urged to come on over. He did, and was introduced. The business acquaintance was also urged, came, was introduced and forgotten; forgotten, that is, by everyone but the waiter, who observed that he danced not nor told stories, and figured that his function must be to pay. The business acquaintance had been Billy's guest. Now he became host, and without seeking the office.

It was not that Billy and Miss McDonald's male friends were niggards. But unfortunately for the b. a., the checks always happened to arrive when everybody else was dancing or so hysterical over Billy's repartee as to be potentially insolvent.

Billy was somewhere between his fourteenth and twenty-first highball; in other words, at his best, from the audience's standpoint. His dialogue was simply screaming and his dancing just heavenly. He was Frank Tinney doubling as Vernon Castle. On the floor, he tried and accomplished twinkles that would have spelled catastrophe if attempted under the fourteen mark or over the twenty-one. And he said the cutest things—one right after the other!

You can be charmed by a man's dancing, but you can't fall in love with his funniness. If you're going to fall in love with him at all, you'll do it when you catch him in a serious mood.

Miss McDonald caught Billy Bowen in one at the game next day. Entirely by accident or a decree of fate, her party and his sat in adjoining boxes. Not by accident, Miss McDonald sat in the chair that was nearest Billy's. She sat there first to be amused; she stayed to be conquered.

Here was a different Billy from the Billy of Tonio's. Here was a Billy who trained his gun on your heart and let your risibles alone. Here was a dreamy Billy, a Billy of romance.

How calm he remained through the excitement! How indifferent to the thrills of the game! There was depth to him. He was a man. Her escort and the others round her were children, screaming with delight at the puerile deeds of pseudo heroes. Football was a great sport, but a sport. It wasn't Life. Would the world be better or worse for that nine-yard gain that Elephant or Oliphant, or whatever his name was, had just made? She knew it wouldn't. Billy knew, too, for Billy was deep. He was thinking man's thoughts. She could tell by his silence, by

she would be back in Chicago; she still had three more places to visit in the East. Could she possibly let him know when she did get back? Yes, she could and would; if he really wanted her to, she would drop him a note. He certainly wanted her to.

This, thought Billy, was the best possible arrangement. Her note would tell him her name and address and save him the trouble of phoning to all the McConnells, McDowells and Donnellys on the North Side. He did want to see her again; she was pretty and, judging from last night, full of pep. And she had fallen for him; he knew it from that last look.

He watched her until she was lost in the crowd. Then he hunted round for his pals and the car that had brought them up. At length he gave up the search and wearily climbed the elevated stairs. His hotel was on Broadway, near Forty-fourth. He left the train at Forty-second, the third time it stopped there.

"I guess you've rode far enough," said the guard. "Fifteen cents' worth for a nickel. I guess we ought to have a Pullman on these here trains."

"I guess," said Billy, "I guess—"

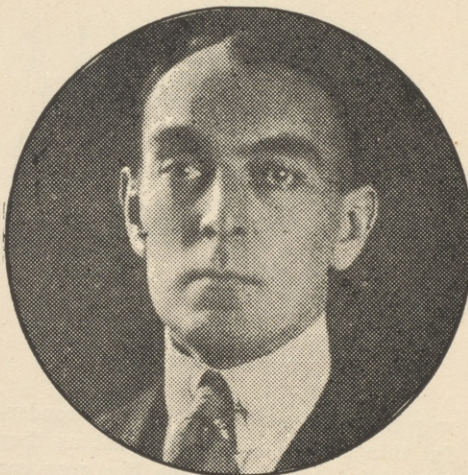
But the repartee well was dry. He stumbled downstairs and hurried over toward Broadway to replenish it.

ELLEN McDonald's three more places to visit in the East must have been deadily dull. Anyway, on the sixth day of December, scarcely more than a week after her parting with him in New York, Billy Bowen received the promised note. It informed him merely that her name was Ellen McDonald, that she lived at so-and-so Walton Place, and that she was back in Chicago.

That day, if you'll remember, was Monday. Miss McDonald's parents had tickets for the opera. But Ellen was honestly just worn out and would they be mad at her if she stayed home and went to bed? They wouldn't. They would take Aunt Mary in her place.

On Tuesday morning, Paul Potter called up and wanted to know if she would go with him that night to "The Follies." She was horribly sorry, but she'd made an engagement. The engagement, evidently, was to study, and the subject was harmony, with Berlin, Kern and Van Alstyne as instructors. She sat on the piano bench from half-past seven till quarter after nine, and then went to her room, vowing that she would accept any and all invitations for the following evening.

(Continued on Page 70)



RING LARDNER

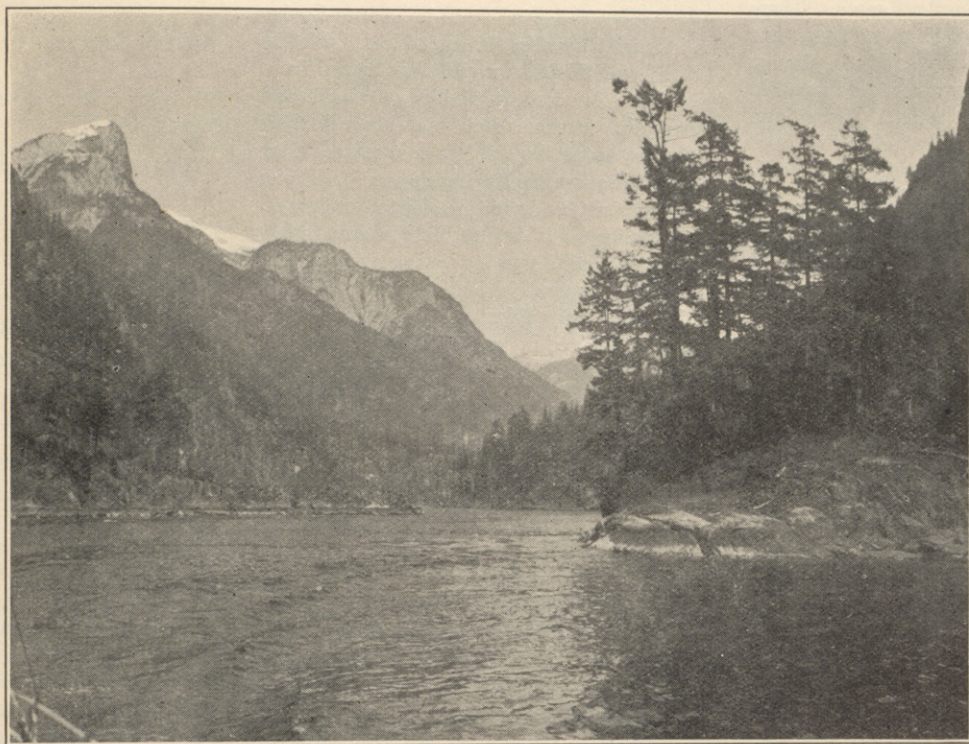
his inattention to the scene before him. She scarcely could believe that here was the same person who, last night, had kept his own, yes, and neighboring tables, roaring with laughter. What a complex character his!

In sooth, Mr. Bowen was thinking man's thoughts. He was thinking that if this pretty Miss McDowell or Donnelly were elsewhere, he could go to sleep. And that if he could remember which team he had bet on and could tell which team was which, he would have a better idea of whether he was likely to win or lose.

When, after the game, they parted, Billy rallied to the extent of asking permission to call. Ellen, it seemed, would be very glad to have him, but she couldn't tell exactly when



## THE NORWAY OF AMERICA



—Photo Canadian National Railways

*Snow capped peaks on the mainland, waterfalls that rush hundreds of feet down the mountain sides, a profusion of color and scenery not to be found anywhere else on the Continent, are features of the trip up the Scenic Seas between the mainland and the off-shore islands of British Columbia.*



(Continued from Page 68)

Fortunately, no invitations arrived, for at a quarter of nine Wednesday night, Mr. Bowen did. And in a brand new mood. He was a bit shy and listened more than he talked. But when he talked, he talked well, though the sparkling wit of the night at Tonio's was lacking. Lacking, too, was the pre-occupied air of the day at the football game. There was no problem to keep his mind busy, but even if the Army and Navy had been playing football in this very room, he could have told at a glance which was which. Vision and brain were perfectly clear. And he had been getting his old eight hours, and, like the railroad men, sometimes nine and sometimes ten, every night since his arrival home from Gotham, N.Y. Mr. Bowen was on the wagon.

THEY talked of the East, of Tonio's, of games (this was where Billy did most of his listening) of the war, of theaters, of books, of college, of automobiles, of the market. They talked, too, of their immediate families. Billy's, consisting of one married sister in South Bend, was soon exhausted. He had two cousins here in town whom he saw frequently, two cousins and their wives, but they were people who simply couldn't stay home nights. As for himself, he preferred his rooms and a good book to the so-called gay life. Ellen should think that a man who danced so well would want to be doing it all the time. It was nice of her to say that he danced well, but really he didn't you know. Oh, yes, he did. She guessed she could tell. Well, anyway, the giddy whirl made no appeal to him, unless, of course, he was in particularly charming company. His avowed love for home and quiet surprised Ellen a little. It surprised Mr. Bowen a great deal. Only last night, he remembered, he had been driven almost desperate by that quiet of which he was

now so fond; he had been on the point of busting loose, but had checked himself in time. He had played Canfield till ten, though the bookshelves were groaning with their load.

Ellen's family kept them busy for an hour and a half. It was a dear family and she wished he could meet it. Mother and father were out playing bridge somewhere to-night. Aunt Mary had gone to bed. Aunts Louise and Harriet lived in the next block. Sisters Edith and Wilma would be home from Northampton for the holidays about the twentieth. Brother Bob and his wife had built the cutest house! In Evanston. Her younger brother, Walter, was a case! He was away to-night, had gone out right after dinner. He'd better be in before mother and father came. He had a new love affair every week, and sixteen years old last August. Mother and father really didn't care how many girls he was interested in, so long as they kept him too busy to run round with those crazy school-mates of his. The latter were older than he; just at the age when it seems smart to drink beer and play cards for money. Father said if he ever found out that Walter was doing those things, he'd take him out of school and lock him up somewhere.

AUNTS Louise and Mary and Harriet did a lot of settlement work. They met all sorts of queer people, people you'd never believe existed. The three aunts were unmarried.

Brother Bob's wife was dear, but absolutely without a sense of humor. Bob was full of fun, but they got along just beautifully together. You never saw a couple so much in love.

Edith was on the basketball team at college and terribly popular. Wilma was horribly clever and everybody said she'd make Phi Beta Kappa.

Ellen, so she averred, had been just nothing in school; not bright; not athletic, and, of course, not popular.

"Oh, of course not," said Billy, smiling.

"Honestly," fibbed Ellen.

"You never could make me believe it," said Billy. Whereat Ellen blushed and Billy's unbelief strengthened.

At this crisis, the Case burst into the room with his hat on. He removed it at sight of the caller and awkwardly advanced to be introduced.

"I'm going to bed," he announced, after the formality.

"I hoped," said Ellen, "you'd tell us about the latest. Who is it now? Beth?"

"Beth nothing!" scoffed the Case. "We split up the day of the Keewatin game."

"What was the matter?" asked his sister.

"I'm going to bed," said the Case. "It's pretty near midnight."

"By George, it is!" exclaimed Billy. "I didn't dream it was that late."

"No," said Walter. "That's what I tell dad—the clock goes along some when you're having a good time."

Billy and Ellen looked shyly at each other and then laughed; laughed harder, it seemed to Walter, than the joke warranted. In fact, he hadn't thought of it as a joke. If it was that good, he'd spring it on Kathryn to-morrow night. It would just about clinch her.

THE Case, carrying out his repeated threat, went to bed and dreamed of Kathryn. Fifteen minutes later Ellen retired to dream of Billy. And an hour later than that, Billy was dreaming of Ellen who had become suddenly popular with him, even if she hadn't been so at Northampton, which he didn't believe.

They saw "The Follies" Friday night. A criticism of the show by either would have been the greatest folly of all. It is doubtful if they could have told what theater they'd been to ten minutes after they'd left it. From wherever it was, they walked to a dancing place and danced. Ellen was so far gone that she failed to note the change in Billy's trotting. Foxes would have blushed for shame at its awkwardness and lack of variety. If Billy was a splendid dancer, he certainly did not prove it this night. All he knew or cared to know was that he was with the girl he wanted. And she knew only that she was with Billy, and happy.

On the drive home, the usual superfluous words were spoken. They were repeated inside the storm door at Ellen's father's house, while the taxi driver, waiting, wondered audibly why them suckers of explorers beat it to the Pole to freeze when the North Side was so damn handy.

Ellen's father was out of town. So in the morning, she broke the news to mother and

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Aunt Mary and then sat down and wrote it to Edith and Wilma. Next she called up Bob's wife in Evanston and after that she hurried to the next block and sprang it on Aunts Louise and Harriet. It was decided that Walter had better not be told. He didn't know how to keep a secret. Walter, therefore, was in ignorance until he got home from school. The only person he confided in the same evening was Kathryn, who was the only person he saw.

Bob and his wife and Aunts Louise and Harriet came to Sunday dinner, but were chased home early in the afternoon. Mr. McDonald was back and Billy was coming to talk to him. It would embarrass Billy to death to find such a crowd in the house. They'd all meet him later on, never fear, and when they met him, they'd be crazy about him. Bob and Aunt Mary and mother would like him because he was so bright and said such screaming things, and the rest would like him because he was so well read and sensible and so horribly good-looking.

**B**ILLY, I said was coming to talk to Mr. McDonald. When he came, he did very little of the talking. He stated the purpose of his visit, told what business he was in and affirmed his ability to support a wife. Then he assumed the role of audience while Ellen's father delivered an hour's lecture. The speaker did not express his opinion of Tyrus Cobb or the Kaiser, but they were the only subjects he overlooked. Sobriety and industry were words frequently used.

"I don't care," he prevaricated, in conclusion, "how much money a man is making if he is sober and industrious. You attended college and I presume you did all the fool things college boys do. Some men recover from their college education; others don't. I hope you're one of the former."

The Sunday night supper; just cold scraps, you might say, was partaken of by the happy but embarrassed pair, the trying-to-look-happy and unembarrassed parents, and Aunt Mary. Walter, the Case, was out. He had stayed home the previous evening.

"He'll be here to-morrow night and the rest of the week, or I'll know the reason why," said Mr. McDonald.

"He won't, and I'll tell you the reason why," said Ellen.

"He's a real boy, Sam," put in the real boy's mother. "You can't expect him to stay home every minute."

"I can't expect anything of him," said the father. "You and the girls and Mary here let him have his own way so long that he's past managing. When I was his age, I was in my bed at nine o'clock."

"Morning or night?" asked Ellen.

Her father scowled. It was evident he could not take a joke, not even a good one.

After the cold scraps had been ruined, Mr. McDonald drew Billy into the smoking-room and offered him a cigar. The prospective son-in-law was about to refuse and express a

preference for cigarettes when something told him not to. A moment later, he was deeply grateful to the something.

"I smoke three cigars a day," said dad, "one after each meal. That amount of smoking will hurt nobody. More than that is too much. I used to smoke to excess, four or five cigars per day and maybe a pipe or two. I found it was affecting my health and I cut down. Thank heaven, no one in my family ever got the cigarette habit; disease, rather. How any sane, clean-minded man can start on those things is beyond me."

"Me, too," agreed Billy, taking the proffered cigar with one hand and making sure, with the other, that his silver pill-case was as deep down in his pocket as it would go.

"Cigarettes, gambling and drinking go hand in hand," continued the man of the house. "I wouldn't trust a cigarette fiend with a nickel."

"There are only two or three kinds he could get for that," said Billy.

"What say?" demanded Mr. McDonald, but before Billy was obliged to wriggle out of it, Aunt Mary came in and reminded her brother-in-law that it was nearly church time.

**M**R. McDONALD and Aunt Mary went to church. Mrs. McDonald, pleading weariness, stayed home with "the children." She wanted a chance to get acquainted with this pleasant-faced boy who was going to rob her of one of her five dearest treasures.

The three were no sooner settled in front of the fireplace, than Ellen adroitly brought up the subject of auction bridge, knowing that it would relieve Billy of the conversational burden.

"Mother is really quite a shark, aren't you, mother?" she said.

"I don't fancy being called a fish," said mother, smiling.

"She's written two books on it, and she and father have won so many prizes that they may have to lease a warehouse. If they'd only play for money, just think how rich we'd all be?"

"The game is fascinating enough without adding to it the excitements and evils of gambling," said Mrs. McDonald.

"It is a fascinating game," agreed Billy.

"It is," said Mrs. McDonald, and away she went.

Before father and Aunt Mary got home from church, Mr. Bowen was a strong disciple of conservativeness in bidding and thoroughly convinced that all the rules he had been taught were dead wrong. He saw the shark's points so quickly and agreed so whole-heartedly with her arguments that he impressed her as one of the most intelligent young men she had ever talked at. It was too bad it was Sunday night, but some evening soon he must come over for a game.

"I'd like awfully well to read your books," said Billy.

"The first one's usefulness died with the changes in the rules," replied Mrs. McDonald. "But I think I have one of the new ones in the house and I'll be glad to have you take it."

"I don't like to have you give me your only copy."

"Oh, I believe we have two."

She knew perfectly well that she had two dozen.

**A**UNT Mary announced that Walter had been seen in church with Kathryn. He had made it his business to be seen. He and the lady had come early and had manoeuvred into the third row from the back, on the aisle leading to the McDonald family

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pew. He had nudged his aunt as she passed on the way to her seat and she had turned and spoken to him. She could not know that he and Kathryn had "ducked" before the end of the processional.

After reporting favorably on the Case, Aunt Mary launched into a description of the service. About seventy had turned out. The music had been good, but not quite as good as in the morning. Mr. Pratt had sung "Fear Ye Not, O Israel!" for the offertory. Dr. Gish was still sick and a lay reader had served. She had heard from Allie French that Dr. Gish expected to be out by the middle of the week and certainly would be able to preach next Sunday morning. The church had been cold at first, but very comfortable finally.

Ellen rose and said she and Billy would go out in the kitchen and make some fudge.

"I was afraid Aunt Mary would bore you to death," she told Billy, when they had kissed for the first time since five o'clock. "She just lives for the church and can talk on no other subject."

"I wouldn't hold that against her," said Billy charitably.

The fudge was a failure, as it was bound to be. But the Case, who came in just as it was being passed around, was the only one rude enough to say so.

"Is this a new stunt?" he inquired, when he had tested it.

"Is what a new stunt?" asked Ellen.

"Using cheese instead of chocolate."

"That will do, Walter," said his father.

"You can go to bed."

Walter got up and started for the hall. At the threshold he stopped.

"I don't s'pose there'll be any of that fudge left," he said. "But if there should be, you'd better put it in the mouse-trap."

**B**ILLY called a taxi and departed soon after Walter's exit. When he got out at his South Side abode, the floor of the tonneau was littered with recent cigarettes.

And that night, he dreamed that he was president of the anti-cigarette league; that Dr. Gish was vice-president, and that the motto of the organization was "No trump."

Billy Bowen's business took him out of town the second week in December and it was not until the twentieth that he returned. He had been East and had ridden home from Buffalo on the same train with Wilma and Edith McDonald. But he didn't know it and neither did they. They could not be expected to recognize him from Ellen's description—that he was horribly good-looking. The dining-car conductor was all of that.

Ellen had further written them that he (not the dining-car conductor) was a man of many moods; that sometimes he was just nice and deep, and sometimes he was screamingly funny, and sometimes so serious and silent that she was almost afraid of him.

They were wild to see him and the journey through Ohio and Indiana would not have

been half so long in his company. Edith, the athletic, would have revelled in his wit. Wilma would gleefully have fathomed his depths. They would both have been proud to flaunt his looks before the hundreds of their kind aboard the train. Their loss was greater than Billy's, for he, smoking cigarettes as fast as he could light them and playing bridge that would have brought tears of compassion to the shark's eyes, enjoyed the trip, every minute of it.

Ellen and her father were at the station to meet the girls. His arrival on this train had not been heralded, and it added greatly to the hysterics of the occasion.

Wilma and Edith upbraided him for not knowing by instinct who they were. He accused them of recognizing him and purposely avoiding him. Much more of it was pulled in the same light vein, pro and con.

**H**E was permitted at length to depart for his office. On the way he congratulated himself on the improbability of his ever being obliged to play basketball versus Edith. She must be a whizz in condition. Chances were she'd train down to a hundred and ninety-five before the big games. The other one, Wilma, was a splinter if he ever saw one. You had to keep your eyes peeled or you'd miss her entirely. But suppose you did miss her; what then! If she won her Phi Beta Kappa pin, he thought, it would make her a dandy belt.

These two, he thought, were a misdeal. They should be reshuffled and cut nearer the middle of the deck. Lots of other funny things he thought about these two.

Just before he had left Chicago on this trip, his stenographer had quit him to marry an elevator-starter named Felix Bond. He had 'phoned one of his cousins and asked him to be on the lookout for a live stenographer who wasn't likely to take the eye of an elevator-starter. The cousin had had one in mind.

Here was her card on Billy's desk when he reached the office. It was not a business card; she had probably run out of them. It was an engraved visiting card, at \$3 per hundred. "Miss Violet Moore," the engraved part said. Above was written: "Mr. Bowen:—Call me up any night after seven. Calumet 2678."

Billy stowed the card in his pocket and plunged into a pile of uninteresting letters.

On the night of the twenty-second there was a family dinner at McDonald's and Billy was in on it. At this function, he met the rest of them—Bob and his wife, and Aunt Harriet and Aunt Louise.

Bob and his wife, despite the former's alleged sense of humor, spooned every time they were contiguous. That they were in love with each other, as Ellen had said, was easy to see. The wherefore was more of a puzzle.

**B**OB'S hirsute adornment having been disturbed by his spouse's digits during one of the orgies, he went upstairs ten minutes before dinnertime to effect repairs. Mrs. Bob

was left alone on the Davenport. In performance of his social duties, Billy went over and sat down beside her. She was not, like Miss Muffet, frightened away, but terror or some other fiend rendered her temporarily dumb. The game Mr. Bowen was making his fifth attempt to pry open a conversation when Bob came back.

To the impartial observer the scene on the Davenport appeared harmless enough. There was a generous neutral zone between Billy and Flo, that being an abbreviation of Mrs. Bob's given name, which, as a few may suspect, was Florence. Billy was working hard and his face was flushed with the effort. The flush may have aroused Bob's suspicions. At any rate, he strode across the room, scowling almost audibly, shot a glance at Billy that would have made the Kaiser wince, halted magnificently in front of his wife and commanded her to accompany him to the hall.

Billy's flush became ace-high. He was about to get up and break a chair when a look from Ellen stopped him. She was at his side before the pair of Bobs had skidded out of the room.

"Please don't mind," she begged. "He's crazy. I forgot to tell you that he's insanely jealous."

"I understood you to say he had a sense of humor."

"It doesn't work where Flo's concerned. If he sees her talking to a man he goes wild."

"With astonishment, probably," said Billy.

"You're a nice boy," said Ellen irrelevantly.

**D**INNER was announced and Mr. Bowen was glad to observe that Flo's terrestrial body was still intact. He was glad, too, to note that Bob was no longer frothing. He learned for the first time that the Case and Kathryn were of the party. Mrs. McDonald had wanted to make sure of Walter's presence; hence the presence of his crush.

Kathryn giggled when she was presented to Billy. It made him uncomfortable and he thought for a moment that a couple of studs had fallen out. He soon discovered, however, that the giggle was permanent, just as much a part of Kathryn as her fraction of a nose. He looked forward with new interest to the soup course, but was disappointed to find that she could negotiate it without disturbing the giggle or the linen.

He next centered his attention on Wilma and Edith. Another disappointment was in store. There were as many and as large oysters in Wilma's soup as in anyone's. She ate them all, and, so far as appearances went, was the same Wilma. He had expected that Edith would either diet or plunge. But Edith was as prosaic in her consumption of victuals as Ellen, for instance, or Aunt Louise.

He must content himself for the present with Aunt Louise. She was sitting directly opposite and he had an unobstructed view of



the widest part he had ever seen in woman's hair.

"Ogden Avenue," he said to himself.

Aunt Louise was telling about her experiences and Aunt Harriet's among the heathen of Peoria Street.

"You never would dream there were such people!" said she.

"I suppose most of them are foreign born," supposed her brother, who was Mr. McDonald.

"Practically all of them," said Aunt Louise.

**BILLY** wanted to ask her whether she had ever missionaried among the Indians. He thought possibly an attempt to scalp her had failed by a narrow margin.

Between courses, Edith worked hard to draw out his predicated comicality and Wilma worked as hard to make him sound his low notes. Their labors were in vain. He was not sleepy enough to be deep, and he was fourteen highballs shy of comedy.

In disgust, perhaps, at her failure to be amused, the major portion of the misdeal capsized her cocoa just before the close of the meal and drew a frown from her father, whom she could have thrown in ten minutes, straight falls, any style.

"She'll never miss that ounce," thought Billy.

When they got up from the table and started for the living room Mr. Bowen found himself walking beside Aunt Harriet, who had been so silent during dinner that he had all but forgotten her.

"Well, Miss McDonald," he said, "it's certainly a big family, isn't it?"

"Well, young man," said Aunt Harriet, "it ain't no small family, that's sure."

"I should say not," and Billy laughed pleasantly.

"It ain't no small family, either size or numbers," said Aunt Harriet.

"I should say not," repeated Billy.

Walter and his giggling crush intercepted him.

"What do you think of Aunt Harriet's grammar?" demanded Walter.

"I didn't notice it," lied Billy.

"No, I s'pose not. 'Ain't no small family.' I s'pose you didn't notice it. She isn't a real aunt like Aunt Louise and Aunt Mary. She's just an adopted aunt. She kept house for dad and Aunt Louise after their mother died, and when dad got married, she just kept living with Aunt Louise."

"Oh," was Billy's comment, and it brought forth a fresh supply of giggles from Kathryn.

**ELLEN** had already been made aware of Billy's disgusting plans. He had to catch a night train for St. Louis and he would be there all day to-morrow and he'd be back Friday, but he wouldn't have time to see her and he'd surely call her up. And Friday afternoon, he was going to South Bend to spend Christmas Day with his married sister, because it was probably the last Christmas he'd be able to spend with her.

"But I'll hustle home from South Bend Sunday morning," he said. "And don't you dare make any engagement for the afternoon." "I do wish you could be with us Christmas Eve. The tree won't be a bit of fun without you."

"You know I wish I could. But you see how it is."

"I think your sister's mean."

Billy didn't deny it.

"Who all will be here for the tree?" he inquired.

"Just the people we had to-night, except Kathryn and you. Why!"

"Oh, nothing," said Billy.

"Look here, sir," said his betrothed. "Don't you do anything foolish. You're not supposed to buy presents for the whole family. Just a little, tiny one for me, if you want to, but you mustn't spend much on it. And if you get anything for anyone else in this house, I'll be mad."

"I'd like to see you mad," said Billy.

"You'd wish you hadn't," Ellen retorted.

When Billy had gone, Ellen returned to the living-room and faced the assembled company.

"Well," she said, "now that you've all seen him, what's the verdict?"

The verdict seemed to be unanimously in his favor.

"But," said Bob, "I thought you said he was so screamingly funny."

"Yes," said Edith, "you told me that, too,"

"Give him a chance," said Ellen. "Wait till he's in a funny mood. You'll simply die laughing!"

**IT** is a compound fracture of the rules to have so important a character as Tommy Richards appear in only one chapter. But remember this isn't a regular story, but a simple statement of what occurred when it occurred. During Chapter Four, Tommy had been on his way home from the Pacific Coast, where business had kept him all fall. His business out there and what he said and did en route to Chicago are collateral.

Tommy had been Billy's pal at college. Tommy's home was in Minnesota and Billy was his most intimate, practically his only friend in the so-called metropolis of the Middle West. So Tommy, not knowing that Billy had gone to St. Louis, looked forward to a few pleasant hours with him between the time of the coast train's arrival and the Minnesota train's departure.

The coast train reached Chicago about noon. It was Thursday noon, the twenty-third. Tommy hustled from the station to Billy's office and there learned of the St. Louis trip. Disappointed, he roamed the streets a while and at length dropped into the downtown ticket office of his favorite Minnesota road. He was told that everything for that night was sold out. Big Christmas business. Tommy pondered.

"How about to-morrow night?" he inquired.

"I can give you a lower to-morrow night on the six-thirty," replied Leslie Painter, that being the clerk's name."

"I'll take it," said Tommy.

He did so, and the clerk took \$10.05

"I'll see old Bill after all," said Tommy.

Leslie Painter made no reply.

**I**N the afternoon, Tommy sat through a vaudeville show and at night he looped the loop. He retired early, for the next day promised to be a big one.

Billy got in from St. Louis at seven Friday morning and had been in his office an hour when Tommy appeared. I have no details of the meeting.

At half-past eight, Tommy suggested that they'd better get out and h'ist one.

"Still on it, eh!" said Billy.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I'm off of it."

"Good lord! For how long?"

"The last day of November."

"Too long! You look sick already."

"I feel great," averred Billy.

"Well, I don't. So come along and bathe in vichy."

On the way "along," Billy told Tommy about Ellen. Tommy's congratulations were physical and jarred Billy from head to heels.

"Good stuff", cried Tommy so loudly that three pedestrians jumped sideways, "Old Bill hooked! And do you think you're going to celebrate this occasion with water?"

"I think I am," was Billy's firm reply.

"You think you are! What odds?"

"A good lunch against a red-hot."

"You're on!" said Tommy. "And I'm going to be mighty hungry at one o'clock."

"You'll be hungry and alone."

"What's the idea? If you've got a lunch date with the future, I'm in on it."

"I haven't," said Billy. "But I'm going to South Bend on the one forty, and between now and then I have nothing to do but clean up my mail and buy a dozen Christmas presents."

They turned in somewhere.

"Don't you see the girl at all to-day?" asked Tommy.

"Not to-day. All I do is call her up."

"Well, then, if you get outside of a couple, who'll be hurt? Just for old time's sake."

"If you need money, I'll give it to you."

"No, no. That bet's off."

"It's not off. I won't call it off."

"Suit yourself," said Tommy graciously.

**A**T half-past nine, it was officially decided that Billy had lost his bet. At half-past twelve, Billy said it was time to pay it.

"I'm not hungry enough," said Tommy.

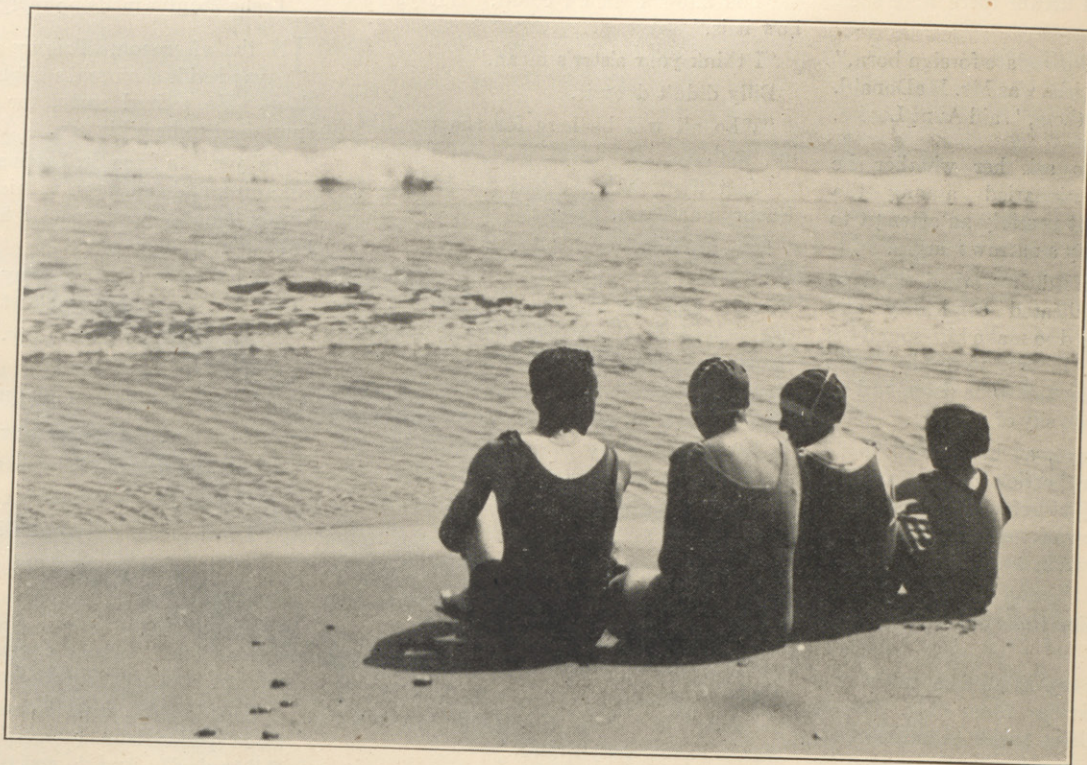
"Hungry or no hungry," said Billy, "I buy your lunch now or I don't buy it. See? Hungry or no hungry?"

"What's the hurry?" asked Tommy.

(Continued on Page 75)



THE WATER'S FINE!



—Photo Canadian National Railways

*While the snow flies, and the ice  
forms, and the cold wind sweeps,  
thoughts sometimes turn to summer  
— and a look at the photograph will  
help them turn ! How would you  
like to go for a dip ! The picture  
was taken at Lawrencetown, N. B.*



(Continued from Page 73)

"I guess you know what's the hurry. Me for South Bend on the one-forty and I got to go to the office first. Hurry or no hurry."

"Listen to reason, Bill. How are you going to eat lunch, go to the office, buy a dozen Christmas presents and catch the one-forty?"

"Christmas presents! I forgot 'em. What do you think of that? I forgot 'em. Good-night!"

"What are you going to do?"

"Do? What can I do? Send 'em the money instead of the presents I guess."

"That would be swell stuff."

"Well, what can I do? You got me into this mess. Get me out!"

"Sure, I'll get you out if you'll listen to reason!" said Tommy. "Has this one-forty train got anything on you? Are you under obligations to it? Is the engineer your girl's uncle?"

"I guess you know better than that. I guess you know I'm not engaged to a girl who's got an uncle for an engineer."

"Well, then, what's the next train?"

"That's the boy, Tommy! That fixes it! I'll go on the next train."

"You're sure there is one?" asked Tommy.

"Is one! Say, where do you think South Bend is? In Europe?"

"I wouldn't mind," said Tommy.

"South Bend's only a two hour run. Where did you think it was? Europe?"

"I don't care where it is. The question is, what's the next train after one-forty?"

"Maybe you think I don't know," said Billy. He called the gentleman with the apron. "What do you know about this, Charley? Here's an old pal of mine who thinks I don't know the time table to South Bend."

"He's mistaken, isn't he?" said Charley.

"Is he mistaken? Say, Charley, if you knew as much as I do about the time table to South Bend, you wouldn't be here."

"No, sir," said Charley, "I'd be an announcer over in the station."

"There!" said Billy triumphantly. "How's that Tommy? Do I know the time table, or don't I?"

"I guess you do," said Tommy. "But I don't think you ought to have secrets from an old friend."

"There's no secrets about it, Charley."

"My name is Tommy," corrected his friend.

"I know that. I know your name as well as my own, better'n my own. I know your name as well as I know the time table."

"If you'd just tell me the time of that train, we'd all be better off."

"I'll tell you, Tommy. I wouldn't hold out anything on you, old boy. It's five-twenty-five."

"Your'e sure?"

"Sure! Say, I've taken it a hundred times if I've taken it once."

"All right," said Tommy. "That fixes it. We'll go in and have lunch and be through by half-past one. That'll give you four hours to do your shopping, get to your office and make your train."

"Where you going while I shop?"

"Don't bother about me."

"You go along with me."

"Nothing doing."

"Yes, you do."

"No, I don't."

**B**UT this argument was won by Mr. Bowen. At ten minutes of three when they at last called for the check, Mr. Richards looked on the shopping expedition in an entirely different light. Two hours before, it had not appealed to him at all. Now, he could think of nothing that would afford more real entertainment. Mr. Richards was at a stage corresponding to Billy's twenty-one. Billy was far past it.

"What we better do," said Tommy, "is write down a list of all the people, so we won't forget anybody."

"That's stuff! said Billy. "I'll name 'em, you write em."

So Tommy produced a pencil and took dictation on the back of a menu card.

"First, girl's father, Sam'l McDonald."

"Samuel McDonald," repeated Tommy. "Maybe you'd better give me some dope on each one, so if we're shy of time, we can both be buying at once."

"All right," said Billy. "First, Sam'l McDonald. He's an ol' crab. Raves about Cigarettes."

"Like 'em?"

"No. Hates 'em."

"Samuel McDonald, cigarettes," wrote Tommy. "Old crab," he added.

When the important preliminary arrangement had at last been completed, the two old college chums went out into the air.

"Where do we shop?" asked Tommy.

"Marsh's," said Billy. "'S only place I got charge account."

"Maybe we better take a taxi and save time," suggested Tommy.

So they waited five minutes for a taxi and were driven to Marsh's, two blocks away.

"We'll start on the first floor and work up," said Tommy, who had evidently appointed himself captain.

They found themselves among the jewelry and silverware.

"You might get something for the girl here," suggested Tommy.

"Don't worry 'bout her," said Billy. "Leave her till las'."

"What's the limit on the others?"

"I don't care," said Billy. "Dollar, two dollars, three dollars."

"Well, come on," said Tommy. "We got to make it snappy."

But Billy hung back.

"Say, ol' boy," he wheedled. "You're my ol'st friend; is that right?"

"That's right," agreed Tommy.

"Well, say, ol' frien', I'm pretty near all in."

"Go home, then, if you want to. I can pull this all right alone."

"Nothin' doin'. But if I could just have li'l nap, ten, fifteen minutes—you could get couple things here on firs' floor and then come get me."

"Where?"

"Third floor waitin'-room."

"Go ahead. But wait a minute. Give me some of your cards. And will I have any trouble charging things?"

"Not a bit. Tell 'em you're me."

It was thus that Tommy Richards was left alone in a large store, with Billy Bowen's charge account, Billy Bowen's list and Billy Bowen's cards.

He glanced at the list.

"Samuel McDonald, cigarettes. Old Crab," he read.

He approached a floor-walker.

"Say, old pal," he said, "I'm doing some shopping and I'm in a big hurry. Where'd I find something for an old cigarette fiend?"

"Cigarette-cases, two aisles down and an aisle to your left," said Old Pal.

Tommy raised the limit on the cigarette-case he picked out for Samuel McDonald. It was \$3.75.

"I'll cut down somewhere else," he thought. "The father-in-law ought to be favored a little."

"Charge," he said in response to a query. "William Bowen, Bowen and Company, 18 South La Sale. And here's card for it. That go out tonight sure?"

He looked again at the list.

"Mrs. Samuel McDonald, bridge bug. Miss Harriet McDonald, reverse English. Miss Louise McDonald, thin hair. Miss Mary Carey, church stuff. Bob and wife. The Man who Married a Dumb Wife and gets mysteriously jealous. Walter McDonald real kid. Edith, fat lady. Wilma, a splinter."

He consulted Old Pal once more. Old Pal's advice was to go to the third floor and look over the books. The advice proved sound. On the third floor, Tommy found for Mother, "The First Principles of Auction Bridge," and for Aunt Harriet an English grammar. He also bumped into a counter laden with hymnals, chant books and books of common prayer.

"Aunt Mary!" he exclaimed. And to the clerk: "How much are your medium prayer books?"

"What denomination?" asked the clerk, whose name was Freda Swanson.

"What church I mean?" inquired Freda.

"How would I know?" said Tommy. "Are there different books for different churches?"

"Sure. Catholic, Presbyterian, Episcopal, Lutheran—"

"Let's see. McDonald, Carey. How much are the Catholic ones?"



"Here's one at a dollar and a half. In Latin, too."

"That's it. That'll give her something to work on."

Tommy figured on the back of his list.

"Good work, Tommy!" he thought. "Four and a half under the top limit for those three. Walter's next."

HE plunged on Walter. A nice poker set, discovered on the fourth floor, came to five even. Tommy wished he could keep it for himself. He also wished constantly that the woman shoppers had taken a course in dodging. He was almost as badly battered as the day he played guard against the Indians.

"Three left besides the queen herself," he observed. "Lord, no. I forgot Bob and his Missus."

He moved downstairs again to the books.

"Have you got 'The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife'?" he queried.

Anna Henderson looked, but could not find it.

"Never mind!" said Tommy. "Here's one that'll do."

And he ordered "The Green-eyed Monster" for the cooing doves in Evanston.

"Now," he figured, "there's just Wilma and Edith and Aunt Louise." Once more he started away from the books, but a title caught his eye: "Eat and Grow Thin."

"Great!" exclaimed Tommy. "It'll do for Edith. By George! It'll do for both of 'em. 'Eat' for Wilma, and the 'Grow Thin' for Edith. I guess that's doubling up some! And now for Aunt Louise."

The nearest floor-walker told him, in response to his query, that switches could be found on the second floor.

"I ought to have a switch engine to take me round," said Tommy, who never had felt better in his life. But the floor-walker did not laugh, possibly because he was tired.

"Have you anything to match it with?" asked the lady in the switch yard.

"No, I haven't."

"Can you give me an idea of the color?"

"What colors have you got?" demanded Tommy.

"Everything there is. I'll show them all to you, if you've got the time."

"Never mind," said Tommy. "What's your favorite color in hair?" The girl laughed.

"Golden," she said.

"You're satisfied aren't you?" said Tommy, for the girl had chosen the shade of her own shaggy mane. "All right, make it golden. And a merry Christmas to you."

He forgot to ask the price of switches. He added up the rest and found that the total was \$16.25.

"About seventy-five cents for the hair," he guessed. "That will make it seventeen even.

I'm some shopper. And all done in an hour and thirteen minutes."

He discovered Billy asleep in the waiting-room and it took him three precious minutes to bring him to.

"Everybody's fixed but the girl herself," he boasted. "I got books for most of 'em."

"Where you been?" asked Billy. "What time is it?"

"You've got about thirty-three minutes to get a present for your lady love and grab your train. You'll have to pass up the office."

"What time is it? Where you been?"

"Don't bother about that. Come on."

On the ride down, Billy begged everyone in the elevator to tell him the time, but no one seemed to know. Tommy hurried him out of the store and into a taxi.

"There's a flock of stores round the station," said Tommy. "You can find something there for the dame."

BUT the progress of the cab through the packed downtown streets was painfully slow and the station clock, when at last they got in sight of it, registered 5.17.

"You can't wait!" said Tommy. "Give me some money and tell me what to get."

Billy fumbled clumsily in seven pockets before he located his pocketbook. In it were two fives and a ten.

"I gotta have a feeve," he said.

"All right. I'll get something for fifteen. What'll it be?"

"Make it a wris' watch."

"Sure she has none?"

"She's got one. This's for other wris'."

"I used your last card. Have you got another?"

"Pocketbook?" said Billy.

Tommy hastily searched and found a card. He pushed Billy toward the station entrance.

"Good-by and Merry Christmas," said Tommy.

"Goo'-by and God bless you," said Billy, but he was talking to a large policeman.

"Where are trying to go?" asked the latter.

"Souise Ben," said Billy.

"Hurry up, then. You've only got a minute."

The minute and six more were spent in the purchase of a ticket. And when Billy reached the gate, the 5.25 had gone and the 5.30 was about to chase it.

"Where to?" inquired the gateman.

"Souise Ben," said Billy.

"Run then," said the gateman.

Billy ran. He ran to the first open vestibule of the Rock Island train, bound for St. Joe, Missouri.

"Where to?" asked a porter.

"Souise," said Billy.

"Ah can see that," said the porter. "But where you goin'?"

The train began to move and Billy, one foot dragging on the station platform, moved with it. The porter dexterously pulled him aboard. And he was allowed to ride to Englewood.

Walking down Van Buren Street, it suddenly occurred to the genial Mr. Richards that he would have to go some himself to get his baggage and catch the 6.30 for the north-west. He thought of it in front of a Van Buren jewelry shop. He stopped and went in.

THREE quarters of an hour later, a messenger-boy delivered a particularly ugly and frankly inexpensive wrist watch at the McDonald home. The parcel was addressed to Miss McDonald and the accompanying card read:

"Mr. Bowen: Call me up any night after seven. Calumet 2578. Miss Violet Moore."

There was no good will toward men in the McDonald home this Christmas. Ellen spent the day in bed and the orders were that she must not be disturbed.

Downstairs, one person smiled. It was Walter. He smiled in spite of the fact that his father had tossed his brand new five-dollar poker set into the open fireplace. He smiled in spite of the fact that he was not allowed to leave the house, not even to take Kathryn to church.

"Gee!" he thought, between smiles, "Billy sure had nerve."

Bob walked round among his relatives seeking to dispel the gloom with a remark that he thought apt and nifty.

"Be grateful," was the remark, "that he had one of his screamingly funny moods before it was too late."

But no one but Bob seemed to think much of the remark, and no one seemed grateful.

Those are the facts, and it was quite a job to dig them up. But I did it.

"You can't blame a man for not waiting upon the modern girl, when she can tell you as much about cars and sport and all, as you know yourself. But if I could find a little quiet girl who would leave men's affairs to me, and let me look after her. . . ."

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## Seventh Day Adventists for the Orient



Standing— left to right: Dr. H. W. Miller, Willis Miller, Ernest Hurd, H. P. Evans, Mrs. H. P. Evans, O. G. Erich, Mrs. O. G. Erich, Malcom P. Knowles, Mrs. Malcolm P. Knowles, Miss Ruth Stickney, Dr. D. E. Griggs, Mrs. D. E. Griggs, Frederick Lee, Professor Frederick Griggs. Seated— left to right: Mrs. Clara S. Hurd, Mrs. Frederick Lee, Mrs. Frederick Griggs, Mrs. Harry Miller, Miss Maud Miller, Mrs. Theodora Wangerin, Miss Dorothy Wangerin.

The above photograph of missionaries for the Orient was taken on board the Canadian Pacific Liner "Empress of Russia" which sailed from Vancouver recently. The growth of this movement has been very significant. In 1872 Seventh Day Adventists were practically confined to the United States and there were only 4,801 church members in that year; in 1923 they numbered 221,771. Their missionaries first proceeded to foreign lands in 1894 and today the work is conducted in 119 countries, by 8 division conferences, 54 union conferences, comprising 146 local conferences and 150 mission fields operating among a population estimated at over a billion and a quarter people, and employing 15,156 evangelistic and institutional laborers. They are using in their work 220 languages (publications being issued in 114) and connected with the movement are 234 institutions, representing, together with conference organizations, and 1954 church buildings, a total investment (up to the year 1922) of \$36,903,593.95, and an aggregate income annually for both evangelistic and institutional work of \$27,400,308.20.

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## Bethlehem of To-day

The Scene of the First Christmas

By SIDNEY DARK

JUDEA is a hilly, arid country. Jerusalem itself was originally a hill fort—an important strategic position in the days of primitive warfare—but its position, 2,500 feet above the sea, and many miles from the coast, must always have prevented it from having any real commercial importance. Indeed, it is one of the most suggestive facts of the Christian religion that the Almighty should have chosen as the scene for the drama of the Redemption a small, unattractive country, and a city that even two thousand years ago was of infinitely less material importance than many other cities of the ancient world.

Bethlehem is an hour's motor ride from Jerusalem. Thanks to British administration, the roads in Palestine are, on the whole, extremely good, though in that country of strange contrasts the motor is held up every mile or so by lethargic camels, not to be persuaded to move from the middle of the road.

The character of Judea makes anything like a complete system of railway communication impossible, and the camel is still largely employed as the patient, if not hectically rapid, means of transport. The railway station at Jerusalem is well outside the walls of the city, and by no means obtrusive. Somehow, railway trains seem out of place in the Holy Land—oddly, indeed, more out of place than the motor—and one rejoices that the railway does not touch Bethlehem, just as one rejoices that the British Government has prevented a Jewish syndicate from running tramways to the top of the Mount of Olives. On the road from Jerusalem to Beth-

lehem the traveller passes the Well of the Magi, where the Wise Men rested on their way to visit the young Child, and as one approaches the sacred village one sees the Field of the Shepherds, where the angel announced to the simple Judean peasants the birth of the Messiah.

### The Village of Bethlehem

Bethlehem is an entirely Christian village. No Moslem is permitted to live there, and this was the rule even during the centuries of Turkish domination. Many hard things have justifiably been said concerning Turkish rule, but the Turks faithfully carried out the

pledge to respect what to Christians are the holiest places on earth. The guardians of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem were—and still are—Moslems, but they see to it that Greeks and Latins enjoy their established rights of worship, and no Moslems were ever allowed to outrage the Christian traditions of Bethlehem and Nazareth by living in those villages.

Bethlehem is a large, prosperous village, strikingly clean by comparison with the Moslem villages with their higgledy-piggledy, evil-smelling hovels. In the streets surrounding the Church of the Nativity are a number of shops in which the visitor may buy rosaries made of mother-of-pearl and of olive kernels. The manufacture of mother-of-pearl ornaments and objects of devotion is Bethlehem's chief industry, though there are stone quarries in the immediate neighborhood. The people are attractive, though not perhaps quite so attractive as the Galileans whom I met afterwards in Nazareth and Cana and the lakeside villages. The Palestinian women on the whole are notably good-looking, and in this respect—as in so many others—the Christians are the superiors of the Moslems.

The women of Bethlehem wear dresses of black or dark blue cotton ornamented with embroidery and raised at the waist by a parti-colored sash. It seemed to me that these Bethlehem women possessed a certain distinctive dignity, as if they were impelled to be worthy of their good fortune in living in the village where the fairest of all mothers gave birth to the greatest of all sons.

### The Holy Grotto

It is to St. Helena, the English mother of Constantine the Great, that the Christian world owes the discovery and the first careful preservation of the Holy Places. It was

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St. Helena who caused excavations to be made in Jerusalem on the site where the Emperor Hadrian had built a temple to Venus and discovered first the True Cross and afterwards the place on Mount Calvary where it had been set up, and the Sepulchre of Our Lord. It was she, too, who at Bethlehem discovered the grotto where the Holy Child was born, there being no room for Him and His Mother in the inn.

Just as the great Basilica of the Holy Sepulchre has been built over the sacred spots in Jerusalem, so the similar Basilica of the Nativity has been built over the grotto where the Lord was born and where the shepherds and the wise men from the East bowed down and worshipped Him.

It was on a brilliant summer morning that I went first to Bethlehem, escaping with some relief from the glare of the hot sun into the cool calm of the Basilica. To reach the Grotto, which is below the upper end of the great church, you descend twelve steep, irregularly-cut steps.

## The Exact Place of Birth

The Grotto itself is about forty feet long and fifteen feet wide. It is brilliantly lighted and decorated with marble and tapestries. A Moslem sentry still stands at the foot of the steps, for it is still, alas! necessary to prevent the Greeks and the Latins from wrangling in the most sacred of all places.

On the right, as the pilgrim enters the Grotto, there is a marble slab, in the midst of which is a silver star that marks the exact spot where Our Lord was born of the Virgin Mary, and it is here that the pilgrim kneels to pray, kissing the marble and placing his rosary and relics for a second or two on the star. Opposite the star, on the other side of

the Grotto, is a small altar where stood the manger in which the Virgin placed her Babe—the crib reproduced in thousands of Christian Churches all over the world at every Christmastide.

There was a large number of pilgrims at Bethlehem on the morning that I paid my visit, and it was not possible for each individual to stay more than a short time in the Grotto; but, as one went back to the church by another steep flight of steps, one instinctively glanced back to recall again that wonderful December night, and to think what the Child's birth has meant to the world, for it was not only the beginning of the new religion that brought a new and a wider hope,

but it was also the beginning of Western civilisation.

British pilgrims have no rights of their own in the Basilica at Bethlehem, so we walked out through the cool aisles of the church to the paved garden of the Greek monastery, quietly, awed, thrilled. When the garden was reached and free expression could without offence be given to feelings, we began to sing together our familiar Christmas hymns on this hot May morning in Palestine.

## THIS EXTRAORDINARY DELAY

The Hebrew is depicted as regarding judicious insurance as a satisfactory short cut to wealth:

Silverman apparently believed in quick profits, for on a Monday he took out an insurance policy on his business premises, which were, unfortunately, burned to the ground on Wednesday.

The insurance company, after exhaustive efforts to find more than a coincidence in the matter, finally, and reluctantly, paid the claim. To relieve their feelings, however, they sent with the cheque this letter:

"Sir,—We beg to enclose cheque in payment of your claim, for which your acknowledgment will oblige. At the same time we cannot help but note that you insured your premises on the 20th inst. and the fire occurred on the 22nd. We shall be glad if it will not trouble you too much to know the reason for this extraordinary delay."

Silverman replied in kind:

"Dear Sirs,—I myself was annoyed at the delay. I intended to have the fire the night of the 20th. But on both that and the next night the night watchman was awake."

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## Tide of Christmas Traffic Flows East



1.—Typical Christmas scene in Montreal. 2.—Finish of Eastern Dog Derby in Quebec. 3.—Riding and Ski-ing in Winter.

Ever since that time, some years ago now, when the West was discovered by the East as the most likely place to amass a fortune in the briefest possible time, and the simple words, "Go West, young man!" were the best advice a parent could give a son; well, ever since that time, the young man who heeded the advice has been coming back East at least once a year, and that once is generally Christmas.

Perhaps the young man has amassed no great fortune; perhaps he has; and perhaps again he has fared rather ill; but in any event he usually finds that as Christmas draws near, recollections of his childhood, his Christmas stocking, the tree at home, the plum-pudding or the turkey and cranberries, constitute too powerful a memory to negate. And because these recollections are so potent, transportation companies operate special services to handle what they call the Christmas traffic.

This year the crop has been extremely good; money will be more free in the West than for some time past. The season's work is done and the Westerner will have lots of time on his hands. If he has few financial worries he may spend quite some time in the East; there is much to attract him. There is the social life in the big hotels, where all is luxurious comfort; winter sports such as hockey, skiing, skating, sleigh riding and tobogganing to indulge in, or to watch, if he so prefers, the round of the theatres to make, where he will hear the tunes that will be popular for the year, or see the plays that will be discussed at most civilized dinner tables;

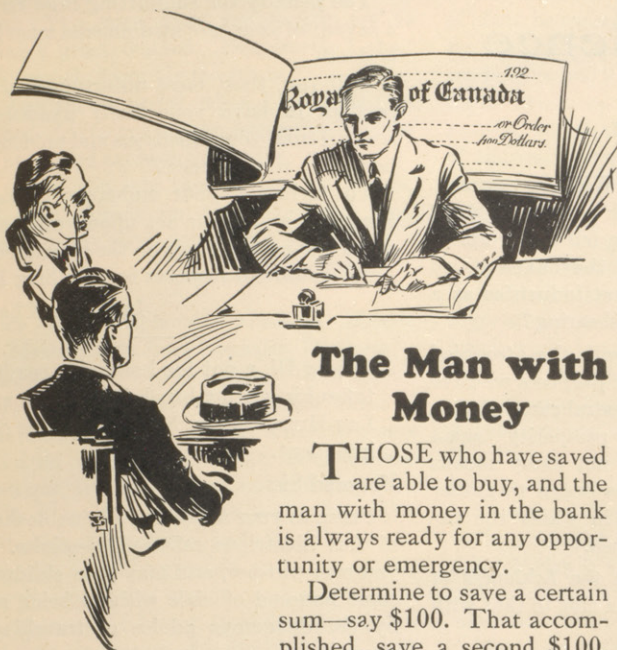
and if he has brought friend wife, there are the shops to visit, though many a man has found this a costly pastime, more so perhaps, than poker or the races.

However, from every angle, the season in the East is rich and pleasant. That side of the continent is a magnet for holiday seekers and it is at that particular time that the ancient provinces reclaim their sons, if only for the briefest of visits. This year it will have visitors galore.

The Canadian Pacific Railway announce that many inquiries and requests for reservations have already been made at their agencies throughout western Canada. This would indicate the likelihood of a huge volume of traffic moving in an easterly direction this December. A portion of it will no doubt move straight through to the British Isles and the Continent, as many settlers are originally from those places. The Canadian Pacific will run special trains from all western centres, connecting directly with their Atlantic liners, sailing from the winter port of Saint John, N.B., to all the larger ports in northern Europe.

But the great portion of the traffic will be pointed for Eastern Canada and the company will facilitate its movement by offering special train services and special tourist cars that will obviate the necessity of change at any point along the route, and further than this, special excursion rates will be given. These conditions will prevail from December 5th to January 5th, and will be effective from all stations in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.





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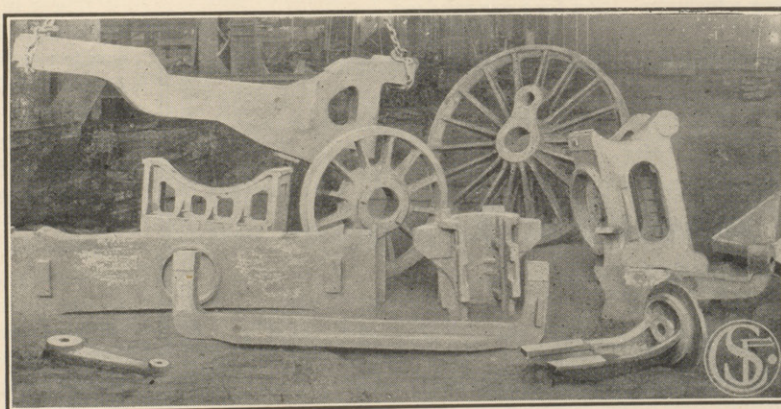
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# Smokehouse Correspondence

Foreign Edition

By HARRY E. FLANAGAN

Missive from Lau Hung Chang, Most Honorable Superintendent to Sing Hi, a not too Honorable Conductor.

Esteemed Sir:

A pale moon shines down from its celestial heights, oh, most absent-minded of servants. The east wind moans in the bamboos, and the mournful cry of a night bird I can hear, as it wings its way over the rice fields.

In melancholy loneliness, I peruse a document penned by Sun Yat, who tells me of matters which add nothing to my serenity, and which causes great pain to engulf my heart.

This document, oh, most forgetful of men, concerns you, and convinces me that you have been too prone to follow the roads of those foreigners who worship at the altar of Mammon.

On all sides we are beset by these strangers who exploit our beloved country. While the years pass in the inevitable procession of Time our peoples become poorer and poorer. Persons from other lands, meanwhile, wax fatter and fatter, even as the pig who is soon destined to assume his customary place at the banquet board.

A few years ago, it seemed that our lot might grow into something which might have brought great contentment. Our hair net industry was assuming massive proportions. My agents in America told me that it was not at all unusual for a woman of that land to have a new hair net for each day in the week. Very suddenly there came about a great change. The women, through some strange transformation, became something which my

advisors called flappers. Without warning, they began to cut their hair and the flapper's tresses, like autumn leaves, fell fluttering.

Need I remind you of the havoc which befell amongst our hair net industries as a result of this unwomanly shearing?

And then, Oh, person with the atrophied memory, for retrenchment purposes we gave to those foreigners our ancestral game of Mah Jongg. For a period, prosperity again descended upon us. But not many moons had passed before cobwebs began to gather in those of our buildings in which the entrancing tiles were fabricated.

Again we suffered from the fickleness of foreign devils, who flit from this to that with a puzzling hastiness.

So, heavy with weariness, and with disillusionment stalking around me, I again return to the missive of Sun Yat.

Not long since, Sun Yat, through his august eyes, while engaged in his ordained occupation, observed that you collected many taels from Lung Fat, the jade merchant, when he recently journeyed from Shanghai to Pekin.

Listen to me, Oh, man of the Orient: do you not know that we, too, retain servants to determine whether or not our stream of silver is being diverted into improper channels?

Sun Yat has written that the proffered taels of Sing Fat, dealer in jade, have been withheld from our expectant coffer.

Sorrow descends upon me, Oh, disciple of the Occident, as I invite you to make reparation for your misdeed.

The penalty for submitting brief fares, as a savant of your rare attainments must know, is death.

Will you, then, most unfortunate of men, prepare to have your finely molded head severed from your illustrious and unblemished body two weeks hence?

To facilitate your unhappy demise, it would be a gracious act upon your part, to don a low-necked tunic on the appointed day.

My profound respects to you, Sing Hi.

Lau Hung Chang.

And Sing Hi, a not too honorable conductor, takes his writing brush in hand, to answer Lau Hung Chang, Most Honorable Superintendent.

Honored Sir:

Peace to your ancestors, Oh, noble director of this illustrious railway's destinies. May you ever prosper, and may your children become honored officials without being misled by the dangerous advice of travelling foreigners.

When the moon was in its first quarter, most admirable of masters, an American, bound for Pekin, whispered into my unwilling, but always courteous, ear, that he, too, was once a railway conductor—in the country which lies across the wide expanse of the ocean.

"Brother," he said to me, although this was news of a startling nature to one who has had the proper reverence for his ancestors, "are you conversant with your petroleum?"

"I dwell in the outer darkness, I fear," was my reply.

"Hearken to me," he intoned. "I shall tell you something, which, if practiced in a not too unconventional manner, will add silver linings to your honorable but poverty stricken pockets.

"There is a way to decide all things, even the ownership of taels, which are handed to you to pay for a ride over this railway, which, in my opinion, leaves much to be desired. When such a piece of money falls into your hands, there is sometimes a grievous doubt to whom it belongs. Therefore, a man, when he is thus troubled in mind, tosses the coin in the air. If it sticks to the ceiling, it is just possible that it belongs to the company for which you toil. But if the coin adheres not to the ceiling, then your presumption in claiming it as your own is not to be disputed."

For days, oh, most competent of executives, I revolved this strange advice in my mind. Troubled in spirit, yet desirous of adding to my knowledge, I arrived at the point where I must either prove or disprove the stranger's most remarkable theory.

So at last came the day when Lung Fat pressed certain pieces of silver into my palm, to afford me the opportunity of making the ill advised test, which is to have, so it seems, a disastrous ending.

It is true that I tossed the proffered taels of the seller of jade into the air, and found that not one of these coins cleaved to the roof. "I have met a man of great wisdom," I thought, not knowing that Sun Yat was

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watching me with glittering and suspicious eyes. "This man from across the sea is indeed a great teacher. Henceforth I shall profit greatly from his teachings."

I, too, am sorrowful, when I find that this method of determining the ownership of coins has not found favor in your eyes.

I salute you, oh, most lenient of judges, and shall appear on the appointed day, dressed in my most convenient tunic.

Sing Hi.

Letter from Alphonso Madero, Master Mechanic, to Juan Gonzales, Engineer.

Dear Senor:

My friend, you are the greatest killer of bulls in all this world. Hardly a month passes that I do not hear that Juan Gonzales has killed one, two, or perhaps more, bulls.

Yes, it comes to be mentioned in the cafes of Madrid, of Barcelona, and along the streets of Seville, that the greatest matadors writhe in envy, when your name is spoken.

Yet, my good friend, it is at our expense that your reputation of a demolisher of bulls is being enhanced. In your desire to kill, you forget the grievous injuries to our engines.

That an occasional bull should be killed by a train, why that is to be expected. But the number you have dispatched has been appalling.

You will, then, in the future, proceed with your train at such a speed that bulls grazing along the right of way may live to experience the tranquility which comes with old age.

Alphonso Madero.

Letter from Jaun Gonzales, Engineer, to Alphonso Madero, Master Mechanic.

Dear Senor:

The senor intimates that I chase into the field to bring the bulls of Spain to earth. It is not so. Never has this occurred.

Always it has been those bulls which have wandered on to the track, to dispute the right of passage.

Would you, my dear senor, desire that I cause the train to retreat, when one of these ferocious animals plants itself in the middle of the track, and then, with a snort, rushes headlong to the attack?

Consider the odium, my dear senor, which would descend upon us, if it were learned that a bull had successfully challenged our right of passage.

No, no, senor, I beg of you that we be allowed to remove these ugly-tempered brutes in a fitting manner, even if an engine is sometimes damaged.

A bull, I might say, even when aged, never comes to enjoy that which you call tranquility.

Juan Gonzales.

Letter from Pedro Panatella, Superintendent, to Jose Manuel, Chief Dispatcher.

Dear Senor:

No one, my dear senor, has a stronger inclination than I to prolong my siesta, to witness the stirring spectacle of the bull fight, or to view the flashing eyes of the senioritas as they saunter gracefully through the plaza.

But then, my friend, there are the realities of life to be considered. The world moves, and we must keep apace. Always, it has been our mode to move, if at all, at a gait far removed from briskness. Consequently, my compatriot, we are thought of as a people devoid of aggressiveness—commercially speaking, of course. Often, I have heard our country referred to as "the slow motion nation". A very humiliating thought, is it not?

It is my intention to stir this division of the Tamale Continental Railway from its lethargic stupor, to transform it into a railway of humming industry.

Let us, then, by our efforts point to a sluggish Mexico the way out. Let us stir ourselves from our coma, to show the world that the Tamale Railway is indeed a carrier of torrid activity.

I am depending upon you, my dear friend, to do your part in this program of rejuvenation. Yours is the task to see to it that all trains are hurried over the division with minimum delay.

May I expect your co-operation in ushering in this new era of efficiency?

Sincerely yours,

Pedro Panatella.

Letter from Jose Manuel, Chief Dispatcher, to Pedro Panatella, Superintendent.

My Dear Senor:

My soul revolts as I contemplate your program of briskness and efficiency. Never shall I emulate our athletic vegetable, the jumping bean.

I resign, Jose Manuel.

Letter from Armand Fromage, Engineer, to Jules Cafe Au Lait, Master Mechanic.

Cher Monsieur:

France, it is the artist among nations, is it not, my confrere?

Yet, although we enjoy that admirable reputation, I find that in operating our rail-

ways we are sadly deficient in utilizing artistic impulses. Yes, it is so, my friend. Look upon that which goes on, when we are making the switch of the cars. There, we drift away from the things subtle, the method charming.

Whereas the switchmasters of other countries convey their signals to the engineer with graceful gestures of the arm, we of France make known the approaching move, by a blast of a fishmonger's horn. Never, my friend, has a more graceless method of communication been adopted. If from the instrument came notes that outraged not the ear drums, the practice would not be so odious.

Do you not think, my dear sir, that it would be a fitting thing for our railways to substitute a suite or system of suitable wavings, to displace the raucous blasts of a wind instrument?

I salute you,

Armand Fromage.

Letter from Jules Cafe Au Lait, Master Mechanic, to Armand Fromage, Engineer.

Cher Monsieur:

Often we have considered something which would supersede the horn of the jarring notes. But always we have failed to find something which would displace the horn, and, at the same time, leave our railway intact.

The Frenchman, as you know, is much given to the use of gestures in discourse. That being so, utilizing them for the signals would indeed be confusing. We should, it occurs to me, have wagon de lits and other stock which rolls, in various states of wreckage with such a system of signalling.

Of a certainty,

Jules Cafe Au Vait.

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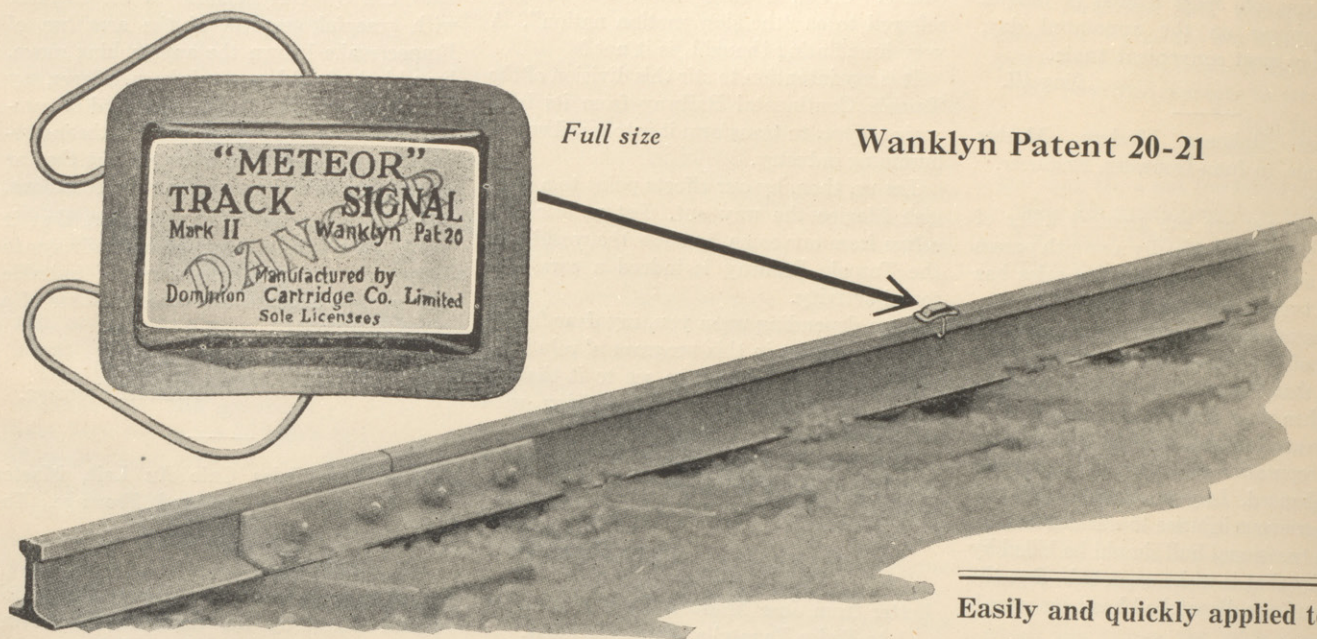
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## Character Building

By E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

THE importance of character formation is responsible for an extraordinary amount of muddled thinking and useless advice.

It is, for instance, a nonsensical idea that men can be made decent, efficient, and good by sermons, lessons and good resolutions.

It is a very common error to assume that there is some mysterious influence in such things that operates mechanically in effecting a miraculous change.

If we were pure "thought machines," such things would be all right. Unfortunately, we all find it easier to act than to think.

Character is simply the connections we make between our mental states and our acts. People who pin their faith to sermons, moral precepts, and the like forget that the only way to have these connections is to manufacture them deliberately.

A man's character cannot be made for him. His fate lies in his own hands.

The only cure for laziness, for example, is the concrete act of work. Laziness and industry are both habits. It is entirely in our own hands whether we form the one or the other.

You cannot make a liar tell the truth by preaching at him. He must form the habit of telling the truth.

We can only become efficient by behaving efficiently.

All this is linked up with the question of self-control and will-power.

Meanwhile there are one or two broad principles we can lay down.

Energy used in guiding and restraining conduct is more valuable than "hustle" for its own sake.

There is no virtue in doing something merely because it is hard: effort for its own sake is wasted energy.

Lastly, "thought before action" is a golden rule.

### PERSONALITY—WHAT IS IT?

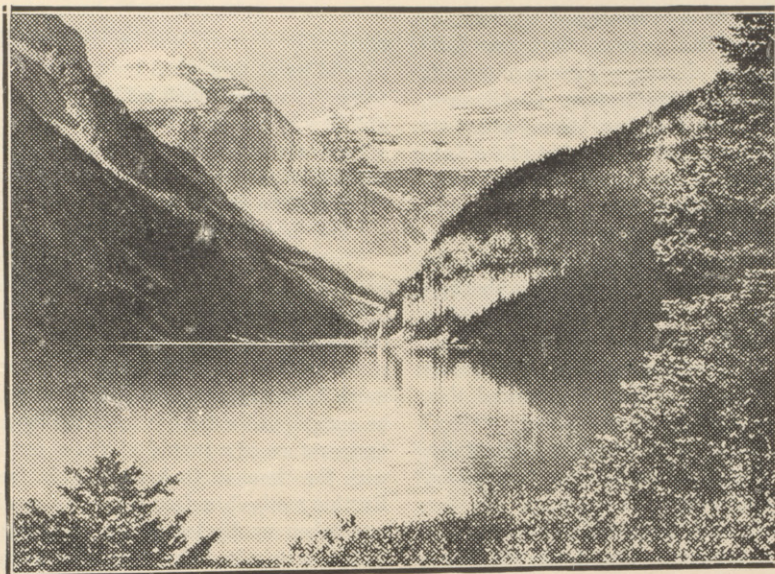
MAY is very beautiful and Dolly is plain," said my friend, in answer to a query about two cousins grown up during a prolonged absence; "but there's something about Dolly—something indefinable, like bottled springtime. . . ."

"Personality?" I suggested.

She nodded. "Isn't it strange how often the girl with a wide mouth and a poor skin more truly masters the essentials of attraction than the beauty?"

My friend did not really think it strange. To her it was merely an equalizing law, the provision of Dolly with a personality in lieu of good looks.

## A Poet in the Mountains



From the pen of Michael Hargadon, of Montreal, a true and authentic poet, says J. B. Dollard in the "Catholic Register", comes this pretty volume "Among the Mountains," containing seven beautiful poems on the Canadian Rockies. Titles of the poems are: "Banff," "Lake Louise," "Moraine Lake," "Emerald Lake," "Glacier," "Waterfall," and "Camp Song." Above illustration is of Lake Louise in the Canadian Rockies.

What better description, for instance, could be given of Lake Louise than the following stanza, taken at random from the poem of that name: "In oval framing of the fairest hue And best designing that the maker knew,  
This Lake is God's best picture;  
that is why  
He hung it on the mountains at the sky;  
He wished it near, that sometimes  
He might show  
The saints above His masterpiece below."

Here is the concluding stanza from a poem on Banff:  
There is no grander place to live,  
And when through death we go,  
It would be sweet if we could come  
To dwell along the Bow.  
With all the luxuries of earth  
And much that heaven supplies.

What more than Banff would one require  
To make a paradise?

A poem on a waterfall contains these lines:

Never old your music ringing  
Since the earth was planned,  
Moving always to the swinging  
Of the mighty master wand  
In the Great Conductor's hand.

Pleasantly, too, does the poet enumerate other topographical charms of the Canadian Rockies, and the names bear with them an alluring music peculiarly their own: "Who could forget the Baloo Pass, Asulkan Valley view;  
The Overlook, the Cougar Vale  
The caves of Nakimu,  
The Cascade Summer House, the creeks,  
That singing, leaping go;  
And fairylands we see afoot,  
On horse, or tally-ho."

Sixteen beautifully coloured prints of superb mountain scenery accompany the text of this lovely booklet. It makes an appropriate gift for Christmas or indeed any time, and will be treasured by all lovers of the Canadian Rocky Mountains.

"Among the Mountains," by Michael Hargadon, is published by the Southam Press, 1070 Bleury St. Montreal. Price 50 cents.

Although personality is the antithesis of affectation, affectation showily disguised may often pass muster among people who confuse being "different" with being acutely individual, for strong personalities move through everyday life.

We pay enormous tribute to a dominant personality in saying that, "There's something so restful, so infinitely soothing," about the woman who can exor-

cise our demons of depression by her exquisite mental balance.

Those ordinary, ungifted people who make an enviable thing of their "ordinariness" are personalities and have mastered the art of being themselves, of remaining ordinary against any background, however sharply contrasted or calculated to absorb their neutrality.

All are personalities on the stage of life, although many fail to realize it.



# Experiments in Science

By FREDERICK J. PRIOR, M.E.

SOMEWHERE about the year 1760 Dr. Joseph Black, a famous physicist, was a university lecturer at Glasgow, Scotland. Up to that time scientists and philosophers had held heat to be a fluid and had given it the name "caloric". Dr. Black, Sir Humphrey Davy and Cavendish questioned the correctness of this theory. Dr. Black spent most of his time studying the properties of heat and observing its phenomena, noticing, among other things, that a piece of ice was colder than a piece of wood, both being in air of equal temperature. Many scientists before him had also noticed this, but he was the first to ask himself "Why" and then answer the question successfully, thus contributing a most important discovery to modern science.

Dr. Black, and the others mentioned, had proved beyond doubt that heat was not a fluid, but a species of motion among molecules. So he applied this to his then unproved conception of insensible heat, holding that neither the ice nor the wood had any properties of heat itself. He argued that each differed in the amount of heat it absorbed before there was established among its molecules enough motion to make it show differing temperatures, meaning that it was easier to overcome the force of cohesion in the wood than in the ice.

THE amount of heat thus absorbed without making any sensible rise in temperature he called "latent heat", a theory which he was able to demonstrate by a very interesting method. He observed that wood took but little heat from his hand before becoming

noticeably warmer, but ice continued to feel as cold as at first until long after it had all turned to water, which led him to ask: Where did all this heat go? Why wasn't the temperature of the ice raised as readily as that of the water? Was this heat lost? He thought it must still be in the water, so he decided to try and find it.

First, he made a comparison of the time needed to raise a pound of water one degree in temperature from the freezing point with the time it took to melt a pound of ice, both receiving heat equally fast. To find how much heat was given off during congelation, he compared the time it took to depress the temperature of a pound of water one degree with the time it took to entirely freeze it. By this method he found that as much heat was taken up by ice during the melting as would have raised the water 140 degrees F., while on the other hand, exactly the same quantity of heat was given off during the freezing of the water.

THIS discovery led him to make observations in other directions. But for the purpose of this article it is impracticable to go into all the details which accompanied and followed his experiments before his theory became a scientific fact. He clearly demonstrated that heat given to a substance and warming it is sensible heat, while heat given to a substance without warming it is latent or potential heat.

Black's experiments proved that a given amount of heat was needed to convert a unit mass of ice into water. He reasoned that the same would be true in the converting of

a unit mass of water into steam. Subsequent experiments proved it to be a fact, the number of British thermal units in the latter case being 966F. Therein lies the tremendous value to the world of Dr. Black's discovery.

AMONG the students who listened to Dr. Black's lectures was a young man named James Watt. While the lecturer was explaining his theory of latent heat, he was laying in the brain of young Watt the foundation of the great practical use of steam.

When, later, Watt devoted himself to the study of Newcomen's crude pump he worked with all the advantage of a drilled scientific observer. He studied condensation and made practical application of the latent heat theory in calculating steam production and its application to the driving of an engine. Knowing there was such a thing as latent heat he understood why steam never rose above a temperature of 212 degrees Fahrenheit, and that it took 966 British thermal units to keep the water in gaseous state. In consequence he made marvellous strides in perfecting the first steam engine and in getting from steam a degree of power that had not before been dreamed of.

Thanks, primarily, to Dr. Black's discovery, it is now comparatively easy to find the amount of heat taken from, or added to water. We do it by means of the thermometer and weighing scales. First of all we must know what a unit of heat is, because by means of it we do the measuring. A unit of heat is termed a British thermal unit. We cannot see it any more than we can see a horsepower of energy.

A BRITISH thermal heat unit is the amount of heat needed to raise a pound of pure water just exactly one degree in temperature. To do exact work the average between freezing and boiling (32 degrees and 212 degrees) is taken. The thermal value of fuels is found by measuring the number of heat units they contain. The heating value of all fuels is found by the amount of the elements of carbon and hydrogen they possess, either alone, together, or in combination.

In the same way we determine hot or cold by degrees on the Fahrenheit scale. A vessel of water at 50 degrees Fahrenheit, placed over a flame, soon has its temperature raised to 200 degrees. Remove the flame and the temperature begins to drop because radiation to the surrounding air robs the water of some of the heat the flame gave it. To keep the vessel of water at 200 degrees all day we must add heat to it many times. This shows that while temperature measures the degree of heat it does not measure the amount. If we accurately weigh a pound of water, and put the flame under it a hundred times during the day, to raise the temperature to two hundred degrees each time it drops ten

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degrees, we add one hundred times ten, or 1,000 heat units.

THE amount of heat added to water can be determined by weighing the water and observing on a thermometer its increase in temperature, but when it reaches the boiling point and changes to steam, the thermometer does not show the heat being added, because the temperature does not rise. Water boils at 212 degrees in the open air at ordinary altitudes (height above the sea level) and the steam coming from it is also 212 degrees temperature. It takes a lot of heat to change all or a pan of water into steam, even after it has begun to boil, and this heat used to change water into steam which does not raise the temperature of either, is the latent heat of steam.

This latent, hidden, or potential heat is the chief source of heat in an exhaust steam feed-water heater. The heat actually is in the steam, although the temperature is no higher. It is all given up again when the steam is changed back to water.

This heat is larger in amount than might be expected. We can better appreciate this by an example: Let us suppose there is a pound of water in an open vessel having a temperature of 50 degrees. Heat is applied to it, and its temperature is raised to 212 degrees, being an increase of 162 degrees. This took about 162 British thermal units. We continue the heating until the water boils and changes into steam, and we find that it takes about 966 British thermal units to change the pound of water to steam after it has begun to boil. So in this pound of steam there is 162 plus 966, or 1128 British thermal units, of which nearly 86 per cent is latent heat.

THIS steam if discharged through a pipe surrounded by cool water is condensed and heats the surrounding water, although the steam on entering was at 212 degree temperature and the condensed steam coming from the pipe may have been 210 degrees or 211 degrees. If ten pounds of water surround the pipe through which a pound of steam passes, it all will be raised about 97 degrees by the latent heat given up as the steam changes back to water. This is exactly what a feed-water heater does.

Another point about heat and water in relation to feed water heaters, is that the boiling point or temperature at which water begins to change into steam is different with different pressures on the water. In an open vessel, it is about 212 degrees. At ten pounds pressure it boils at 240 degrees, but in a boiler under a pressure of two hundred pounds the water does not begin to boil or change into steam until it reaches a temperature of 388 degrees.

Think, for a moment, what happens in a locomotive boiler; take the case of a boiler under 200 pounds pressure, but without a superheater. The water in the tank is 60 degrees temperature. Assume one pound of this water is put into the boiler. If put in by an injector, it will be heated by the steam which forces it in, but this steam comes from the same boiler into which the water is entering.

There is no gain in heat and so far as the heat in the whole boiler is concerned it is the same as if the water were introduced at the tank temperature.

Therefore, we will say a pound of water at 60 degrees temperature is put into the boiler. The heat from the coal heats this water from 60 to 388 degrees, when it begins to boil and changes to steam. Further heat continues the boiling until it is all changed. Steam tables showing the number of British thermal units in water and steam under all conditions of temperature and pressure show us that 1171 British thermal units were needed to change this pound of water at 60 degrees into steam at 200 pounds pressure. This steam goes to the cylinders, expands, and does the work of driving the locomotive. It is exhausted at, say, ten pounds pressure and goes up the stack to the atmosphere.

STEAM at ten pounds pressure has 1132 British thermal units in every pound. In other words, of the 1171 British thermal units that entered the cylinders with the steam (which was of course supplied by the fuel) 1132 came out in the exhaust and only 39 were transformed into work. An amazing loss! Yes, but just the same it occurs when steam, not water, is exhausted, because none of the latent heat is used in the cylinders. Unless held and used in some way it is a dead loss. But by employing feed-water heaters a portion is used to good purpose. We have seen how the latent heat from just one pound of coal will heat ten pounds of water by nearly a hundred degrees. With a feed-water heater all the water used in a locomotive boiler can be made just as hot as it is possible for the exhaust steam to make it. This, however, does not need all of the exhaust, usually only about 12 to 16 per cent—depending upon the coldness of the water contained in the tank. The remaining exhaust steam is ample for creating the necessary draft.

Water can, in this way, be heated from 60 degrees to 220 degrees with a back pressure of five pounds, by using this hidden, or latent heat, instead of fuel.

MR. BLACK'S discovery, like all our wonderful discoveries, is but an application of one of the beneficent laws of nature. This latent heat of water, coupled with the wonderful fact that water expands—and thus becomes lighter—immediately before freezing, is what prevents our lakes and rivers from being frozen solid during winter. In this particular, water departs from a general rule in physics and expands with cold. So, while the temperature of ice is at zero, Centigrade, the water below is four degrees above this, or the freezing point.

The discovery of latent heat also disclosed the secret of our temperate zone. It uncovered the mystery, proving that but for latent heat our winters would be as severe as those of the Arctic circle, and the heat of our summers would not be enough to melt the ice and snow formed during the winter. If snow immediately rose in temperature, the result would be such a flooding that life and property would be in imminent danger. And if water at once fell in temperature, it would become all ice and there would be no life in the lakes and rivers, and little if any water would be produced when the sun's rays played on this congealed element.

Herein the reflective reader may find food for thought, because it goes to prove that the Creator must have invented or created latent heat which alone makes the steam engine and even life itself, as we know it, possible. Black's discovery did more than enrich science. It lifted a corner of the curtain that veils the unseen and gave us a fleeting glimpse of the Creator's wonderful planning.

Do what you can where you are with what you have.

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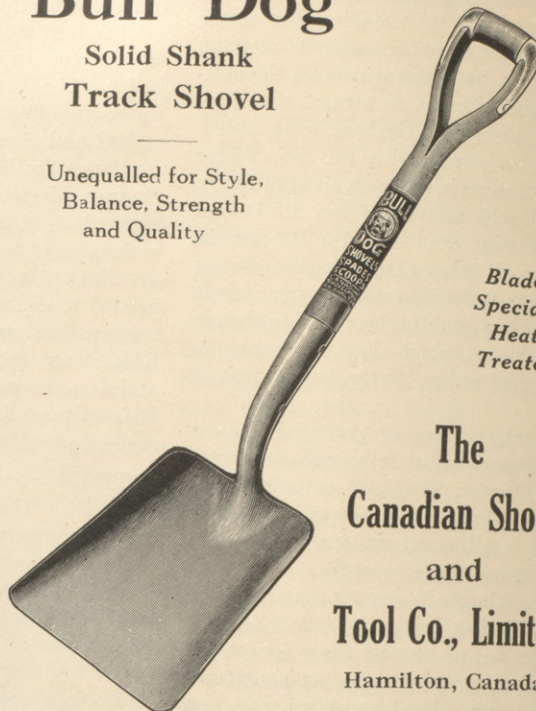
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## Believes Prohibition Mistake and Failure

THE most profitable time for discussing an experiment is after it has been performed, not before," observes Dr. Charles Platt, and he forthwith proceeds to discuss the experiment of prohibition in *The Nation*. Dr. Platt is opposed to prohibition, but has an open mind as to whether it might not be a good thing if it were possible to abolish all alcohol from the face of the earth. He speaks of the present attitude of millions of Americans toward the law, and says, "That a law must be obeyed is beyond question—that is a matter solely of common sense. But the legal enactments, it must be remembered, are laws only by courtesy. Laws are not made. the best man can do is to discover them." He says further that if resistance to law is always immoral, we have been sadly in error, for the early patriots whom all Americans have been taught to admire were wrong. It is obviously ridiculous for one to urge obedience for a law and at the same time urge that it should be abolished. Experience has shown that the most effective way of getting rid of a bad law is to refuse to pay it respect.

The right to choose one's own diet if of all liberties the most personal, and, as Chesterton says, to deny this liberty and respect any other liberty is like "forbidding legs and elaborately forbidding trousers." It is of course a good principle of social government to sink the desires of the few in the good of the group, but as regards prohibition, it is the many who have derived benefits from alcohol, or at least have derived no special harm from it, who are to give way for the sake of the few who have been injured by it. He quotes pertinently from the writings of Oliver Cromwell, who certainly was no roisterer and no mainstay of saloons. Cromwell wrote, "Your pretended fear lest error should step in is like the man who would keep all wine out of the country lest men should get drunk." And again, "It will be found an unjust and unwise jealousy to deprive a man of his natural liberty upon a supposition he may abuse it."

### Volstead Absurdities.

Dr. Platt says that in the passing of the Volstead Act the picture was presented of a body of learned and honorable politicians deciding a physiological truth by ballot, and he asks if it would be right to decide by ballot whether influenza is contagious? Writing as a chemist and physician, he would say that

technical knowledge was necessary to determine just what is an intoxicating beverage, and he denies that the passing of a law declaring any liquor intoxicating which contains more than one-half of one per cent. alcohol does not make it so. Of the Volstead Act itself and the various state laws enacted to support it he says what Anacharsis, the friend of Solon, said of law in general—that it is like a spider's web; it catches the weak, the strong break through. Increasing the penalties will not, he thinks, accomplish very much, for he notes that in the reign of Henry VIII 12,060 petty thieves and vagabonds were hanged without affecting seriously either occupation.

That over-indulgence in alcohol is harmful he does not deny, but he thinks that the menace on this score was not excessive. Of the 3,500,000 men examined for the American army in the World War not one in a thousand was an alcoholic. Of the mental defectives in the army only nine per cent. had a history of intemperance, and of the defectives 40 per cent. were abstainers, which is a larger proportion of abstainers than existed among the normal. Many inmates of institutions have been users of alcohol, but the writer says that alcohol has rarely placed them there. The alcohol is merely a symptom. While it is true that guinea pigs fed for long periods on alcohol show many evidences of poisoning, it is probably true that if a

guinea pig is fed solely on ice cream soda it will not live to have any posterity. He quotes an authority who says that if one examines the history of races the fact appears that the stronger nations have always been the largest consumers of alcohol. To this of course, the prohibitionist retort is that it is their strength which enables them to stand it.

### The Glass of Beer.

Dr. Platt quotes R. G. MacRobert in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, who says that alcoholism is a sign of something but by no means necessarily a cause of anything, and continues:—

"It is a sign of craving for rest and relaxation; it is a sign of craving for an escape from the realities of life. It is a sort of Grimm's fairy tale or motion-picture comedy for the adult whose nerves have gone wrong. It has saved many a man from collapse, and it has saved society from many an anti-social outburst. A tired man is an irritable man, and rest to him, in the time available, may be impossible. He may be too tired to eat and too tired to sleep—and then steps in alcohol. It is not the alcohol that rests, but the nerves of the man are standing in the way of his rest, and it is the alcohol which releases these taut nerves and makes rest possible. The over-tired laborer is no blessing to the home but a glass of beer may change him. 'Yes,' some will cry, 'it will probably make him drunk.' But putting aside this optimistic, congressional estimate of the potency of beer there is still this to be thought of—the man who got drunk in the old days is still getting drunk today. . . . The only difference is that drunkenness now costs more and lasts longer."

"Count," said a charming stall-holder at a charity bazaar to a foreign Count, "won't you buy this rose? It is only one guinea." "I am very sorry," said the Count, with a courtly bow, "but ze price is a little too high." The lady kissed the rose. "And now, Count, will you buy it?" "No, madam," he said, with a still deeper bow; "now ze rose is priceless!"

Byron and Beaconsfield died on the same day of the same month, April 19th. Byron was the idol of Disraeli's youth.

We should never remember the benefits we have conferred, nor forget the favors received.

Life's deepest thrills and its greatest surprises are found in the path of duty.



### Announcing

A NEW ADDITION to the Queen's ready for occupancy about May 1st. It will contain every comfort and convenience for the railroad man including enlarged lobby facilities. Grill Room, Cafeteria, banquet rooms, and over a hundred new, luxurious bedrooms.



## Winter Time is Carnival Time in Banff



**B**anff in winter time is fairyland. Shafts of the sun strike the white snow-covered mountains and valleys of the Canadian Rockies, changing them into a landscape of flashing iridescence. Colors — blue, red, green and purple — dance over the scene, as gaily costumed devotees of the snow shoe, the skate and the ski move in the pastel of the great outdoors.

Fancy skaters swing gracefully into intricate figures on the rinks. Ski jumpers thrill the spectators with their marvellous leaps through the air from the ski jump on the top of a nearby mountain. Ski-jorers dash down the Bow River behind fleet mountain ponies. Blanket-coated snow-shoe trampers take the trail to the snowy woodlands. In the evening, the brilliant scene is softened by the silver gleam of the moon.

Winter time is carnival time in Banff. February 3rd to

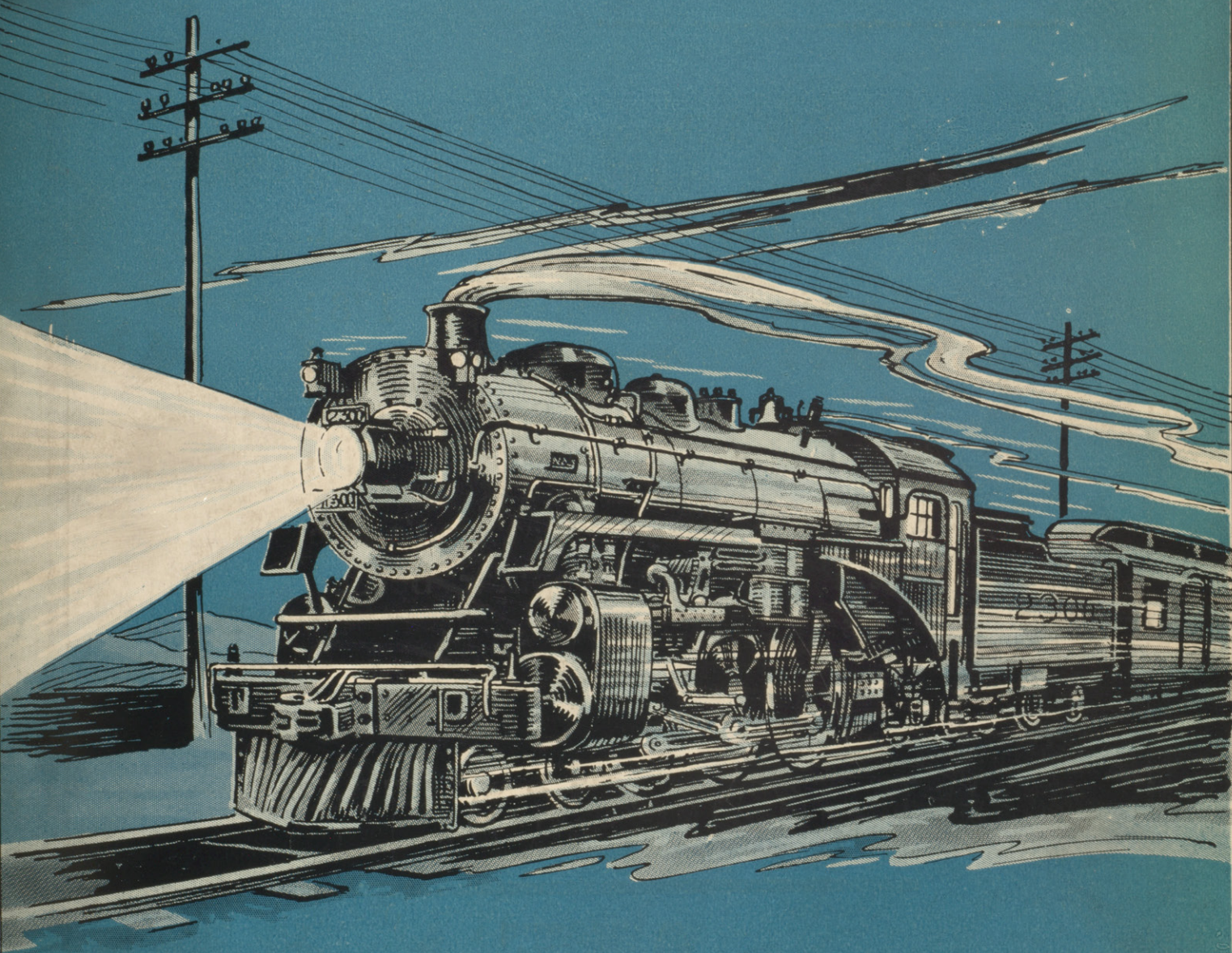
17th has been set for the 1926 Winter Carnival, and Mrs. Basil Gardom has been chosen as the fair Queen. A splendid palace of glittering ice, sparkling with myriads of bright colored electric lights is being built for the chosen beauty. With true regal pomp and splendor she will be crowned and seated on her throne as the culminating triumph of the carnival.

Trains pull into the station at Banff. Passengers on their way west stop off to disport themselves in the snowy, gay little town. Passengers on their way east delay long enough to see the famous ski jumpers breaking world records. Passengers from both east and west with Banff as their objective, and snow shoes, skates and skis in their luggage, hurry to attend the festivities in honor of the carnival queen.



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